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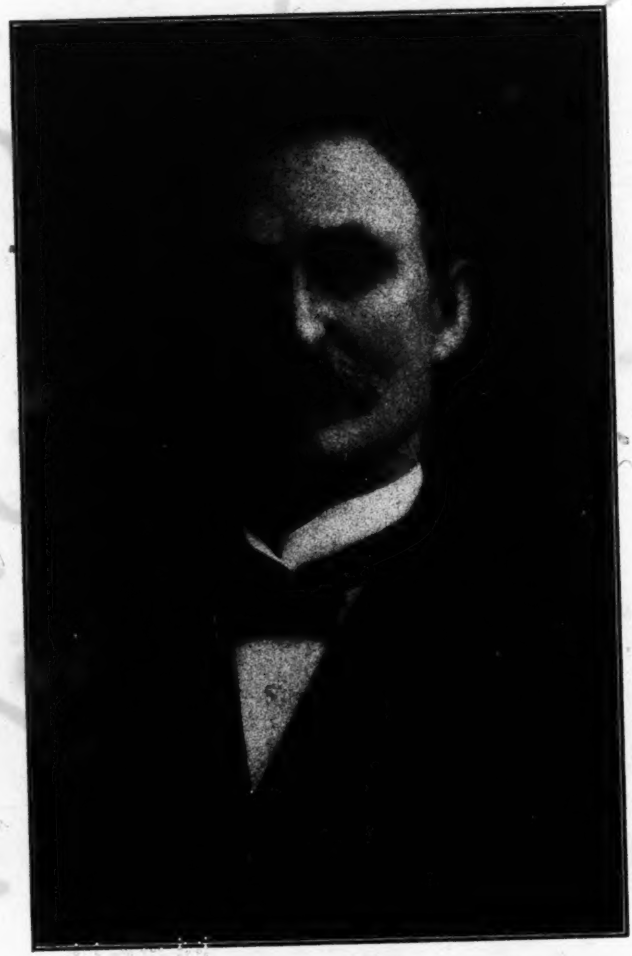
FIFTY YEARS IN OREGON



T. T. Geer

Frontispiece

Fifty Years in Oregon

EXPERIENCES, OBSERVATIONS, AND COMMENTARIES UPON MEN, MEASURES, AND CUSTOMS IN PIONEER DAYS AND LATER TIMES

BY

Theodore Thurston

T. T. GEER

Formerly Governor of Oregon, and one of her native sons

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TO MY BELOVED WIFE

ISABELLE

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

Portrait of T. T. Geer.................................Frontispiece

Larch Trees—Average Height 200 Feet—Forests of Oregon... 50

State Capitol, Salem, East Front.......................... 72

Mt. Adams, Five Miles in the Distance.................... 120

F. X. Matthieu, George H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon State Historical Society, and the Author, May 2, 1900, Locating the Site of the Famous Meeting at Champoeg on May 2, 1843.. 188

Dedicating Champoeg Monument, May 2, 1901, F. X. Matthieu Holding the Flag.. 200

Wallowa Lake as It Appeared in August, 1875.............. 280

Farm Scene in Oregon...................................... 412

Cartoon by Homer Davenport Sent to the Author From New York When He was Elected Governor in June, 1898, Never Before Published.. 448

Crossing Crater Lake to "Wizard Island" in August, 1902.... 488

Scene in Hood River Valley. Mt. Hood Twenty Miles Away.. 512

The Author and His Wife on the Summit of Mt. Adams, July 26, 1902, 13,000 Feet Above Sea Level...................... 518

Ascending Mt. Adams....................................... 530

Fifty Years in Oregon

CHAPTER I

Although I have selected "Fifty Years in Oregon" as the title of this book, my actual residence in the Beaver State—and on the planet—began sixty years ago to-day. The opening sentences of this chapter are being written on March 12, 1911, the sixtieth anniversary of an event which, if it had not occurred, would have materially changed my plans in many respects. I am not an Oregon pioneer in the sense that I pioneered myself, or was pioneered by somebody else, into this great and wonderful part of Uncle Sam's domain in the days when it required a vast amount of courage, self-reliance, and a certain degree of recklessness of consequences, to abandon the comforts and safeguards of civilization and start on that difficult journey of over two thousand miles. For those brave souls came to a country of which they had little reliable information, and the way led through deserts, plains and mountains yet without roads, or even decent trails, and inhabited by roving and in many instances savage Indians.

When my parents crossed the plains in 1847, yet single people—they first met while on that journey—the only settlement of men and women who really intended to become permanent inhabitants of the Oregon country had been established here but four or five years. When F. X. Matthieu, an honored pioneer who is still living, arrived in Oregon in September, 1842, he found very few others here except the Methodist missionaries and members and employees of the Hudson Bay Company. The former were dominated by the single purpose of

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civilizing, converting, and educating the Indians, and had no fixed intention to reside here permanently. The Hudson Bay people, on the contrary, were firmly established, and were quite averse to the coming of any settlers lest the building of homes and the cultivation of the soil interfere with the propagation and growth of fur-bearing animals. For this reason they were bitterly opposed to the location of the pioneers along the streams, or for that matter elsewhere.

The first real immigration to Oregon was that of 1843, when the Waldos, the Applegates and others of their splendid mold bade good-by to "Old Missoury" and other States which were then in the "West" and started for that far-away region. Senator Benton had already kept it before the public mind for quite twenty years, knowing little of its characteristics or possibilities except that it was farther west and, therefore, must of necessity be a more desirable habitat for human beings than any spot to the east of it!

For that is the spirit which for thousands of years has controlled the movements of wandering mankind. Human history does not record a single great movement of people to the eastward in any country. Instinct appears to have driven them with the sun in its daily travels. Of course, there may be a more philosophical and better solution of the fact, but, if so, it has not yet been discovered. Besides, as a general rule, instinct in the average man or woman is a safer guide many times than are the results of prolonged investigation.

The first emigration mentioned in either profane or sacred history is an account of how Cain, after slaying his brother Abel, moved to the Land of Nod, *East* of Eden. This so thoroughly disgusted people that from that day to this everybody else has been going West.

At any rate, pioneers have always gone West, even long before Horace Greeley promulgated what he gave out as a new philosophy. Indeed, generations before that his own ancestors had set an example which alone prevented his being a noted Englishman instead of one of America's most eccentric and forceful thinkers and writers.

But what a transformation has been worked during the past quarter century! If you were asked to locate the "West" at this time, what would the answer be? Is it in the Mississippi Valley? Ask the man living in Wyoming. Is it in Colorado? Inquire of the miner delving in the tunnels of Nevada. Is Oregon in the West? Not literally so, for here we look across to China and Japan, and call that wonderful and almost mystical part of the globe the "Orient"! And, of course, the Orient is in the East, else it would be the Occident. Here we look to the West to see the East and to the East to get a good and satisfactory line on the Old West!

I will relate an incident which well illustrates the revolution in terms and evolution in conditions which the final encircling of the earth by inquisitive man—and woman—has brought about. The first white child born within what is now the boundaries of Salem, the capital of Oregon, was George P. Holman, whose advent into these low grounds of sorrow occurred February 6, 1842. His father, Joseph Holman, was one of those rugged pioneers who tackled a hard job in preference to one of an easier and smoother label and had come to Oregon in the very early days because it presented a condition of things calling for vigorous action. The States of Illinois and Iowa in 1840 were becoming crowded for such ambitious and restless spirits as he, so he hitched his oxen to the wagon and started for a country where elbow-room was to be had on a farm a mile square and where details were given a freedom of development which left nothing to be desired. Mount Hood, the Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean were about the smallest objects to be found here. The first, in all its solemn grandeur and beauty, was pointing its snow-capped peak heavenward. From its summit, to the south, could be seen its sister Shasta, in Northern California; to the east the immense region stretching to the Rocky Mountains; to the north, as far as the eye could reach, perhaps as far as Dr. Cook traveled toward the North Pole, and to the west until one's vision was lost in the shadows of the coast mountains which border the ocean. This great extinct volcano was resting in a solitude unbroken, so far as we know, since ages before Moses received his mysterious messages direct from heaven; the Columbia River,

"Sired by the eternal hills,
And wedded to the sea,"

was emptying its enormous contributions, drawn from the Rocky Mountains, into the waiting ocean through a foaming mouth measuring eight miles in width.

It was a dream like this which lured Joseph Holman from his Eastern home, and the winter of 1841 found him located in Salem, then a wilderness without a legal existence or name, an Indian camp, not yet abandoned, called Chemekete Prairie. Here the boy George first saw the light of day, as has been stated, and here he lived until his middle manhood.

In 1870 he served his native county of Marion in the lower house of the State Legislature, removing a few years afterward to Salt Lake, where his residence has since been. He makes regular pilgrimages to his old home, however, usually every two years, sometimes oftener, and his coming is a treat not only to himself but to his old associates. The last time he was home he told me this experience which he encountered a few years ago:

He had been sojourning for a week in New York City when one day, as he was killing time in the lobby of his hotel, he heard a young man say in a rather pompous manner to his companion, who had asked him where he was from:

"I am from the West, sir."

In a little while Holman, hearing the same declaration, or rather boast, made to another man with whom the stranger was talking, made it a point to engage in conversation with the Westerner.

"I understand you are from the West," he said, after a few commonplace remarks had been made.

"Yes," replied the traveler.

"What part of the West are you from?" inquired Holman.

"My home is in Pittsburg, sir," answered the Westerner.

"Well," said Holman, "as we go here and there we find people from every section, don't we?"

"Yes," said the other, "it's a big country—mighty big. May I ask where you are from?"

"Me? Oh, I am from the East."

"The East?" said the Pittsburgher. "What part of the East?"

"Well," said Holman, "I was born in Salem, Oregon, out on the Pacific Coast, but about twenty years ago I went East and settled down in Utah. My home is in Salt Lake."

The point of which is that whether in this day and generation the East is west of you or the West is east of you depends altogether upon where you are when making the inquiry.

CHAPTER II

A truthful account of the early settlement of the "Oregon Country" reads more like the creation of a vivid imagination, the work of a trained writer of fiction, than a straightforward narrative of bare facts. Nowhere does the history of mankind reveal a similar "hegira" with apparently nothing to justify it other than mere restlessness and an irresistible desire to move on. The fact was, there was such a limitless area of country —almost measureless in comparison with the number of people who came to claim it—that the average man could not content himself long in one place lest there might be a better one farther on toward the setting sun. The true pioneer spirit had a lodging place in the composite Western bosom. The man who had been born in Pennsylvania, for instance, and had gone to Ohio or Illinois in 1840, acquired a quarter section of good land, built a comfortable log cabin and had broken up most of his "prairie," saw visions of a better country 'way out on the Pacific Coast, and, through fear that some other man should get there first, sold out "for a song" and joined the great caravan which moved on to the land of promise.

In truth, there was much more room than it was possible for the pioneers to occupy. The very immensity of the opportunity created a veritable sense of intoxication and a condition of instability which interfered with the development of any one region. The roving disposition of the pioneers of the last century reminds me of scenes I have frequently witnessed on the farm among the animals—for be it remembered that I never had a home save on a farm until thirty days before I moved into the executive offices in Salem in January, 1899, and my love of animals, inborn, has been strengthened by my prolonged association with them. Observation of their habits has often brought out the most astonishing exhibitions of what some people call instinct, but which is often far above occasional displays of what in many people is termed by courtesy intelligence. It must have been this same sort of observation which constrained "Bab"—a very versatile and spicy syndicate woman writer of two decades ago—to close a remarkably clever treatise on Man and his characteristics with this confession: "The fact is, the more I have been thrown in contact with men and the greater my opportunity for studying their traits and tendencies, the deeper has become my respect and admiration for dogs."

With this little digression, which is pardonable I hope, let us return to a consideration of the pioneers, who abandoned a comfortable competency, already assured, for what appeared to have as little of tangibility as the "baseless fabric of a dream." With a boundless field in every direction there was far less of contentment than where opportunities were restricted.

Frequently on the farm I have fenced off a portion of a pasture intended for the use of sheep, keeping it separate, in order that the grass might attain a growth that would afford real nourishment, when needed, to the flock. After the older portion of the pasture had been literally "eaten into the ground," after the manner of sheep, upon turning them into the fresh, luxuriant grass, the really hungry animals, instead of feasting near the entrance, would at once begin an exploration of the whole area of the new-found bonanza in vegetable wealth—eating as they ran and bleating as they ate.

And I have, just at the beginning of harvest, fenced off an acre of splendid wheat, yielding thirty bushels, for the benefit of a dozen hogs which needed thus to be tided over during the particularly scant part of the season. Within an hour of their admittance there would be no square rod of that acre that had not been trampled down and sampled by the hogs, whose appetites could have been satisfied to the full without going more than twenty feet from the gap.

So the pioneers of the first half of the last century were dissatisfied with the conditions prevailing in Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, as well as in other "Western" States, and gathered their limited substance together for the journey across the plains. The great and fertile prairies of Kansas and Nebraska presented no attraction to them. Indeed, Illinois and Indiana, as well as Iowa and Missouri, were but half settled. The rosy representations of the possibilities of the Pacific Coast, with its salubrious climate, were irresistible. And then, besides, it was farther West—which constituted one of its strongest appeals.

There were two marked differences between the great immigration to Oregon in the '40's and other movements leading to the subjugation of new countries. One was the remarkable distance—more than two thousand miles—and the other the innumerable hardships which were certain to be encountered and the danger of being attacked by the savage tribes of Indians found everywhere. But, far from discouraging the hardy settlers, in most cases these features appeared to be an actual incentive to make the journey "or bust." With a degree of courage almost beyond classification, even the women accepted the situation with as much enthusiasm as the men, and often furnished the nerve which was necessary to carry to a successful issue the gigantic undertaking.

A man is but a weak brother, at best. He was always so. Even Adam fell the very first time he was tempted, as we are informed in his only biography, and when questioned as to the origin and development of the little affair out in the Garden, sought to defend himself by saying his wife was entirely to blame; and for this instance of ungallant cowardice I desire to say that he is the only one of my ancestors—at least those of whom I have any definite knowledge—that I am not extremely proud of. From his day to the present, woman has been the burden-bearer of the race, the center of the home, the mainstay of civilization, the foundation of society, the mainspring of every commendable undertaking of man, and per-forms her never-ending duties with a patience and all-abounding love which entitle her to a crown not yet accorded her and a universal homage which thoughtless and selfish man should yield her with his every breath and pulsing heart-beat.

At a Fourth of July celebration in Salem, a few years ago, the orator of the occasion dwelt at one point quite eloquently upon the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers, paying them a red-hot tribute for their many privations in the interest of human liberty, ecclesiastical freedom, etc. No band of men since the great Exodus had done so much for the race as had the Pilgrim Fathers, etc. After he had closed, the presiding officer invited several others, as was the custom, to make a few "spontaneous remarks." Among them was a well-known pioneer lawyer, who said, among other things:

"Mr. President, I was very much interested in the eulogy the orator of the day paid to the Pilgrim Fathers, all of which was no doubt deserved; but I want to say a word for the Pilgrim Mothers. All my life, Mr. President, I have heard speakers sing the praises of the Pilgrim Fathers for the great hardships they underwent. It has always been the Pilgrim Fathers this and the Pilgrim Fathers that, and I think the time has come when we should give due credit to the Pilgrim Mothers, for they not only endured all the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers, but, in addition, endured the Pilgrim Fathers besides!"

Taking the privilege of indulging a few words of personal reference, I may say that I belong to a family of pioneers whose wanderings began in 1636, when two brothers, Thomas and George Geer, came to America from Devonshire, England, and settled in what is now Windham County, Connecticut. These young men, fifteen and seventeen years of age respectively, soon after landing in Boston found their way to the interior where each acquired a tract of land. The archives of Windham County contain at this time descriptions of their holdings by "metes and bounds," copies of which I have in my possession.

The father of these two young pilgrims who had the grit and ambition to seek the New World was a farmer in Devon County, England, Jonathan by name, but he never left the "old country." On February 17, 1658, George Geer married Sarah Allyn. They had eleven children, the second of whom was a son, Jonathan, born May 26, 1662. Jonathan married Mary ——, date of marriage not known; to them seven children were born, the first being Jonathan, Jr., who married Elizabeth Herrick June 17, 1721. Of this union, five children were born. Losing his wife in 1743, Jonathan married Hannah Putnam in 1745, by whom he had two children. His first child by his first wife was named Aaron, born on May 7, 1722.

Aaron Geer married Mercy Fisher, of Preston, Connecticut, on January 20, 1742, by whom he had four children. By a second wife Isaiah was born in 1765. This son was married in about 1790, his wife's maiden name being Carey; to them several children were born, among them Aaron, Joseph Carey and Irene, Joseph Carey first seeing the light of day on February 5, 1795. His sixth child was a son named Heman Johnson, born September 23, 1828, who was the father of this writer.

Joseph Carey Geer, my grandfather, was the first of his name to "come West," all his ancestors having remained in Connecticut or the States immediately adjoining. In 1813 he enlisted as a private in the war then being waged between the United States and England, and in 1815, at the age of twenty years, married Mary Johnson, a native daughter of Rhode Island. Three years later, having accumulated some property, consisting of two horses, a wagon, a bolt of cloth woven by his wife on a hand-loom, two children, Ralph C., aged two years, and Fred W., an infant, and one hundred dollars in money, he bade a long farewell to Connecticut, the home of his ancestors for nearly two hundred years, and started for the Northwest territory. Crossing the Alleghany Mountains, he settled in Union County, Ohio, where for two winters he taught school, working in the summers for neighboring farmers for the princely sum of eight dollars a month. I heard him say in his latter years, when recalling his early experiences in Ohio, that he could always get work on the farms, but could not succeed in having his remuneration increased. In 1821 he leased for six years a small tract of land near where the town of Woodstock now stands, but sold it the next year and leased a larger place on the same terms on the Big Darby Plains. Here he built a house and raised two crops, but being driven out by malaria, so prevalent from July to November each year, he moved in 1824 to Madison County. Here he bought a splendid farm and prospered, giving special attention to the raising of fine stock. When after twenty-two years of persistent effort in Ohio he decided to go West again, he was a thriving farmer surrounded by a family of five sons and five daughters, the two older sons having in the meantime surrendered to the world-wide reign of Dan Cupid and taken unto themselves wives from among the fair damsels of the immediate neighborhood.

Speaking once of his early married experiences in Connecticut, Grandfather Geer said: "I found, after working from daylight until dark for three years, that I could never make anything on that poor, worn-out land. So I concluded to go to the 'Far West,' as Ohio was then called, and on September 10, 1818, with my wife and two little tow-headed boys, less than one hundred dollars in money and a light team, I bade farewell to the old Geer farm and joined a company of about forty—Burnhams, Hathaways and Howards—and crossed into the Mississippi Valley, being the first Geer to venture West, as far as I can learn."

In the winter of 1839-40, however, after having become well provided with this world's goods as the result of twenty-two years of hard labor, with a good farm improved with houses, barns, orchards and all that would insure a great degree of comfort for the remainder of his days, my grandfather again surrendered to the curiosity to know from personal observation what there was of a desirable nature farther west, disposed of his farm, and with all his children, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Irene Eagan, and her large family, chartered a steamboat at Cincinnati and started down the Ohio River. Their destination was Knox County, Illinois, where it was rumored there was better (?) land. No doubt a still further incentive to make what seemed, or would now seem, a great sacrifice was found in the fact that it was several hundred miles farther west. As to this fact they were taking no risk.

This journey was made in September, 1840, and my father was then a boy of twelve. I have often listened to his description of the intense excitement which was encountered everywhere by reason of the famous presidential campaign, then at its height, between William H. Harrison, "Tippecanoe," and Martin Van Buren. Log cabins and coonskins were universally in evidence, and the extravagance of the partisan demonstration was a revelation to the boy, not yet in his teens, who had never before been five miles from the little town of Summerford in Madison County.

Arriving in Illinois after a very tedious voyage up the Mississippi River, my grandfather purchased a farm near Galesburg, in Knox County, and went through the same general experience which had been his in Ohio. Within seven years, however, being exposed to the Oregon fever, he contracted such a serious case that in the spring of 1847 he disposed of all his property, except the necessary teams for the journey, and started for the Pacific Coast, arriving at Oregon City in October of that year. Two years before that his son, Joseph Carey, Jr., had come to Oregon, and his son Fred, with his young wife and two children, one year before, had joined the great westward movement in 1846.

This, in outline, is the experience of a typical pioneer, who in the course of the first fifty years of his life, after coming to maturity in a New England State, made two farms in the Central Mississippi Valley, where he wrought for twenty-nine years in the subduing of such adverse conditions as are always to be found on the frontier, drove an ox team two thousand miles across deserts, uninhabited plains and frowning mountains to a country practically unknown and began making a new farm on the west bank of the Willamette River, opposite where Butteville now stands.

Grandfather Geer lived thirty-four years after his arrival in Oregon, passing into the other life August 27, 1881, aged eighty-six years and six months. I am perfectly justified in saying that he lived an upright life in all respects and died without an enemy. He was a remarkably industrious man and was endowed by nature with a sunny disposition which endeared him to all. In clearing land on his farm in 1856 he became overheated while burning brush and stumps, and as a consequence cataracts formed on each eye, which, because of inefficient treatment, resulted in total blindness. During the following twenty-five years he saw no ray of light, but notwithstanding this great affliction his cheerfulness never deserted him. He was blind the first time I ever saw him—I was then a chunk of a boy. I remember how he had me stand by his side, in order that he might get a line on my stature, physiognomy and phrenological development to date, and he insisted that I read for him, that he might determine how far I had advanced in that direction. There was a wire stretched between two posts, about fifty feet apart, and by means of an attached ring he would walk from one post to the other for hours every day in pleasant weather for the purpose of exercise, using the ring as a guide. I used to watch him as he walked along his well-beaten path, and I am sure that the first sentiment of pity I ever felt was excited by the sight. He was the first blind man I had ever seen, and I am certain that until then I had never understood that people ever lost their eyesight.

We lived thirty miles from Butteville, a distance so great in pioneer times that it was not often covered for the sake of a mere pleasure trip. A few times we had been to Butteville, however, and I understood that we went there to visit my grandfather. I thought much more of him than if he had not been my grandfather. I didn't know why, except that in a general way your grandfather is a better man than his neighbors, and, besides, he makes more over you. And that helped some. But one of my earliest and greatest surprises came when, after returning from one of these visits, I learned through listening to the conversation at the fireside that my grandfather was my father's father! Somehow this phase of the situation had never presented itself to my mind, if I had any—which seems doubtful, as I look back and recall the circumstances—but the astounding revelation served to impress upon me the fact that the men who are the fathers of the children we know, themselves at one time had fathers, and that some of them were still living. I had never delved any further into these mysteries than a cursory examination of the first strata of cause and effect.

The last time I saw Grandfather Geer was during the summer of 1880—a few months after he had passed his eighty-fifth birthday—and he was the same cheerful man as in his younger days, though he had then been totally blind for twenty-five years. It was on that occasion that he told this story at the dinner table, illustrating the great devotion and faith some people have in the Divine Being, even to the smallest details. He said:

"Where I lived in Connecticut there was a man who had the habit of thanking the Lord for every favor he enjoyed or whatever success of any kind he achieved. He would also ask the Lord for assistance when he was about to undertake anything, no matter how trivial it was. One day, when he had been plowing his corn since early in the morning, the noon hour arrived, and as he was very tired he concluded to ride his horse to the barn. He was a very tall horse and it was no easy thing to mount him without stirrups. So, placing his hands on his back, he looked into the sky and asked the Lord to help him in his difficult undertaking. Having attended to this necessary preliminary, he summoned all his strength and with a superhuman effort made the leap, but the result proved that he had overdone the affair. He not only got on top of the horse, but, since there was nothing stationary to hold on to, he went on over, burrowing his head into the plowed ground. After he had pulled himself together, dug the dirt out of his ears and secured his hat, he put his hands on the back of the horse again, lifted his face to the skies, and with meekness as well as devotion written all over his face, said:

"O Lord, when Thou art good Thou art *too* good!"

CHAPTER III

Ever since Oregon was admitted into the Union, more than fifty-two years ago—the date being February 14, 1859—its people have been noted for their conservatism, for their tendency to accept existing conditions until some gilt-edged testimony has been presented that a change will not only be safe and accompanied by a guaranteed improvement, but that there will be a rock-ribbed assurance that its cost shall be restricted within reasonable bounds. The pioneers found a new country here, practically as the hands of its Maker had left it some millions of years before—though most of them held tenaciously to the literal construction of the Genesis account. They had taken possession of it, had made it what it was; it was good enough for them, and, therefore, for anybody else. They were isolated from all the rest of the world, had few or no wants that could not be supplied by a requisition upon their own resources, and, in short, were living the simple life in its most approved form.

For these reasons the people of Oregon, as contrasted with those of California, for instance, have been regarded as being "slow," and, largely for the same reason, the State has been in a measure retarded in its development from every point of view. But this has been neither a discredit nor a distinct loss. The pioneers of Oregon, those who came here during the first ten years of its settlement, were not in any sense adventurers. Largely drawn from the Mississippi Valley States, mostly farmers, they had in view the acquisition of lands, and intended to pursue their former vocations in their new homes. They were people of some material substance or they could not have afforded the expense of such a journey, and they were men and women of stamina or they would not have attempted, and succeeded, in overcoming the unparalleled difficulties which beset them upon every hand.

As contrasted with this fact, the earliest settlers of California were drawn thither by the discovery of gold in the fall of 1848 and, as was natural, the footloose, those without marital or other ties, the reckless and daring, went there by the thousands and every nation under heaven was represented. There was nothing that bound them to the country; they were not and did not intend to become landholders, and since an overwhelming majority of them failed to find gold in such quantities as they had expected—as is the history of mining camps the world over—a large number of them became turbulent, careless of consequences, and created a condition which in many cases called for the short-cut to justice and the inauguration of law and order by way of the Vigilance Committee.

There was never anything of this character to mar the early history of Oregon, for the reason which I have outlined. Our people settled down to the cultivation of the soil at once and to the erection of homes. Indeed, it has been said that thousands went to California during the first years of its occupancy by Americans and "settled down there because they couldn't settle up where they came from." But while all this had its objections and presented many difficult problems for solution, it had its compensations in the fact that the more serious minded men were driven to seek other vocations than mining, and the development of California's wonderful natural resources followed "as night the day." The very activity of the disappointed men who flocked to the mines in that section in '49 and '50 turned them into business channels, and the result is seen in the great accomplishments of to-day, agriculturally, horticulturally and commercially. The heterogeneousness of its early population provided it with the material for merchants, bankers, sailors, steamboat men, miners, farmers, stock-raisers, etc., and as a consequence its development has been so marvelous as to win, deservedly, the admiration of the world.

All this was not to be a part of the early history of Oregon, however, notwithstanding its boundless natural resources. It has come since, and the dawn of its second birth is just breaking in this good year of 1911. The retarding of its development has in a sense been a blessing for the generations yet to come, since its future looms large before it. Its pioneers were farmers who upon arriving here resumed their former vocation—partly, of course, for the reason that there was nothing else to do. It is not far from the fact—perhaps it is the fact—to say that fully nine-tenths of the people who came here during the first ten years of the migration to the "Oregon Country" came directly from the four States of Missouri, Iowa, Illinois and Indiana, and it is likely that three-fourths of these were from the first two named.

It is extremely interesting to note the general course of westward immigration. Most of the early settlers in Missouri came from either Kentucky or Tennessee and the ancestors of these largely from Virginia or the Carolinas. The Ohioans came from Pennsylvania and New York, a few from the New England States, while southern Illinois and Indiana in their early settlement were recruited from Kentucky. My grandfather on my mother's side, John Leonard Eoff, typifies in his career the average Southerner of the last century who was dominated by the human instinct to continue to the westward. He was born in Pulaski County, Kentucky, July 2, 1812. His father, John Eoff, was born near Wheeling, Virginia, in 1777. He was brought to Point Lick, Kentucky, by his parents in 1780, and in 1801 moved to Pulaski County, where he lived until his death, January 24, 1867, aged ninety years.

That part of Kentucky where he chose to spend his life is one of the poorest regions to be found in Uncle Sam's domain, no matter where you might search, if you except a Western desert. Of course at that time much of the beautiful and fertile hill land, now known as the

Blue Grass section, was unoccupied, but it afforded little attraction to the first adventurers west of the Blue Ridge and Cumberland ranges, since they were mountaineers and cared little for homes where deer were not easily found and bear could not be had by the mere setting of traps.

It was in a country such as this that my grandfather was born and in which he remained until he was twenty years of age. Hundreds of times when a child I have sat by his fireside and listened to his narration of boyhood experiences—how until he was grown he never owned a pair of "store shoes" to be worn except on Sundays, and how his only daytime raiment, until he was big enough to go "sparking," was a tow shirt made by his mother. By dint of hard work, early and late, the stingy soil was persuaded to yield sufficient corn for "dodgers," which supplied the family with bread, and meat was derived from the slaying of deer, bear and wild hogs. Tame hogs were not known, and if they had been there was nothing to feed them on. The "razor backs" could live on the "mast" which fell in liberal quantities from the abounding oaks, chestnuts and hickory trees.

Amid these surroundings my grandfather lived and grew to manhood without the advantages of even a district school. There were no schools in that part of Kentucky in those days, either public or private. With his four brothers he hoed corn and tobacco, made rails and took an active part in the simple neighborhood gatherings, husking-bees and singing schools. Even then the Kentucky girls were beautiful to look upon, and the young man who could carry off the laurels at the wrestling bouts was likely to be the "catch" in the community—and in the contest for this distinction my grandfather was near the head of the race.

He would probably have remained a resident of his native State during the whole of his long life if it had not been for the attraction of a neighbor's daughter, Mary Ann Routen, who, with the aid of Cupid, carried him off his feet at the age of twenty years. While in that state of mind there could be no peace or happiness or rest or delay, especially the latter, until the two souls with but a single thought should be merged into two hearts that beat as one. But an obstacle at once arose, and, as some philosopher has remarked, the main objection one has to an obstacle is that it is always in the way. The girl's parents were opposed to the marriage, as parents are prone to be at times; but this interposition, like many another of its kind, proved to be no barrier at all. Neither of them was of age and the laws of Kentucky sternly forbade the marriage of mere children. Other young people before them, meeting with the same absurd hindrance to the realization of love's young dream, had found balm through a trip to Indiana, which had a code of matrimonial laws with whose terms compliance was easy.

So, one dark night in January, 1833, my grandfather's brother George, five years his senior, appeared at the home of neighbor Routen soon after bedtime with a good Kentucky saddle horse, equipped with a side-saddle, and, as luck would have it, Miss Mary Ann was at the front gate suitably garbed for a long journey. Without any unnecessary commotion the two were soon galloping across the woods; and, as strange things so often happen in groups, they had not gone more than a mile when they came across my grandfather at the forks of the road, astride a four-year-old charger, apparently in a listening attitude. Seeing things had turned out that way, the three of them rode toward the North Star as rapidly as their steeds could travel and within a few days crossed the Ohio River into Indiana. Here circumstances were favorable to a matrimonial alliance and John Leonard Eoff was married to Mary Ann Routen. And they lived together ever afterwards happily, until my grandmother died in 1890 at the age of seventy-six. My grandfather passed away in January, 1899, at the age of eighty-six years and six months.

My grandparents lived the first two years of their married life in Indiana, moved to McCoupin County, Illinois, in 1835, and in March, 1841, moved to Burlington, Iowa, crossing the Mississippi River at that point, as I have heard my grandfather describe hundreds of times, on the first day of March on the ice with his team and wagon. Here he worked at teaming for two years, after which, in 1843, he removed to Davis County, near the Missouri line, and acquired a piece of land. By this time there were five children in the family and the making of a home as well as a living on the wild prairie was a task which, with the limited means at hand in those days, was calculated to bring dismay to the stoutest hearts. But my grandfather was an unusually industrious man, and by persistent application and the strictest economy on the part of the family he had within three years a little farm in cultivation and a comfortable log house plentifully furnished with the real necessaries of life.

But, when absent at church one Sunday in the spring of 1846, his house caught fire and before the arrival of the nearest neighbor everything was consumed. Nothing was left but a pile of smouldering ashes of all his personal effects. He had only his team, his land and his family.

It was at this time that the talk about the Oregon country was spreading everywhere and this disaster left my grandfather in the mood to "move on." Devoting the remainder of the year to the preparation for another westward journey, in the spring of 1847 he joined the great caravan which assembled at Independence, Missouri, and arrived in Oregon in October of that year. In Iowa he had been a near neighbor of Captain L. N. English, who had come to Oregon in 1845 and had located on the beautiful Howell's prairie, in Marion County, where he erected a grist- and saw-mill—among the first in the territory of Oregon. In January, 1841, George Eoff, brother of my grandfather, had married Nancy English, a niece of Captain English, and they were a part of the company of which my grandparents were members. Knowing they were en route, Captain English met them at the western foot of the Cascade Mountains with fresh provisions and piloted them to his home. Uncle George Eoff secured a section of land in the fall of 1848, situated on the first upland slope south of Howell's prairie in the Waldo Hills, while my grandfather at the same time bought the squatter's right to a section of land which comprised the extreme southern end of that prairie. To this he afterward added a quarter section and here he lived until his death. It was his home for more than fifty-one years.

I have thus traced somewhat in detail the careers of both my grandfathers, one purpose being to leave in permanent form a record of their lives and another being to illustrate in their wanderings the general tendency of the American people, as they began to leave the shores of the Atlantic in quest of a newer region—the unconquered and mysterious West. The best that was to be had in the country where they lived was not good enough as long as there was a probability of a better one beyond. But, after all, restlessness is the mainspring which moves us onward to progress, and however much a feeling of content is desirable, from many points of view, it must be admitted that the contented man is not likely to forge ahead in an attack upon the existing order of things, without which assault—though we may call such a man an agitator and a crank—we would probably still be wearing the skins of wild animals for clothing, if, indeed, we should be wearing any at all, and expressing our thoughts in the mysterious gibberish of the spectacular monkey.

CHAPTER IV

At this point I desire to devote a chapter or two to the remarkable steps which were taken by the United States in the acquisition of the western half of the continent, for it is really an important part of the history of the Oregon country. "The Fathers," especially Jefferson and Madison, were believers in what was known as the strict construction of the Federal Constitution; that is, that the States held within themselves the supreme power in all cases except where the powers of the Federal Government were specifically defined. In other words, all powers not expressly conferred were to be exercised by the States. This doctrine was specifically promulgated in the famous "Resolutions of '98-9," of which Jefferson and Madison were the authors.

And according to this interpretation of the Constitution the United States had no right, either expressed or implied, to acquire new territory. Compliance with this view of Jefferson and his political associates would have fixed the western boundary of the original thirteen states as the permanent one for the nation. Think of it! If it had been settled upon as the unalterable definition of the powers and limitations of the Constitution, to-day the western boundary of Pennsylvania would be the eastern line of some foreign nation, perhaps of some French dependency, as Canada is now subject to the British Government, and Oregon might now be settled by a people speaking Spanish or German!

But many events bearing the mark of special divine interposition occurred, the chief of which was the alarming situation in which Napoleon Bonaparte found himself in 1803 because of the probability that he would soon be involved in a war with England, in which case he could foresee that it would be impossible for him to hold the Louisiana possessions in America. It was most fortunate for the future of the United States that at this particular time Jefferson, then President, was anxious to purchase New Orleans, as a means of insuring the free navigation of the Mississippi, and the Floridas. To negotiate for this purchase he sent envoys to France in 1803, who, upon their arrival, found that the Marquis de Marbois, the French councillor representing Napoleon, had already been instructed to sell the whole of Louisiana to the United States—for the reason outlined above. The following extract from Napoleon's instructions to his representative fully discloses his motives in that very surprising move on the world's political chess-board. Speaking of the evident purposes of the English he said:

> They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. The conquest of Louisiana would be easy if they only took the trouble to make a descent there. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach. I think of ceding it to the United States. They ask of me one town in Louisiana, but I already consider the colony as entirely lost, and it appears to me that in the hands of this growing power it will be more useful to the policy, and even to the commerce, of France than if I should attempt to keep it.

After further consideration he decided the matter definitely in these words:

> It is not only New Orleans that I will cede, it is the whole colony without reservation. To attempt to hold it would be folly. I direct you to negotiat this offer with the envoys of the United States. I will be moderate, in the consideration of the necessity in which I am of making a sale, *but keep this to yourself*.

It is not necessary to follow this most interesting story, of such vital importance to the future of the United States and resulting in such benefits to the human race, further than to add that Livingstone and Monroe, the

American representatives at Paris, were thunderstruck by the stupendous possibilities which the situation opened to their country. But as they had instructions to purchase only New Orleans and the Floridas they hesitated to accept Napoleon's proposition, magnificent as it was. Jefferson was fearful that his representatives would not be able even to succeed in arranging terms for the purchase of New Orleans. Knowing this, they were astounded to find themselves upon their arrival with nearly all of the western half of the continent literally thrust upon them at the nominal price of fifteen million dollars! And as both were political disciples of Jefferson in his strict construction of the Constitution, as opposed to that of Washington and Hamilton, they of course understood that a great obstacle would be encountered upon their return to the United States with so vast an empire added unconstitutionally to the national domain.

But luckily, being far-seeing statesmen, and probably understanding the statesmanship of their chief in its adaptability to circumstances which promised well for the future, they accepted Napoleon's proposition and returned to Washington with an agreement duly signed, the chief clause of which read as follows:

> The colony or province of Louisiana is ceded by France to the United States, with all its rights and appurtenances, as fully and in the same manner as they have been acquired by the French Republic, by virtue of the third article of the treaty concluded by His Catholic Majesty at St. Ildephonso of the 1st of October, 1800.

Although the popular notion is that Jefferson was aggressively favorable to the acquisition of the Louisiana territory, history proves that he never seriously dreamed of such an accomplishment even as a remote possibility, and that no man was more surprised than he when he learned what his representatives had done. And he was inwardly as well pleased as he was surprised, for with his great perspicacity he could readily foresee the boundless advantages which would be derived by the United States in the years to come from the addition of this vast region.

Jefferson's first difficulty, however, was not to disown the act of his emissaries but to devise some way of justifying it. To do so he must revise his political doctrine of a strictly interpreted Constitution, and this he at once set to work to bring about. He found the situation perplexing, but his resources were as boundless as those of the country whose servant he was. He began immediately to write letters to his closest friends, explaining and excusing his change of doctrine. He first seriously proposed the submission of an amendment to the Constitution which would specifically legalize the purchase of Louisiana, and by that means harmonize his political preaching with his political practices. But his most confidential associates advised him to remain quiet on the general phase of the difficulty and to depend upon the public approval of the step as a means of escaping from the legal tangle which his conscience was inclined to recognize and magnify. To a friend Jefferson wrote at this time:

> The less that is said about any constitutional difficulty the better. . . . It will be necessary for Congress to do what is necessary in silence. . . . Whatever Congress shall think it necessary to do should be done with as little debate as possible, and particularly so far as respects the constitutional difficulty.

In another letter he said:

> Congress has made no provision for holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union. The Executive, in seizing the fugitive occurrence which so much advances the good of their country, have done an act beyond the Constitution. The Legislature, in casting behind them metaphysical difficulties, and risking themselves like faith-

> ful servants, must ratify and pay for it and throw themselves on the country for doing for them unauthorized what they knew they would have done for themselves had they been in a situation to do it. It is the case of a guardian investing the money of his ward in purchasing an important adjacent territory, and saying to him when of age: "I did this for your good. I pretend to no right to bind you; you may disavow me and I will get out of the scrape as well as I can. I thought it my duty to risk myself for you." But we shall not be disavowed by the nation, and their act of indemnity will confirm and not weaken the Constitution by more strongly marking out its lines.

Jefferson was one of the most prolific letter-writers of his or any other day, and these brief extracts are but samples of his activity in urging his friends to believe that the Constitution would survive this sudden shock. His versatility is exhibited in his characterization of the opportunity to violate his previous interpretation of the Constitution as a "fugitive occurrence" which the "Executive have seized," the latter expression, which would not be considered grammatical in these days, being in accordance with the custom of kings and other rulers of the previous century, and not at that time discarded by those so recently divorced from the forms of the Old World governments.

One of the really humorous incidents of history is afforded by the diplomatic somersaults of Jefferson in connection with the acquisition of Louisiana. The expression "fugitive occurrence" was a gem in its line and fitly defines the justification which all great figures in governmental and religious reforms present by way of vindication when they have applied the stiletto to established and perhaps tyrannical customs.

But under the tactful guidance of Jefferson the little tempest blew over. Congress ratified the treaty of acquisition "with as little debate as possible," though while it lasted the discussion was warm and almost furious. In order to pass rapidly over this historical feature of the first movement, which resulted in the final acquisition of the whole western part of the continent, including ultimately the Oregon country, I shall quote but a single paragraph of a single speech of the many made in Congress in opposition to legalizing the action of Jefferson in the Louisiana Purchase. When the question of ratification was before Congress, Senator James White, of Delaware, one of the most influential members of that body, said:

> "But as to Louisiana, this new, immense, unbounded world, if it should ever be incorporated into the Union, of which I have no idea, can only be done by amending the Constitution, I believe it would be the greatest curse that could at present befall us. It may be productive of innumerable evils, and especially of one that I fear ever to look upon. Thus our citizens will be removed to the immense distance of two or three thousand miles from the Capital of the Union, where they will scarcely ever feel the rays of the General Government; affections will become alienated; they will gradually begin to view us as strangers; they will form other commercial connections and our interests will become extinct. . . . And I do say that under existing circumstances, even supposing that this extent of territory was a desirable acquisition, fifteen millions of dollars is a most enormous sum to give."

All of which, after a century of development of this supposedly "worthless territory," appears absurdly ridiculous. It is amazing that even then an intelligent man should have entertained so immature a conception of the great country which the Louisiana Purchase included. To-day every heart-throb of the nation, having its inception at Washington, is felt as keenly and responded to as quickly at any point on the Pacific Coast as at Boston or Richmond. By snatching a "fugitive occurrence" and abandoning his former narrow conception of the powers of the General Government, Jefferson performed, or accepted, an act which was second in importance in his great career only to the writing of the Declaration of Independence.

CHAPTER V

But the acquisition of the Northwest was yet to be accomplished, though, strange as it may appear, until little more than ten years ago the belief was quite generally entertained by the American public that the territory embraced in the Louisiana Purchase included all that lying between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast, notwithstanding that the historical facts bearing upon the case were accessible to and should have been understood by everybody. Even the official map issued by the General Land Office as late as 1898 so represented the matter. The question coming to the notice of Hon. Binger Hermann, then the Commissioner in the Land Department, and for the twelve previous years a member of Congress from Oregon, that gentleman compiled from the official records the exact history of the treaty with France and published a correct map showing that all of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming were secured to the United States in after years by the enforcement of rights obtained through discovery in 1792, exploration in 1804-5 by Lewis and Clark, occupation by American settlers, and, finally, by treaties with England. Indeed, the western boundary of the Louisiana Purchase was not defined in the terms of the cession, since Napoleon himself did not know where it rightfully belonged. When questioned concerning this important feature of the transaction by the American representatives, Marbois referred the matter to Napoleon and expressed his regret that the western boundary of Louisiana should be so "obscure." To this the Man of Destiny gave a reply which was eminently characteristic, to wit, that "if an obscurity does not exist already, it would, perhaps, be good policy to put one there." So, with this indefinite understanding as to what the United States was getting for its fifteen-million-dollar investment, the country was accepted and the details were afterward worked out as circumstances and responsibility demanded. Fortunately this process required no bloodshed, and in the course of time the United States came into its own through the occurrence of a chain of events which those not too skeptical are justified in believing were ordered by the decrees of a Providence that looks after the ultimate welfare of the human race.

Having satisfied his conscience as to the constitutionality of the proceeding which made the most of a "fugitive occurrence," Jefferson at once conceived the Lewis and Clark expedition and lost no time in getting the movement under actual headway.

Jefferson's undoubted ability as a statesman was exemplified in his proposed organization of the Lewis and Clark expedition even before the acquisition of Louisiana was accomplished—before he had even dreamed of such a thing as a possibility. He had no knowledge of the action of the American representatives at Paris until their return to Washington in July, 1803, and the treaty of acquisition was not ratified by Congress until the 20th of the following October. In the previous January he had asked Congress to provide an adequate appropriation for an expedition to the mouth of the Columbia River, by way of the headwaters of the Missouri, and that body had generously granted his request. This is related here for the purpose of showing that Jefferson, in inaugurating the Lewis and Clark expedition, had no thought that the great Northwestern territory belonged to the United States through the purchase of Louisiana, or for any other reason. Indeed, he had argued in favor of some such procedure a dozen years before, while Secretary of State under President Washington.

There can be no doubt, however, that his perspicacity led him to see the great advantages which would ultimately come to the United States if its territory could be made co-extensive with the continent, and that it was in accordance with this idea that he was anxious to have

American representatives in the field of exploration with the purpose of establishing prior rights. When we consider the great activity of Jefferson in the matter of acquiring new territory, together with the ease with which he surrendered his previous contention for a strict construction of the Federal Constitution that the country might expand in landed area, one may well believe that if he had been actively in the flesh during the past twenty years he would have aligned himself with the pronounced "expansionists." The history of his time fairly bristles with evidence of his anxiety to acquire Cuba as a part of our domain, and in 1807 (August 10), during his second term as President, he wrote to Madison, his Secretary of State, discussing the possibility of war with England, as follows:

> I would rather have war with Spain than not, if we are to go to war against England. Our southern defenses can take care of the Floridas, volunteers from the Mexican army will flock to our standard and rich pabulum will be offered to our privateers in the plunder of their commerce and coasts; probably Cuba would add itself to our confederation.

Two years later he again wrote to Madison, who was then President, as follows:

> That Napoleon would give us the Floridas to withhold intercourse with the residue of these colonies cannot be doubted, but that is no price, for they are ours the first moment of the first war; but, although with difficulty, he will consent to our receiving Cuba into our Union to prevent our aid to Mexico and other provinces. That will be a price, and I would immediately erect a column on the southernmost limits of Cuba and inscribe on it a *ne plus ultra* as to us in that direction. We should then only have to include the North in our confederacy, which would be, of course, in the first war, and we should have such an empire for liberty as she has never surveyed since the creation, and I am convinced that no Constitution

was ever before so well calculated as ours for extensive empire and self-government.

All of which is worth knowing and remembering as very important features of the great movements which, in the aggregate, resulted in the acquisition of territory which gives us practically three times the area that we claimed at the close of the Revolution. And it is also interesting to note the opposition which has always been made to such expansion, even by men who, in the phrase of the day, should have known better. The acquisition of the "Oregon Country"—by which term was known almost all that region north of California and New Mexico and west of the Rocky Mountains—was not to be merely a "fugitive occurrence," since the first serious consideration of the matter was taken by Congress in 1825, President Monroe having recommended that a military post be established "at or near the mouth of the Columbia River," the purpose of which was not to declare our title to the country but to protect "our increased and increasing fisheries on the Pacific." A bill was introduced at once in the House complying with the President's request and, in addition to the main purpose of it, provision was made for granting each settler one mile square of land, a forerunner by a full quarter of a century of the Donation Land Act, which became a law in 1850.

This bill evoked such a curious debate, manifesting the crude conception which many of our statesmen had of this Western country at that time, that I quote a few samples which will illustrate what we have had to "come up through" in the exploitation of what is really one of the finest sections of the globe for the development of that which is best in men and women.

Among the most prominent and sagacious men who took an active part in the debate on the Oregon bill in the session of 1824-5 was James Barbour, a Senator from Virginia, who, after insisting that England had no claim nor title to the Northwestern country, devoted himself to answering the statement that it was worthless anyway, and that so vast a country annexed to the United States would not only make our government unwieldy, but would present a real menace to its perpetuity. Concerning this phase of the matter, he said:

> Fifty years ago and the valley of the Mississippi was like the present condition of the country of the Oregon. It is now teeming with a mighty population—a free and happy people. Their march onward to the country of the setting sun is irresistible. I will not disguise that I look with deepest anxiety on this vast extension of our empire and to its possible effect on our political institutions. Whatever they may be, however, our forefathers decided that the experiment should be made. Our advance in political science has already cancelled the dogmas of theory. We have already ascertained, that by the happy combination of national and state governments, but above all by a wise arrangement of the representatives system, republics are not necessarily limited to a small territory, and that a government thus arranged not only produces more happiness, but more stability and more energy than those most arbitrary. Whether it is capable of indefinite extent must be left to posterity to decide. But, in the most unfavorable result, a division, by necessity, from its unwieldy extent—an event, I would devoutly hope afar off—we even then can console ourselves with the reflection that all parts of the great whole will have been peopled by our kindred, carrying with them the same language, habits and inextinguishable devotion to liberty and republican institutions.

This was the language of a statesman, of a man who had studied governments and people, and who was sufficiently free from prejudice to take a higher view of a great opportunity.

Senator Dickerson of New Jersey was the leader of the opposition to the effort to provide for a military post at the mouth of the Columbia. He was certain that, since England and the United States had signed a treaty in 1818, according to the terms of which both countries should occupy the Oregon country without claiming title thereto, the proposed bill, if passed, would be considered as a hostile act by Great Britain and would probably result in war. Senator Dickerson then turned his shafts of ridicule upon the proposition to acquire Oregon in any manner, and closed his speech with a remarkable exhibition of misinformation regarding a section of our common country which is bound in the course of events to become one of its most attractive and valuable subdivisions. Fully twenty years after the wonderful journey of Lewis and Clark and fourteen years after the settlement of Astoria, Senator Dickerson displayed his lack of foresight as to the character of the Pacific Coast and of the genius of the American people by the following amusing calculations and side-splitting predictions. Estimating the distance from Washington to Oregon to be four thousand six hundred and fifty miles, he said:

> But is this Territory of Oregon ever to become a State? Never! The distance that a member of Congress from this State of Oregon will be obliged to travel in coming to the seat of government, and returning, will be nine thousand three hundred miles. This, at the rate of eight dollars for every twenty miles would make his traveling expenses amount to three thousand seven hundred and twenty dollars. Every member of Congress ought to see his constituents at least once a year. This is already very difficult for those in the remote parts of the Union. At the rate which members of Congress travel according to law, that is, twenty miles per day, it would require to come to the seat of government and return four hundred and sixty-five days. But if he should travel at the rate of thirty miles a day, it would require three hundred and six days. Allowing for Sundays, forty-four days, it would require three hundred and six days. This would allow the member a fortnight to rest himself at Washington before commencing his journey home. This rate of traveling would be a hard duty, as the greater part of the way is exceedingly bad and a portion of it over the rugged

> mountains, where Lewis and Clark found several feet of snow in the latter part of June. Yet, a young, able-bodied Senator might travel from Oregon to Washington and back once a year, but he could do nothing else. It would be more expeditious, however, to come by water around Cape Horn, or through Behring's Strait, around the north coast of the continent to Baffin's Bay, through Davis Strait to the Atlantic Ocean, and thus on to Washington. It is true that this passage is not yet discovered, except on the maps, but it will be as soon as Oregon will be a State.

The fallibility of the human judgment is well illustrated by a glance at the industrial condition now prevailing in all parts of the Oregon Country, in connection with this prediction of Senator Dickerson. Of course that speech was made eighty-six years ago, and that is a long way to look into the future with any degree of certainty, yet there were those at that time who had the most exalted opinion of the possibilities and value of the region in controversy. Among these was Jefferson himself, who soon after the close of the Revolution began to cast his eye west of the Mississippi and to covet all the country lying between that stream and the Pacific Ocean. But the man who was one of the earliest champions of Oregon and who accomplished more than any other when it came before the public as a matter to be disposed of one way or the other, was Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri. But for his unceasing championship of the right of the United States to the whole of the Northwest, and his faith in its great industrial and commercial value after it should be settled by the American people, it is quite among the possibilities that England finally might have succeeded in obtaining title to it.

The State of Oregon contains only about one-fourth of the area of the original Oregon Country (the remainder being composed of the States of Washington and Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming) yet Oregon alone now produces not far from two millions of dollars in gold each year; its annual wool clip amounts to four millions of dollars, its wheat fifteen millions and its salmon one million. Its other industries already developed cover perhaps a greater variety, owing to its wonderful climate and soil, than any other State in the Union. It has more standing timber of the best quality than any other State, and Portland, with over two hundred thousand population, stands at the head of the list of cities in the United States as an exporter of wheat.

In view of this condition, while the exploitation of its natural resources is yet in its infancy, the extract from the speech of Senator Dickerson in 1825 makes good reading and is well worth a place in this rapid review of events which preceded the final legislation that established a territorial form of government for Oregon. After a protracted debate, a bill for this purpose was passed on Sunday morning, August 13, 1848. The treaty of 1818, providing for joint occupancy, was terminated by the mutual consent of Great Britain and the United States in 1846, after a life of eighteen years, and as the result of satisfactory concessions the whole of the Oregon Country became American territory.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that one of the greatest forensic efforts of John C. Calhoun was made in the Senate in opposition to the bill admitting Oregon as a territory, for the reason that it did not specifically provide for the introduction of slavery within its boundaries. In the course of this speech he bitterly assailed the Declaration of Independence, and among other things, said:

> The proposition that "all men are created free and equal" is a hypothetical truism. Men are not born free. Infants are born. They grow to be men. They are not born free. While infants, they are incapable of freedom; they are subject to their parents. All men are not created. Only two, a man and a woman, were created, and one of these was pronounced subordinate to the other. All others have come into the world by being born, and in no sense, as I have shown,

either free or equal. Instead of liberty and equality being born with men, and instead of all men and classes being entitled to them, they are high prizes to be won—rewards bestowed on moral and mental development.

But in spite of Mr. Calhoun's false philosophy and Mr. Dickerson's skepticism, Oregon became a Territory. Ten years afterward she became a State—the final result of a contest that occupied the attention of our greatest statesmen for more than thirty years, which in many of its characteristics was without historic parallel, and which was illuminated by a series of unusually dramatic and romantic features. These will be noticed briefly in succeeding chapters while considering the wonderful westward movement of the Oregon pioneer—a movement which has no counterpart in history as a peaceful subjugation of a beautiful wilderness, peopled by savages and under the protection of no nation!

CHAPTER VI

In order that the readers of this book may be able to familiarize themselves with the principal facts relating to the early settlement of Oregon without wading through the unimportant details, it is well to say, briefly, that the first earnest and practical effort in that direction was made by Hall J. Kelley, a school-teacher of Boston, who as early as 1817 began to agitate the matter in the periodicals of his day and by degrees developed some interest in the scheme among certain people of Massachusetts. But in 1817 Oregon was almost as inaccessible as the North Pole is to-day, for the value of pemmican as a concentrated life sustainer was not then known, and Dr. Cook had not yet begun taking photographs of "the top of the continent."

But Kelley was an enthusiast on the subject of the Oregon Country, and persistently continued his agitation until, in 1829, as the result of his work, Massachusetts authorized the incorporation of "The American Society for the Settlement of the Oregon Territory." And that was a long time ago. Amid the swirl and whirl of these days, when the Oregon River so weirdly referred to in Bryant's "Thanatopsis," instead of gliding to the sea undisturbed save by the "sound of its own dashings," is continually vexed by the thunderous and ponderous trains of two transcontinental railroads, one on either bank, answering the tremendous demands of national and international trade, one can with difficulty realize the temperament of a man who, while the whole of the Pacific Coast was yet a wilderness unsubdued, would unceasingly devote all his energies to the accomplishment of what to most people seemed a mere dream, a hope without a foundation.

Many of the men, more or less prominent in the affairs of the Oregon country in the early days, have received extended mention in its history whose part in its acquisition and development was incomparably less helpful than was that of Hall J. Kelley. For he was the Pioneer of the pioneers. He was the John the Baptist who could foresee an historical coming event, devoting his life-work to its exploitation; and, like the great prophet of old, upon finally entering the land of promise he saw so gloriously portrayed in his visions, he was misused, mistreated and misunderstood. He started to Oregon in 1832, coming by way of New Orleans across Mexico and to California, where he offered to survey the Sacramento valley for the Mexican Governor. Being refused, he did some work in that line upon his own responsibility and finally joined an overland expedition to Oregon, arriving at Vancouver in October, 1834, two years after his departure from Boston.

Kelley made the trip from California with Ewing Young, a man who afterward figured prominently in the progress of our embryonic government. Their arrival unfortunately was attended by a cloud which cast a shadow over Kelley's connection with the country and, in a way, embittered the remainder of his life. In company with Kelley and Young, who brought a large drove of horses, were some reckless individuals who in some way "acquired" several head not catalogued in the original list. The result of this maneuver was that the Governor-General of California sent word to Governor McLoughlin—head of the Hudson Bay Company and virtual ruler of the Oregon Country in those days—of the alleged depredations, and that the "thieves" were bound for the Columbia River. The message of the California Governor, Figueroa, having been received by McLoughlin before the arrival of Young and Kelley, they were met by the old white-headed, amiable, but eminently just Doctor with a coldness which was a genuine surprise to them, perfectly guiltless as they were of any wrongdoing. Coming as enthusiastic explorers of a great region, they were met upon its threshold with a charge of horse-stealing, with having arrived richer than they were upon their departure, which reminds one of the declaration of Mark Twain to a friend that his family, as far back as he had any "inside information," was noted for the abnormally developed bump of "acquisitiveness." As an instance, he said that when his grandparents, several generations back, crossed the Atlantic en route to America, they were able to put all their earthly belongings in an old carpet-sack satchel, but when they disembarked three weeks later at New York it required three large trunks to hold them all.

There has never been any proof that either Young or Kelley knew of the alleged stealing, but the slander was uttered, and like many other accusations made through ignorance or malice, its effects were difficult if not impossible to counteract. Of this affair Dr. McLoughlin said in after years:

"I refused to have communication with any of the party. Young maintained he had stolen no horses, but admitted that others had. I told him that might be the case, but, as the charge had been made, I could have no dealings with him until he cleared it up. But he maintained to his countrymen, and they believed, that, as he was a leader among them, I acted as I did from a desire to oppose American interests." But Dr. McLoughlin, the Grand Old Man of early Oregon, lived to know what it was to feel the shafts of injustice and ingratitude as the reward for continued substantial assistance rendered to American immigrants, whose coming was the first step toward the ultimate dissolution of the Hudson Bay Company, of which he was the head for quite twenty years.

It goes without saying that both Kelley and Young were indignant at the injustice of the accusation made against them. Young, however, settled down, acquired a tract of land and died here in February, 1841. In a paper read before the Oregon Pioneer Association a few years ago by Courtney M. Walker, he said, after declaring that Ewing Young was "a very candid and scrupulously honest man, thoroughgoing, brave and daring," that "being in want of supplies and having a few beaver skins, he sent them to Fort Vancouver to exchange for supplies. But Dr. McLoughlin, having been apprised by a no less authority than the Governor-General of California that Young was the head of banditti, refused to purchase the beaver, but sent Mr. Young the articles which he had wished to purchase, besides sending him several articles of refreshment for his table. But when the articles came Young indignantly refused to accept the goods or refreshments, and went in person to Vancouver. The Doctor satisfied Mr. Young that he could not, being at the head of a company trading directly with California, have acted otherwise than to give credence to the charge by the Governor of California. On the return of the *Cadboro* to California Dr. McLoughlin wrote to the Governor of California, as also did Mr. Young. The ensuing fall the Governor wrote to Dr. McLoughlin, withdrawing the charges against Young and regretting the occurrence."

Hall Kelley, after spending practically twenty years in enthusiastically advertising the Oregon Country, remained here but a few months, owing to his unfortunate reception, and returned to Massachusetts where he died in 1873. In his later days, when his mind had become partially clouded, he imagined the Hudson Bay Company was pursuing him in a cruel effort to punish him for his exertions in colonizing the Oregon Country and thus destroying the fur industry, which was not only the source of its entire income but its only excuse for existence. Kelley died at an advanced age, a hermit, and embittered against mankind in general.

In reading about the career of Hall Jackson Kelley, I have always felt regret that so little is known of him by the people who occupy the great country in whose future he had such faith. There is something appealingly pathetic about his high and unquenchable purpose when considered in connection with the disappointment which accompanied his first and last visit to the great region of which he had dreamed so long. And so little is known of his efforts by the people who have profited by his sacrifices and persistent labors! Ask the average graduate of any of our colleges or universities who Hall J. Kelley was and he will be astonished beyond measure. He does not know that such a man ever lived. And there are thousands of our most successful business men who can "at the drop of the hat" tell you who has the best score among the crack baseball teams of the country, but who have never heard even the name of Hall Kelley. Scores of men who have had their little day in the State Legislature and have won State-wide attention by their log-rolling maneuvers are well known to the public generally, but the man who perhaps did more to make Oregon than any other, or at least who had as clear a conception of its value as any other, has no place in our school histories and is less generally known than is Pocahontas or William Tell.

Kelley was impressed with the commercial opportunities he found in Oregon. He foresaw the upbuilding of a great city on the Columbia River. After studying the situation, he chose what is now known as the "Peninsula," that section between the Columbia and Willamette rivers, as the most promising location for the metropolis to come, and actually surveyed a town site near the present dividing line between Portland and St. John. To-day the cars of the Portland Railway, Light and Power Company carry thousands of busy people every day across Kelley's town site; automobile joy-riders make the night hideous with their carousals as they violate the "speed" laws while driving over the very ground which he trod as he wended his way through the heavy underbrush skirting the banks of the Willamette, which even then was answering the soft call of the sea; lovesick young people stroll in the moonlit groves where Kelley heard no sound except the occasional drum of the pheasant or the call of the astonished red man; magnificent ocean steamers gracefully glide on the bosom of the rivers which then knew only the rude canoe; the bustling town of St. John has its annual, semi-annual, quarterly and perennial scraps over important and unimportant matters where Kelley sat on a fallen log while ruminating on the ingratitude, not only of republics, but of Tillicums in the individual state—but Kelley himself is practically unknown to the people of the land which was his day-dream and his song during his younger manhood, where he resided but a few months of his eighty-five years of life, and where, during his brief residence he was compelled to establish his innocence of the charge of being a horse-thief!

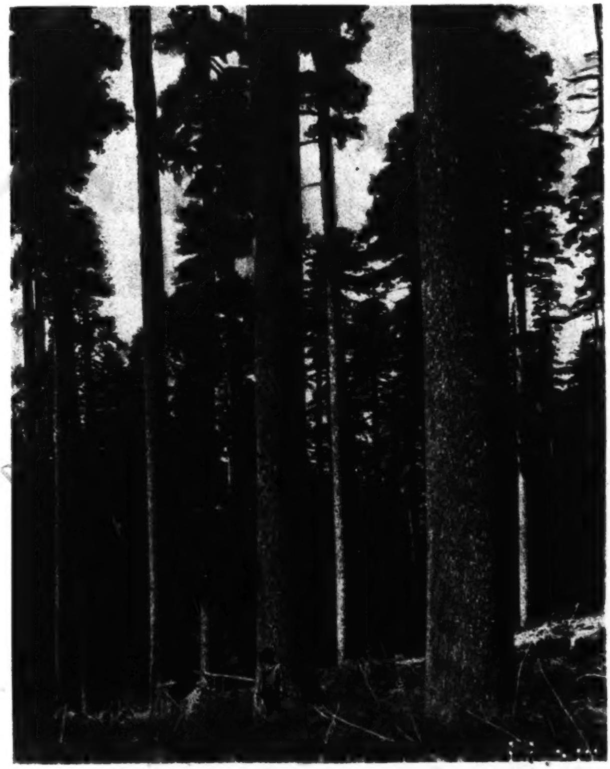
And of such is fame!

CHAPTER VII

I do not now and never did belong to the Methodist Church, but certainly no loyal Oregonian breathes with soul so dead as to deny for a moment the great obligation his State owes to that organization for its great work during the decade between 1830 and 1840 in making the initial occupancy of the Oregon Country. To be sure, the early Methodist missionaries were governed first by a desire to convert the Indians to Christianity—vain effort, in the main—but they were Americans, imbued with an unswerving attachment to their country's institutions, and as a counter influence to the Hudson Bay Company wrought mightily in the great conflict which finally brought victory to American sovereignty.

No matter whether you believe in the perseverance of the saints, the administration of baptism by sprinkling or whether you stand for complete immersion; no difference if you are a supporter of the doctrine of original sin, foreordination and election—even if you are confirmed in your opinion that shouting during the culminating proceedings of a revival meeting is not only indecorous but bordering on the absurdly emotional, you have no business to set up your claim to any degree of sincere love for Oregon's early history if you fail to take off your hat to a Methodist when you meet him, if not for his sake, then, at least, for the sake of the great religious organization he represents.

And among those early Methodist missionaries, head and shoulders above all others stands Jason Lee. This distinction will be unhesitatingly accorded him by all his church fellows. In effective work along lines which bore immediate fruit, and which not only required great personal sacrifices but finally snapped the thread of his strenuous life, he stands pre-eminent. He was so wholly



LARCH TREES—AVERAGE HEIGHT, 200 FEET—FORESTS OF OREGON

Facing Page 50

in earnest and so persistently zealous in his chosen work that one might almost term him a fanatic, but this would be very unfair. He was rather a man wrapped up in his chosen work, and being nervously active and full of restless ambition to accomplish his great purpose, he abandoned all the comforts of civilization and insisted upon being sent to the wilds of distant and practically unknown Oregon. To be sure, Hall Kelley had devoted nearly twenty years of his life to promoting emigration to Oregon before he finally came here, but he remained scarcely six months; Lee on the other hand founded a mission, started a school (which ultimately became the present Willamette University) at Salem, opened several farms, made the first move toward the agricultural development of the new country, and employed every hour of his time until his unfortunate death in spreading the gospel not only of religion, but of those earthly activities which make for the uplift of men and women.

In all these things it is impossible to go beyond Jason Lee in Oregon history. Back of him there is a void—no schools, no churches, no agriculture, no homes. Indeed, there was no civilization. There were trappers, fur-traders, a few white men with native wives, adventurers without purpose in life. But Lee, with his companions, P. L. Edwards, Cyrus Shepherd, and his nephew, Daniel Lee, joined the expedition guided by Nathaniel Wyeth of Massachusetts, left their homes in New England in March, 1834, plunged into the wilderness on the western borders of Missouri April 24, and arrived in Oregon October 1. On the sixth day of that month they pitched their tents on the banks of the Willamette River, ten miles below where Salem now is, and proceeded to found the Methodist Mission, from whence at once began to radiate the influences of Christianity for the first time in all the Oregon Country!

In paying this brief but deserved tribute to Jason Lee as the first potent factor in the development of my beloved native State, I am reminded of a story related by Dr. Whitcomb Brougher, until recently the popular pastor of the White Temple Baptist Church of Portland. He had preached a sermon one Sunday in which he referred to the primitive Jews in a way that called forth innumerable protests from local people of that persuasion, and the daily papers were printing many communications combating his interpretation of Jewish characteristics, as portrayed in ancient times. The Jewish paper in Portland lent a hand in the attack, with the result that Dr. Brougher replied in a letter in the *Oregonian* which bristled with a vigorous defense; but this only invited a renewal of the discussion. Finally, he announced that on the following Sunday he would preach a sermon, the text of which would be the Jewish race, cordially inviting all the Hebrews in Portland to attend. The invitation was responded to quite generally, many of the most prominent Jews in the city occupying seats here and there throughout the congregation.

Dr. Brougher welcomed them in his introductory remarks in that hospitable manner for which he is justly noted, and in the course of his sermon highly eulogized the excellent qualities of Jews who have figured prominently in the world's progress in politics, literature, science and religion. "And when it comes to the matter of well-established remote ancestry," said the Doctor, "the Jews have us all beaten out of sight. Most of us are inclined to be vain if we can trace our ancestry back as much as three generations on both sides of the house; and if one of us can name his grandfathers and grandmothers in a direct line for a century he is quite likely to boast of the fact in an insufferably egotistical manner. But, no matter what you can do in that direction, don't mention it when in the presence of a Jew, for he has you skinned a mile in the matter of ancestry. He will at once refer you to Abraham or Moses—and then where are you? You would be like the man who was drowned in the Johnstown flood, after fighting the fierce waves successfully for nearly an hour. After a most heroic effort he nearly escaped, but was again overtaken by the surging waters. After three victories over the angry torrent he was finally drawn under and lost his life. Upon entering the pearly gates he was quite a hero and a crowd gathered around him to listen to his narration of his thrilling experiences. When he had finished describing how he escaped the first time, his listeners with one voice said: 'What a remarkable escape! What an awful experience!'

"But an old man who stood apart from the others merely said: 'Oh, pshaw!'

"Again the man gave the details of his second success over the rising current, and the crowd repeated its exclamations, but the old man only said: 'Oh, pshaw!'

"When the man had finished the account of his third triumph over the swift-running torrent, and had used all the adjectives at his command in his portrayal of the awful event, the audience again expressed its astonishment that any man could have fought against such odds for so long a time, but the old man merely voiced his increasing disgust by repeating for the third time: 'Oh, pshaw!'

"At this juncture a man who had stood by and taken in the entire scene turned to St. Peter and said: 'Who is that old fellow over there who says "Oh, pshaw" every time the man tells about how he fought the waves in the Johnstown flood for so long a time?'

" 'Whom do you mean?' inquired St. Peter. 'That fellow over there with the long beard?'

" 'Yes,' said the man.

" 'And you don't know him?' returned the keeper of the keys. 'Why, that's Noah!' "

Of course it may seem somewhat irreverent to couple this story with anything relating to a man so very sedate and serious as Jason Lee, but it aptly illustrates the utter tameness of the undertakings of those who came to Oregon after him, when we recall that when he and his four companions made their way up the Willamette valley on that day in October, 1834, there was not a civilized American settlement anywhere west of the Rocky Mountains. All was wilderness and savagery—solitude and barbarism. Those who came after them had at least "The Mission" to give them a welcome and a temporary home until they were able to find a permanent location.

Surely the man who would make the journey to such a country under such conditions as then prevailed, led by the motive which governed Jason Lee, had the zeal and inflexible purpose which should have given him a passport into that mysterious realm where the perseverance of the saints is a sufficient warrant for unquestioned admission!

I have been where the old Mission house stood scores of times, as the spot is but fifteen miles from my birthplace and the farm which was my home for thirty years. It was a beautiful location, about a half a mile from the Willamette River, and that section has ever since been known as "Mission Bottom." At present it consists of several large farms noted for their wonderful fertility. But how different the scene then and now—in 1834 and in 1911! To-day there are several extensive peach orchards on Mission Bottom, one of them being thirty years old. During this time it has had but two failures—from late frosts. Some ten years ago the State Agricultural Society offered a handsome premium for the greatest variety of products of the best quality to be raised on any one farm in Oregon, to be exhibited at the State Fair. The result was one of the most attractive features at the Fair that fall. Many farmers entered the contest, but the blue ribbon went to Alex Lafollette, one of the best farmers in Oregon, whose land covers a part of the Old Mission where Jason Lee located in October, 1834, and where he built his log cabin as the first step toward converting the noble red man from ways that are dark to a semblance of Christianity. Lafollette's exhibit included almost every variety of vegetable, fruit, grain and grass known to any portion of the United States. His premium, a new Studebaker wagon, was so gorgeously finished and varnished that he was ashamed to ride in it or to use it in any manner.

When Jason Lee pitched his tent in the little grove of fir trees beside which he afterward built his cabin, the present site of Portland, with its population of more than two hundred thousand people, was an unknown forest, and where is located the beautiful city of Salem, the capital of the State, with its magnificent State buildings, there was a small prairie called by the Indians Chemekete, which was a favorite camping-place for such tribes as were on friendly terms. At other times and under different conditions it afforded every facility for a convenient battlefield. Where the State Hospital for the Insane now shelters a thousand unfortunates, savage tribes had for thousands of years, no doubt, made their history, which was handed down in tradition, while the site of the State House, in the midst of the prairie, was in those days used for the propagation of another kind of incoherency which made those most interested sit up and take notice—as now. But between these two modern cities electric cars now spin across a splendidly improved agricultural country every hour, passing within two miles of the Old Mission.

Lee and his associates at once entered upon their labors and soon had a handful of native children attending their school, but in the long run—though it was a comparatively short run, after all—the effort was a failure so far as any improvement in the moral or spiritual condition of the Indians was concerned. Lee himself was to a certain extent discredited through the disappointment felt by the Missionary Board of New York that greater progress had not been made in uplifting the heathen. When on his way to "the States" in February, 1844, while stopping for a few days at Honolulu, he learned that Bishop Hedding had appointed Rev. George Gary, of New York, his successor. Nevertheless he continued his journey, which was undertaken largely for the purpose of explaining to the Missionary Board the many difficulties under which his work had proceeded.

Lee never returned to Oregon, the field of his greatest efforts, though it was his intention to do so. Going to his birthplace in Stanstead, Canada, for a much-needed rest, he contracted a severe cold from which he never recovered, and on March 12, 1845, he passed into the Great Beyond with the hope of receiving the reward of a faithful servant of God.

The life of Jason Lee was a singularly sorrowful one. In June, 1837, the Mission was blessed with the arrival of twelve new members from the East, seven of whom were women. To one of these, Miss Anna Maria Pitman, Lee was married within four weeks, and on the same day and with the same ceremony Miss Susan Downing, another of the new arrivals, was united to Cyrus Shepherd. And although the joyous occasion was not celebrated amid the accompanying strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," nor in a gilded parlor adorned with smilax and imported ferns, yet in the grove of firs, God's own temple, these Christian people probably pledged their fidelity to each other with as full a measure of bliss as ever filled the hearts of the "idle rich" in the centers of civilization.

In March of the next year, 1838, Lee began the journey overland to New York for the purpose of presenting the needs of the Mission to the Board. On the first day of the following September, while at the town of Westport, Missouri, he was overtaken by a messenger sent from the Mission to inform him of the death of his wife and infant son on July 26. Burdened with this great affliction he went his way, devoting himself during the next twelve months to organizing a new expedition to the Oregon Country, composed of those who were closely identified with the Methodist Church. These people, fifty-one in number, sailed from New York on October 9, 1839, bidding adieu to former friends and associations and casting their lot with the much-talked-of region on the Pacific Coast.

There is something intensely fascinating about this great movement to all Oregonians, but especially to those who, like myself, can remember most of those grand pioneers who so industriously and patriotically set about creating a State from the raw materials by which they were so lavishly surrounded. This addition to the Mission, and incidentally to the forces which so soon afterward began to shape affairs toward American ownership of the country, was called the "Great Reënforcement" and to this day if you should speak of the "Great Reenforcement" to an active Methodist his eye will kindle with enthusiasm and, if he is not tongue-tied (and I have never yet seen a Methodist so afflicted), he will begin a deserved eulogy upon the many virtues of that band of men and women. Numbered among them were Rev. J. L. Parrish and wife, Rev. Gustavus Hines and wife, Rev. A. F. Waller and wife, George Abernethy, who became the first Governor of Oregon under the provisional government, Dr. I. L. Babcock, L. H. Judson and others who won conspicuous places in the subsequent development of the country.

With these people on the good ship "Lausanne," returning to the scene of his labors, was Jason Lee, who, just before starting had married Miss Lucy Thomson, of Barre, Vermont. The ship arrived in the Columbia River on May 21, 1840, and within a few days those who were destined to locate at the Mission reached that point and took up their appointed tasks. At the Mission on March 20, 1842, Lee's second wife, like his first, died in child-birth, leaving an infant daughter who grew to womanhood.

Jason Lee's first wife was buried on a beautiful knoll overlooking the Chemekete prairie—where Salem now stands—and it has ever since been known as Lee Mission Cemetery. It is just outside the city limits of Salem, and while its lots are at the service of the general public it is distinguished as the last resting-place of many of the State's most prominent Methodists and is owned by that religious organization. When I was a boy in my early teens, attending the Willamette University, the Lee Mission Cemetery was "way out in the country." Many a time I have gone in company with boys of my age "prowling" through the scattered woods that intervened between the city and the cemetery. Sometimes we ventured inside the fence of the "graveyard" where, under the spreading branches of a giant oak tree which had been there—and almost its present size—when Columbus landed on the eastern shores of America, we stood in awe, mingled with a quite well-defined sense of fear, and read this inscription upon a huge slab of marble in letters even then dingy with age:

Beneath this sod,
The first ever broken in Oregon
for the reception of
White mother and child,
Lie the remains
of
ANNA MARIA PITMAN,
wife of
REV. JASON LEE,
and infant son.
She sailed from New York, July, 1836,
Landed in Oregon, June, 1837,
Was married July 16,
and died
July 26th, 1838,
Aged 36 years.

By the side of Anna Pitman Lee and her little son lie the remains of Mrs. Lucy Thomson Lee, Jason Lee's second wife.

CHAPTER VIII

The history of Oregon will be searched in vain for a more pathetic story of individual experience than that which clusters around the career of Jason Lee. Imbued with a fervent religious zeal, he desired to consecrate his life to the service of Christianity, and his special ambition, even before the proposition to come to Oregon was presented to him, was to work among the Indians. Making the long journey across the continent as early as 1834, he found conditions here even more difficult and unpromising than he had supposed. After working under these dispiriting circumstances for three years he returned to New York overland in 1838, the sad news of his wife's death overtaking him when his journey was but little more than half over. He returned to Oregon in 1840 and two years later lost his second wife. He was virtually discharged from his superintendency in 1844, through misrepresentation and the fact that the undertaking, because of impossible conditions, had not met with a great measure of success. The same year he made his second journey to the Mother Church in New York in the interest of the Mission, was seized with a severe cold, and on March 12, 1845, at his home in Canada, yielded up his life.

I have never read of a sadder career than this—have you? And yet it bore fruit of the rarest character, and the results of Lee's efforts are felt in all Oregon to this day. Not only those who came here in the earlier days recognize his great sacrifices made in laying a great State's foundation, but our newer citizens, as they familiarize themselves with the pioneer history of their adopted State, will read with growing admiration of the man who gave his life for the promotion of a great cause.

For sixty-one years the body of Jason Lee lay in the cemetery of his native town in Canada. Frequently the proposal to bring it to Oregon and place it by the side of his wives in Lee Mission Cemetery was made by appreciative citizens of Oregon, and the General Conferences of the Methodist Church often seriously considered it, but the pressing demands for money in matters calling for immediate action caused delay after delay. Finally, however, in the summer of 1905 the movement inaugurated by the Conference and a few outside individuals was successful. On a beautiful June afternoon in 1906, when the sun was approaching the western horizon and all nature was in an exceptionally happy mood,—just such a day as is known in all its perfection no place on earth outside the Willamette valley,—the body of Jason Lee was deposited by the side of his loved and faithful wives and infant son, after a separation of nearly sixty-five years!

Standing under the shade of the majestic oaks which had all these years stood as sentinels over the graves of the partners of his successes and disappointments, chiefly the latter, a thousand people witnessed the solemn ceremony. Many of the oldest Methodists in the Northwest were there, but, singularly enough, no one who had ever seen Jason Lee. At the graveside, after the casket had been lowered, President Coleman, of the Willamette University, invited several prominent men who were present to make short addresses. I recall that among these was Rev. John Flinn, then eighty-eight years of age and one of the oldest ministers in point of service as well as age on the Pacific Coast. He is of Irish extraction, of an unusually sunny disposition, and as devout a man as may be found anywhere. His remarks on this occasion were very impressive. With quivering voice he referred to the reverence he felt while in this city of the dead, which held the remains of so many of the pioneer Methodists—Bishop Haven, William Roberts, Father Wilbur, J. L. Parrish, Gustavus Hines, Harvey K. Hines and others who had wrought with such good effect in the old days. "But our ranks are thinning," said he, "and within a few days at most, Dr. Driver, you and I will be with them, singing praises to the Lamb. Bless the dear Lord!" And as he said it he made his way to where Dr. Driver stood and embraced him fervently, while the tears streamed down the cheeks of the distinguished Methodist patriarchs who had carried the banner of the Cross in Oregon for more than fifty years.

And there were other eyes, many hundreds of them, similarly affected by this exhibition of pardonable emotion aroused by the recollection of days and experiences long gone by.

At this point Father Flinn gave way to a reminiscent vein and, forgetting for the moment where he was and the seriousness of the occasion, said:

"Brother Driver, do you remember the time of your conversion down in Umpqua valley? I was there and I will never forget," etc. He then related a humorous incident connected with Brother Driver's conversion and finished with a chuckle, the entire audience joining in the laugh which the anecdote forced. Driver replied with a sally, recounting the first time he ever saw Flinn, and the predicament he was in,—the entire incident at the graveside, although out of harmony with a solemn occasion, presenting a humorously pathetic feature which was enjoyed and appreciated by those present, but which would have been sheer irreverence if indulged by younger men. On the whole, it well illustrated how indistinct, after all, is the dividing line between life and death, and was a demonstration born of religious enthusiasm which would have pleased Lee himself if he could have witnessed it—and who is prepared to say that he did not?

It was very fitting that this burial ceremony should have been under the management of Dr. John Coleman, the then president of Willamette University, for it was Jason Lee who made the preliminary move toward the establishment of that institution when, at a meeting at his house in Chemekete, now North Salem, on January 17, 1842, a committee was appointed to look into the feasibility of founding an institution of learning. This committee consisted of Dr. J. L. Babcock, David Leslie and Gustavus Hines. It took up the matter promptly and called a meeting to be held on February 1, two weeks later, at the Mission. It was on motion of Gustavus Hines that the new school was to be called the "Oregon Institute." This meeting chose the first Board of Trustees of the proposed school, consisting of Jason Lee, David Leslie, Gustavus Hines, J. L. Parrish, L. H. Judson, all preachers, and Messrs. George Abernethy, Alanson Beers, Hamilton Campbell and Dr. J. L. Babcock—all characterized by force of character and intensity of purpose—such men as it is seldom possible to find in any community, young or old.

Jason Lee, the president of the Board of Trustees, was empowered "as agent to labor for the interests of the school in the *United States*, whither he was going soon to promote further the civil and religious welfare of Oregon," as is recorded in a contemporaneous account of the movement. The United States was at that time regarded as a foreign country, which, indeed, it was. The construction of the institute was well under way when Mr. Lee was superseded in the missionary field in Oregon by Rev. George Gary, who upon his arrival here, finding the conditions of the Mission Manual School very unsatisfactory, soon afterwards sold it to the trustees of the institute for four thousand dollars. The Indians did not take to the matter with any degree of interest. Many of the children died, others had been taken by their parents to their tepees in their forest homes and the great effort of Jason Lee to "convert" the red men ended in failure, so far as immediate results were concerned. But he had laid broad and deep the foundations for a great university, had blazed the way for a substantial civilization, and had sacrificed his life at the age of forty-one in support of a glorious cause.

The Oregon Institute was opened in September, 1844, with Mrs. Chloe Willson as its only teacher. She was the wife of Dr. W. H. Willson, the clerk of the Board of Trustees, and, as Miss Clark, was one of the young women who had come here for the purpose of teaching the children of the missionaries. She continued in this service until 1850. Soon after the opening of the school Rev. F. S. Hoyt was elected a teacher and continued at the head of the school until 1854, during which time it had so prospered that several instructors were employed. In 1853 the Board of Trustees applied to the Legislature for the passage of an "Act to establish the Willamette University," and its charter was enacted during that session.

Thus came into existence an institution of learning which has had a wider influence in furthering the educational interests of the Northwest than all others. Many of the most prominent men and women on the Pacific Coast, in all walks of life, have been students within its walls. For nearly seventy years it has been striving to advance the material as well as the spiritual welfare of all this region roundabout, and while, like all institutions of similar character, it has had its seasons of adversity as well as prosperity, its immediate directors and supporters have been intensely loyal, and to-day it is enjoying a measure of success not before known in its long and useful career.

CHAPTER IX

Nowhere in the various experiences of the people in "the old Bible times," graphically told, to be sure, is there a story so fraught with self-sacrifice and daring purpose as that truthfully narrated by the early Oregon pioneers. In those old days of Moses and Aaron, Joshua and Noah, David and Solomon, the entire world, as it was known to them, was little larger than the territory which one now covers in going to a country fair in the United States. When they left behind them the very best they had they did not deprive themselves of a great deal. There is not much difference between the highest and the lowest estate when all men live in caves, or even when a man will labor for a farmer seven years for his daughter and, finding a mistake has been made, will repeat the service for any other old girl in the same household who is disengaged. In such times it is not possible to get very far from home under any circumstances. But when the missionaries in Jason Lee's time left New York for Oregon—the voyage always necessitating a stop at the Sandwich Islands—it meant a real, live trip. In the old times a journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem was merely a little hike of ten miles, and to Beersheba but fifty. The Plains of Sharon are but ten miles across—about half as far as from Portland to Hillsboro—and from Damascus to the mountains of Lebanon is but fifty miles. I remember hearing Hon. D. P. Thompson, an Oregon pioneer who for several years was the United States Minister to Turkey, say that owing to the little distance between points of interest in Palestine, the attractiveness of the country is noticeably diminished. He said he found the River Jordan especially disappointing—that it reminded him particularly of the Long Tom, in Lane County, Oregon, which as all old settlers know is sluggish in the extreme and utterly without native beauty.

But it was all the world there was at that time and the old pilgrims went as far as they knew the road—and stopped, of course. They knew of no other place to go. The situation at that time reminds me of a remark made by Colonel Roosevelt during his recent visit to Portland. In addressing the Grand Army men, after warmly complimenting them for their part in subduing the Rebellion, he referred, in passing, to the services of his comrades and himself in the Spanish War, saying: "By comparison it was not to be mentioned in the same breath with the affair of '61, *but it was all the war there was!*"

While comparisons may be "odious" at times, they are often very instructive, as well as interesting. The trip of Anna Maria Pitman made to Oregon in 1836 not only meant leaving home and friends behind, never to be seen again, but a voyage of some ten thousand miles into an unconquered wilderness. Neither can the motive which prompted her to make the sacrifice be deemed much less commendable than that which guided many of the movements recorded in early Jewish history. When the end of the long journey was in sight, and while the ship was anchored at Honolulu, preparatory to making the run to the Columbia River, Miss Pitman wrote to her sister in New York the following letter, which gives a thrilling insight into the motives which controlled those early missionaries, as well as the fortitude with which they accepted their cheerless surroundings.

> HONOLULU, ISLAND OF OAHU, Dec. 28, 1836.
>
> MY DEAR SISTER:
>
> I have taken up my pen to address you, far from the land of my birth, the home of my childhood and of my riper years, not with painful but with pleasing and grateful emotions. Truly prosperous breezes have wafted us onward, until by the goodness of my heavenly Father I am once more on firm footing. Oh, my dear sister, you cannot enter

into my feelings, neither can I describe them. When I first stepped on the ship at Boston, the first thought that entered my mind was: "Perhaps I shall never be permitted to place my feet on land again." However, I soon succeeded in banishing the thought by giving myself to the Lord, in whose hands I felt perfectly safe. If He saw fit to give me a grave in the ocean, I could say, "The will of the Lord be done." I have been somewhat afflicted during the voyage, but I have found it good to be chastised. I have been happy and enabled most of the time to rejoice in the Lord.

The passage has been good. We have had much pleasant weather; saw land but once, and that at a distance. When we came in sight of these islands I was much animated. The first island was Owyhee, some miles from this. We did not get near enough to distinguish anything like land—it seemed like one pile of mountains whose tops were covered with eternal snow—but with the help of the spy-glass we could see the waves dash upon the shore. On that island there is a burning volcano, but the island is very fruitful. The natives on all these islands use the same tongue. We came in port Friday evening, seven o'clock, December 23. Some of our men went ashore that night, returning the next morning, bringing eggs, milk, cucumbers, bananas and watermelons. After we had breakfast some of our Presbyterian brethren came aboard and greeted us with a hearty welcome. We soon left our floating home and were glad once more to walk on land. Blessed be the name of the Lord for His preserving care. We were received in the families of this mission with pleasure. I cannot speak too highly in their praise; really they are examples worthy of imitation. I feel as though I were among my own people. Oh, when will names be forgotten, party spirit be removed and all Christians dwell together in unity of spirit and bonds of peace! Heaven hasten the day when we shall be bound together as with a three-fold cord that cannot be easily broken.

This extract from Miss Pitman's letter, written while en route to her mission of teaching the savage the saving grace of humility, penitence, brotherly kindness and the "oneness of the human race in God," reveals the true spirit of the zealous missionary who is dominated more by a disposition to do good than by a perception of actually impossible conditions, such as this poor woman and the man who was so soon to become her husband afterward discovered. But it is very interesting as a part of the complete history of Oregon, tending to illustrate the only kind of temperament which could withstand the discouraging environment of those days.

In the same letter Miss Pitman abandoned her sentimental and religious reflections and dealt in actual facts. These are of decided historical interest as portraying conditions then existing and the early life of some men and women who afterward figured prominently in public affairs in the new country. Along this line she said:

> The day before we arrived letters were received from Daniel Lee. He states that they had received intelligence (through missionaries who had crossed the Rocky Mountains) that a re-enforcement was on the way to join them. He writes in fine spirits, being quite recovered from disease. They have had good crops from their farm this year, have four hundred bushels of wheat, eight hundred of potatoes, all kinds of vegetables and fish, pork, fowls, etc. They have all had the fever and ague. J. Lee has just recovered from an attack which left him in a weak state. They are each, in turn, farmer, blacksmith, cook, teacher, preacher and housekeeper. In their family they have eighteen children, whom they teach and provide for. We are anxious to proceed immediately, but we expect we shall be obliged to wait until March before we can obtain passage. Dr. White and Brother Beer's family live together; they have taken a house and we single ones are in different families of the Mission. Such a congregation of natives as I beheld on Sabbath I never expected to see. Truly the Lord has prospered this Mission. I cannot express my feelings on witnessing such a scene! One thousand or more decently dressed, assembled together in the Mission chapel, made in native style, seated in order to hear the Word of Life in their own tongue, was a sight that affected my

heart, not with grief but with joy. After the services several of the natives shook our hands heartily.

I attended the Sabbath-school—it was interesting—they sing sweetly. It is quite rare for them to see strangers; we excited considerable notice from them. I realize a good deal of what I have frequently read, but I know nothing of the trials and difficulties of a missionary life until I engage in our own field of labor. But the Lord will be our helper.

How little did this brave woman dream of the tragic experiences which awaited her in "our own field of labor." The date of this letter was December 28, 1836. She arrived at her destination the following June, was married to "J. Lee" of whom she speaks, within less than thirty days, and twelve months later yielded up her life at the birth of a son, who himself lived but a brief hour. Certainly no woman who has been mentioned in Oregon history has had a career at once so romantic and pathetic. Her experience will never be duplicated, for the reason that no other woman will ever make the journey to Oregon and live, even for the brief space of one year, amid such an environment as surrounded Anna Maria Pitman.

I have never been able to find any record which would indicate that Jason Lee and his bride had ever met until that far-off day in beautiful June, 1837, when she arrived at the Mission, ten miles below Salem, thoroughly imbued with that self-sacrificing spirit which characterized the missionaries of that day. That under these circumstances there should have been a wedding, and a double wedding at that—for Cyrus Shepherd married Susan Downing at the same time, by the same ceremony, evidently before there was any assurance that a single Indian had been converted—again shows how irresistible is the dart which Dan Cupid hurls with so little regard for race, color or previous condition of servitude—or the absence of it. Jason Lee twice gave tangible proof that he thoroughly accepted the doctrine that it is not good for man to live alone.

The closing paragraph of this historic letter of Miss Pitman's will be found of interest, as reflecting the impressions which the half-savage surroundings made upon her:

> I witnessed one death on our voyage—our cook, a colored man, died of consumption. Though he was anxious about his soul, we had but a faint hope in his death; he died delirious. His funeral was attended with solemn respect. His body was sewed up in a hammock, with bullets tied to his feet. The American flag was thrown over him as a pall as he lay on the deck. The ship's company was assembled while Dr. White read the burial service. He was then launched into the ocean. A few days after we had reason to hope for the steward's conversion; the change in him was great. I trust our prayers for the crew have not been in vain.
>
> We have had our class-meetings (on the ship), prayer-meetings, and as often as we could, on Sabbath on deck, have had worship with the seamen. But some of the sailors are a wicked set of men. Still, my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord, and though He slay me yet will I trust in Him. Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all my life. I often look back on the past with pleasure. I often meet with you in spirit around your family altar and in my class. I have enjoyed seasons there long to be remembered. I am striving to press my way onward. Oh, pray for me that I may endure hardness as a good soldier of the cross of Christ. I feel as though you had not ceased to pray for me. Oh, continue so to do.
>
> I remain yours in the best of bonds,
>
> A. M. Pitman.
>
> Mrs. H. Martin.

All these manifestations of the goodness and sincerity of this pioneer white woman of the Oregon Country, so directly connected with the early missionary work—which, however, accomplished more for the ultimate settlement of the Northwest by patriotic Americans than it did for the "conversion" of the Indians—find an appropriate place here; furthermore, it should not only be a part of the every-day knowledge of our grown people, but should be included in the curriculum of our schools. The man or woman who would be assured of the solidity of a structure, either material or governmental, should take a deep interest in the manner in which the workmen proceeded with the construction of its foundation. And Jason Lee, with his wife and other associates, wrought mightily in the laying of the corner-stone of our present State government and advanced industrial development.

CHAPTER X

On the fifth of September, 1863, I entered the primary department of the Willamette University, then known as the "Institute." It was the name of the institution established and erected by Jason Lee and his associates and was, indeed, the same building. It was rechristened by the Legislature the "Willamette University," but in 1863 nearly all the pioneer missionaries were yet living and many of them were to be seen on the streets of Salem every day. I easily recall the faces of "Father" Waller, David Leslie, Gustavus Hines and his brother Harvey, William Roberts, J. L. Parrish and others as prominent men in those days. The University was called the "Institute" until it was removed to the new brick structure, a hundred yards distant, on October 21, 1867, the corner-stone of which had been laid with fitting ceremonies on July 24, 1864. I remember with what pride the students, some two hundred in number, marched on that occasion across the campus to view the rare collection of souvenirs deposited in the corner-stone, and to listen to the addresses of the men who had been instrumental in securing the money which enabled the trustees to begin the structure. It was more than three years before it was actually occupied, so difficult did it prove for even Father Waller and his persistent associates to raise sufficient funds to proceed with the work.

The Institute had been changed to the Willamette University by the territorial Legislature on January 12, 1853, the preamble of which act read as follows:

> Whereas, the happiness and prosperity of every community, under the direction and government of Divine Providence, depend in an eminent degree on the right education of the youth who must succeed the aged in

> the important offices of society, and the principles of virtue and the elements of liberal knowledge fostered and imparted in the higher institutions of learning tend to develop a people in those qualifications most essential to their welfare and future advancement; and,
>
> Whereas, it appears that the establishment of a university in the town of Salem, Marion County, with a suitable preparatory department for the instruction of youth in the arts and sciences, is likely to subserve the intellectual development and enlightening of the youth of this Territory,
>
> Therefore, Be it enacted, etc.

Section 1 of the charter of this, the oldest university in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains, has been deemed of sufficient interest to warrant reproduction here because of the unusual array of prominent men who constituted its first Board of Trustees:

> Section 1. That there shall be established in the town of Salem, in the County of Marion, a university to be called the Willamette University, and that David Leslie, William Roberts, George Abernethy, W. H. Willson, Alanson Beers, Thomas H. Pearne, Francis S. Hoyt, James H. Wilbur, Calvin S. Kingsley, John Flinn, E. M. Barnum, L. F. Grover, B. F. Harding, Samuel Burch, Francis Fletcher, Jeremiah Ralston, J. D. Boon, Joseph Holman, James R. Robb, Cyrus Olney, Asahel Bush and Samuel Parker, and their associates and successors, are hereby declared to be a body corporate and politic in law by the name and style of "The Trustees of the Willamette University."

To the pioneer Oregonians, what a wealth of memories in law, religion, business, campaigning, backbiting, scheming, vituperation, successes, failure, statesmanship and genuine Christianity does this list of names recall! At that time Oregon had been a territory but four years and it had belonged to the United States but seven years. Prior to that (1846) it had been No Man's Land—a veritable wanderer upon the face of the earth, if the somewhat strained figure of speech may be pardoned.

STATE CAPITOL, SALEM, EAST FRONT

Facing Page 72

But these men were here at this early date—many of them for several years previous—and showing a remarkable activity in developing the country along all lines which tended toward better conditions materially, socially, spiritually and intellectually.

David Leslie, the president of the Board, who had joined the old Mission in September, 1837, accompanied by his wife and several children, was a member of a prominent New England family. One of the first men to settle in Salem, he "took up" a quarter section of land which now constitutes a part of the southern section of Oregon's capital city.

Mr. Leslie deserves a more extended mention and a larger degree of appreciation than is usually given him in the accounts of the early history of Oregon. As early as 1839, Senator Lewis F. Linn, of Missouri, presented a petition to the Senate of the United States, dated March 16, 1838, setting forth the earnest desire of the American settlers that Congress should take immediate and decisive steps toward the ultimate acquisition of the Oregon Country. I will quote a few paragraphs which will serve to illustrate the forceful character of the few men who, even at this early date, had made their way to the Pacific Coast and were clamoring for national recognition and protection. This great plea for help from the nation's representatives began with the following clear-cut statement of conditions and possibilities:

> We are anxious when we imagine what will be, what must be, the condition of so mixed a community, free from all legal restraint and superior to that moral influence which has hitherto been the pledge of our safety. We flatter ourselves *that we are the germ of a great State* and are anxious to give an early tone to the moral and intellectual character of our citizens, for the destinies of our posterity will be immediately affected by the character of those who immigrate. The Territory must populate—the Congress of the United States must say by whom. The natural resources of the country, with a well-judged civil code,

> will invite a good community, but a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection to life and property. . . . Well are we assured that it will cost the Government of the United States more to reduce elements so discordant to social order than to promote our permanent peace and prosperity by a timely action of Congress.

This patriotic and dignified appeal for assistance in the great work which confronted the early settlers in the Northwest is worthy a place alongside the best clauses in the Declaration of Independence. It was a strong cry from the wilderness, from those who had wandered afar in the interest of the mother government, to be taken under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes.

This petition was followed by another in 1840, of which David Leslie was the author. It was no less patriotic and earnest, and eloquently expressed the purpose of the American settlers here to remain Americans, and to hold the fort until the Government should recognize the value of the great region which could be acquired if prompt and energetic steps were but taken. A part of this appeal reads as follows:

> They have settled themselves in said territory under the belief that it was a portion of the public domain of said States, and that they might rely upon the Government thereof for the blessings of free institutions and the protection of its arms. But they are uninformed of any acts of said Government by which its institutions and protection are extended to them; in consequence whereof, themselves and the families are exposed to be destroyed by the savages around them, and others who would do them harm.
>
> That they have no means of protecting their own and the lives of their families other than self-constituted tribunals originated and sustained by the power of an ill-instructed public opinion, and the resort to force and to arms.
>
> That these means of safety are an insufficient safeguard of life and property—that they are unable to

arrest the progress of crime without the aid of law and the necessary tribunals to enforce it.

Thus was Father Leslie taking a prominent and effective part in "saving" Oregon two decades before the breaking out of the Civil War and many years before most of the men now prominent in national affairs were born.

David Leslie was born in New Hampshire in 1797, was reared in the shadow of the White Mountains, and remained there, preaching from the time he was twenty-five years of age until his coming to Oregon in his fortieth year. He was in charge of the Oregon Mission from 1838 to 1840 during the absence of Jason Lee while the latter was engaged in securing the "Great Reënforcement," which arrived in the latter year.

A great affliction overtook Mr. Leslie in 1842 in the death of his wife. Being left with a family of five daughters, he soon afterward decided to take two of them to the Sandwich Islands, that they might have the advantages of an education, leaving the youngest two with a married daughter, Mrs. Cornelius Rodgers. Mr. Rodgers and his wife were moving just then to the Falls, as Oregon City was called in those days, which they intended to make their future home. The journey was made in a large "Chinook" canoe, manned by four Indians. In the boat were Dr. White, Nathaniel Crocker, W. W. Raymond, of the Mission, Mr. Rodgers and his wife, with the youngest Leslie girl, the other, who was in delicate health, remaining with some friends in Salem.

Upon their arrival at the Falls it was necessary to make a portage. They fastened a line to the canoe, as was customary, and Mr. Raymond, with two Indians, walked along the rocks, endeavoring to guide it to a safe landing. Dr. White had also stepped ashore. At this juncture a swift current struck the boat and capsized it, with the result that it was immediately swept into the raging waters. The men lost the line, and in a moment Mr. Rodgers, his wife and her little sister were dashed over the Falls. A contemporary account of this most appalling affair says: "Mrs. Rodgers, on seeing her inevitable fate, clasped her baby sister to her breast and the remorseless waters passed over them, hiding them forever from mortal sight." Mr. Crocker also lost his life in this disaster which threw a mantle of gloom over the little settlement of whites.

During the three years I attended the Willamette University David Leslie was the president of the Board of Trustees. I remember he appeared to me as an extremely old man. I do not know what his physical affliction was, but it must have been some phase of paralysis, as his steps were scarcely six inches in length and he seemed to be so very feeble that it used to make me long to render him some assistance. He always had a kind word for everybody and was beloved by all. He remained at the head of the Board of Trustees for twenty-five years, or until a year before his death, which occurred at his home in Salem on March 1, 1869, when a truly good man passed on, "full of years and full of honors."

CHAPTER XI

So potent and far-reaching has been the influence of the Willamette University in the promotion of education in the Northwest—its foundation being almost coincident with the first coming of the white man—that a brief sketch of the careers of those who constituted its first Board of Trustees will be of interest and value.

William Roberts was one of the most prominent and useful members of that body. He came to Oregon in 1847 as superintendent of the missionary work of the Methodist Church, and at once became known as an energetic worker. Not only was he active within the sphere which directly demanded his attention, but every proposition which seemed to promise a development of the new settlement in an educational and material way found in him an enthusiastic and efficient supporter. I remember him well, as Salem was his home most of the time, though his territory included what is now California, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. This he covered as often as possible, of necessity making the larger part of it on horseback, after the manner of the early itinerant preachers, for the most part "without money and without price," looking for his reward in the satisfaction of doing his work well and in the approval of his fellow men. Mr. Roberts was a cultured man, a very able expounder of his religious faith, and was regarded as one of the most effective ministers of his denomination on the Pacific Coast. He continued to be a trustee of the Willamette University until his death, which occurred in 1888. His service covered a period of forty-one years and he lived to see the membership of his Church in the district over which his jurisdiction extended increase from one hundred to more than twenty thousand. Like several others of the early missionaries, he acquired a tract of land where Salem now stands and one of the most valuable additions to that city bears his name to-day.

George Abernethy was a native of Scotland, born in 1807, but his parents came to the United States when he was two years of age and settled in New York State. In 1840 Mr. Abernethy joined the missionaries who accompanied Jason Lee on his return trip to Oregon on the *Lausanne*, being a lay member of the missionary force. In 1845 the settlers in the Willamette valley had organized a provisional government, and under its authority an election was held on June 3 for a full list of officers. George Abernethy was a candidate for the position of Governor, receiving a majority of ninety-eight votes out of a total cast of five hundred and four. His opponent was A. L. Lovejoy, a Missourian who had crossed the plains in 1842 with Dr. Elijah White, and who, by the way, was one of the men who afterward platted the city of Portland.

In 1847 Mr. Abernethy was a candidate for re-election and received five hundred and thirty-six votes out of a total of eight hundred and forty-seven. Mr. Lovejoy was again his leading opponent and Abernethy's plurality over him was but sixteen votes. At the end of his second term, the territorial government of Oregon had been established by Congress and Joseph Lane arrived from Indiana as the appointee of President Polk to act as the first territorial Governor. Governor Abernethy was a man of good business qualifications but did not rank high as a politician, which may or may not have been a misfortune. At the end of his service at the head of the provisional government he engaged in the mercantile business at Oregon City and gained a considerable amount of property, which was mostly lost in the great flood in the Willamette River in December, 1861. The last years of his life were spent in Portland, where he died in 1877.

Alanson Beers was also a member of the *Lausanne* party in 1840 and soon after his arrival settled upon a claim which included the site of the original Mission. A part of this is to-day owned by his son, Oliver Beers, a resident of Salem. Alanson Beers was chosen at the famous meeting at Champoeg on May 2, 1843, as one of the three members of the executive committee, whose duties were to be the same as those of the Governor of any other Territory. This was the first civil government organized west of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Beers served on this committee until July, 1844, and was really *one-third* of the first Governor of the Oregon Country.

James H. Wilbur deserves more than a passing notice in any history of Oregon which aspires to do justice to the men who may be correctly termed its founders. Born in New York State in 1811, he came here in 1846 by way of Cape Horn, arriving at Portland on June 3, where he found a village of three houses. He went at once to Salem and began traveling over the circuit, which reached to the California line. In 1848 he was transferred to the Portland and Oregon City circuit and built the first church ever erected in the former city. He raised the money by the subscription process and paid the mechanics twelve dollars a day. Lumber cost one hundred and twenty dollars a thousand. In 1851 he built the Portland Academy and Female Seminary. He performed much of the mechanical labor himself, carrying mortar in hods and dressing like the commonest of the workmen.

Twenty years of Mr. Wilbur's later life were spent in conducting an Indian training school at Yakima, Washington, a very practical and successful method of "converting" Indians, the good results of which are yet felt in that section. He died in 1887 in Walla Walla, where his home had been after his retirement from his long and arduous services for the public weal.

John D. Boon, a Wesleyan Methodist preacher who came to Oregon in 1845, was elected treasurer of Oregon Territory by the Legislature in January, 1855, and served continuously for the ensuing ten years, with the exception of the year 1856, when Nat. H. Lane was chosen to that position for one year, that being the length of the term in those times. Upon the organization of the State government in 1859 he was elected the first State Treasurer, serving three years. He conducted a large store—for that period—in North Salem in the first brick building ever constructed in that part of the city. He raised a large family of sons and daughters, with whom I attended the University in the '60's, and died at his home, well advanced in years and having the respect of all the people.

Asahel Bush, a printer by trade, came to Oregon from Massachusetts in 1850 and soon after his arrival established the *Statesman* at Oregon City, afterwards moving it to Salem when the capital was changed to that location. In Washington City he had previously consulted Samuel R. Thurston, the first delegate to Congress from Oregon Territory, as to the prospects for a young newspaper man in the Far West. Thurston gave him great encouragement, since he was very ambitious politically and had already made a good start, and since, what was more important, there was no Democratic paper in the territory. As the result of this conference Mr. Bush at once made all necessary arrangements to ship the materials for a printing plant to Oregon and himself embarked for his new home in July, 1850. He arrived at Astoria in September, having made most of the distance across the Isthmus on muleback. He proceeded from Astoria to Portland by a small boat, and at once located in Oregon City. When the Legislature met at Oregon City in December, Mr. Bush was chosen territorial printer, the assurance that his plant was on the way being sufficient to secure his election. His paper was first issued in March, 1851, and was a "hummer" from the beginning. He was a very caustic writer, using ridicule as his chief weapon and sparing no political enemy. He was courageous under all circumstances, and as his paper reached every part of the Territory, his influence was far-reaching. He was elected official printer at each successive session of the Legislature, which met annually, until the organization of the State government in 1859, and then was chosen to succeed himself in the new order of things. In 1862 Harvey Gordon was chosen to succeed Mr. Bush, but died before being sworn into office. As the Governor neglected to appoint a successor, Mr. Bush served until the election of H. L. Pittock, of the *Oregonian*, in 1864.

Mr. Bush sold the *Statesman* in 1861, and after engaging in various business enterprises, established, in 1867, the banking house in Salem of which he has ever since been the head and for the last thirty years the sole owner—perhaps the only instance on record where a newspaper man actually started and maintained a bank.

During its existence as a Territory and State Oregon has experienced its full measure of stormy political campaigns, prominent men being voted up, voted down and voted out, combinations effected which have produced the most unexpected results, agreements made over night which astonished the natives, and others, but no man has ever wielded so autocratic a power for so long a period as did Asahel Bush. There was nothing that he desired to do that he was for a moment afraid to do or that he didn't do. A political foe was an obstacle which should be removed. That was what foes were for! Having the *Statesman* at his command, as well as the English language, his meat and drink were found in lampooning and lambasting his political enemies, and the last five years of the territorial régime were luminous with the lavish display of his wonderful power as a writer and political dictator.

The files of the *Statesman* for those years furnish a splendid political history of Oregon in its swaddling clothes, and give a most interesting picture of the methods pursued in that turbulent era by the group of really able men who had drifted here, most of them with the intention of engaging in the political game usually offered in a new country, and which was especially promising and alluring in Oregon at that time. The tirades in which the Oregon editors engaged in the later '50's were so pronounced and extreme in their nature that "the Oregon style" was known far and near. The "star" writer was Asahel Bush,—and it but added to his popularity.

During the year 1904 I was the editor of the *Daily Statesman,* and each Sunday morning I would reprint extracts from the *Statesman* just fifty years before. It proved a very interesting department, not only to the old-timers, but to the newer residents, who marveled at the nature of the political contests of long ago. To "dig up" this stuff for the Sunday paper proved a very fascinating pastime each Saturday afternoon. One day I ran across an article which roasted General Joseph Lane to a finish, the latter distinguished gentleman and Mr. Bush, though both were Democrats, having broken their political friendship because of their difference of opinion on the slavery question, the bad feeling being accentuated, to be sure, by the natural action of local strifes and ambitions through a period of ten years' scrapping. Lane had written a letter which had greatly displeased Mr. Bush, and as the old General had a confirmed habit of showing his utter indifference to the rules laid down by the man who had invented spelling, the brilliant and ebullient editor not only applied his battery of ridicule to the subject-matter of the Lane letter, but printed it with its original arrangement of the alphabet unchanged. It made "mighty interestin' reading," and I reprinted an extract from it of such liberal dimensions that its encroachment upon "valuable space" was entirely ignored.

The next day I met Mr. Bush in front of his bank and he accosted me with a frown which seldom accompanies an inward feeling of hilarity.

"Say," he remarked, "why do you reprint those extracts from the *Statesman* so long ago that most people have forgotten the matters they tell about?"

"Why not?" I inquired. "Important history was being made in those days, and people living now are glad to know how it was made and who the chief actors were."

"Yes," he replied, "but that extract you published yesterday about Jo. Lane should not have been reproduced. Lane was a pretty good man, after all, and we were living in exciting times and many things were said that it would have been just as well to have left unuttered."

"No doubt," I said, "but the same may be said of most men who have figured in the history of most countries. It is likely that Blaine, in after years, would have been glad to suppress the ebullition of satire he fired at Conkling while they were both members of the lower House of Congress, but the history of the United States would be crippled in one of its most important chapters if it failed to give the fullest details of that red-hot verbal engagement between two of the most renowned forensic gladiators America has ever known."

But this didn't satisfy Mr. Bush—he never surrenders an opinion nor has he ever been known to acknowledge a conversion. His reply was:

"Yes, but Lane has many descendants living now in all parts of Oregon, and the publication of these things will make them mad—they won't like it."

"That may be," I insisted, "but there is a bare possibility that General Lane and his relatives didn't approve of the articles at the time you first printed them, and certainly they cared more about the matter and were entitled to more consideration at that time than his descendants are now."

To this Mr. Bush replied that they all, perhaps, went too far in the excitement of the campaign, when everybody was striving for the ascendency in the new territory, and that he was "younger then than now." The fact was that in after years, when they were both old men and had permanently retired from the activities of public life, Bush and Lane renewed their earlier friendship and often laughed at the bitterness which characterized the contests in which they had engaged.

General Lane, of whom more will be said in this volume later, was twenty-two years older than Mr. Bush and died in 1881, aged eighty years. But the veteran editor and banker still lives in Salem at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, attends to his office business every day, maintains his cheerful disposition, takes a deep interest in current events, has but little use for many of the modern innovations in the forms of government, and quite recently remarked that, after all, in his opinion, the people of Oregon were fully as well governed when the "Salem Clique" was in the saddle as now.

Mr. Bush is a very cultured gentleman of the old school. He still wears the tall standing collar of the old-time gentlemen of ante-bellum days, and has worn precisely the same style of hat for forty years without change,—always new and becoming, totally unlike that ever worn by any other man, since no other man has been able to discover where it is obtained. He has the respect of all the people of this region, and his name will remain among the first on the remarkable list of brave and ambitious men who managed the public affairs of Oregon during the formative period of its existence, in the decade immediately preceding the Civil War. He was a Douglas Democrat, upheld the cause of the Union during the Rebellion, and was seriously considered by President Cleveland, at the time of his second inauguration, as a proper man to appoint Secretary of the Treasury.

CHAPTER XII

Among the prominent men who constituted the "Salem Clique" in the territorial days, and who was one of the first trustees of the Willamette University, was Benjamin F. Harding. As I hark back now to the time when I had not yet reached my teens I recall how the conversation around my father's fireside, when we lived in Silverton, so often included references to "Ben" Harding. My father and all his people were Douglas Democrats, and my first recollection of political affairs was when, in 1858, being then seven years old, people who came to our house would discuss the effects of the Lincoln-Douglas debate. The usual decision was that the "Little Giant" had utterly vanquished the "Illinois Rail-splitter." Asahel Bush, then editor of the Salem *Statesman*, Ben Harding and James W. Nesmith were the leaders of the anti-slavery, or Douglas, wing of the Oregon Democracy, while Joseph Lane, Delazon Smith and George K. Shiel were the foremost men in the Breckinridge forces, the pronounced champions of the extension of slavery into any or all the Territories.

In those days Ben Harding was in his prime, as well as in his element, politically. He was a genial man, a good organizer and counsellor and universally popular. Born in Pennsylvania in 1823, he came to Oregon and at once settled in Marion County. He was a lawyer, but never seriously followed his profession after arriving here. He was a born politician and made little claim to any other business for many years, though he owned a good farm on French Prairie, near Salem. He was appointed United States District Attorney in 1853, and was territorial secretary from 1855 to 1859. In 1862 the State Legislature elected him to fill the unexpired term of Colonel Edward D. Baker—

who had been killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff on October 21, 1861—in the United States Senate. He was at one time county clerk for Marion County, and while holding that position built the house in which Judge William Waldo now lives. He could secure any office he wanted by merely indicating his preference, during the territorial days, and for some time after the State government was inaugurated, or until the Democratic party lost control of its affairs, and for ten years or more he was one of the most prominent and influential men in Oregon Territory. He died at his home in Lane County in 1899, aged seventy-six years.

John Flinn, another member of the first Board of Trustees of the Willamette University, born in Ireland on March 26, 1817, is now past ninety-four years of age, and in such excellent physical condition that there is every prospect that he will reach the century mark. He regrets that his birth did not occur eleven days sooner, in order that he might have saved much time in the course of a long life by celebrating two birthdays at once, but he is a born philosopher and accepts these little misfits with entire composure. He remained in Ireland until he was twenty-three years of age, when he came to America and lived some time in St. John's, New Brunswick. During that time he entered the ministry and began his long service in that calling in 1840, now full seventy-one years ago!

In 1850 he sailed for Oregon and arrived here in the fall of that year, at the time when "Father" Wilbur was completing the construction of the church where the Taylor Street landmark now stands. Mr. Flinn takes great pleasure in relating how Mr. Wilbur took part in the manual labor, and also how he would solicit assistance from the gamblers, who even at that time were prosecuting a profitable business in the little city on the Willamette. The one thing that may be said in favor of gamblers, as a class, is that they are universally liberal in their donations of money for almost any purpose which savors of charity. From them Mr. Wilbur received much help in footing the bills for the erection of his new church building. The good old soul had not learned that there is such a thing as "tainted money," and had the old-fashioned idea, evidently, that no dollar itself is ever "tainted," though the man who uses it for a disreputable purpose may himself be contaminated.

Mr. Flinn preached his first sermon in Oregon on the next day after his arrival in Portland, in September, 1850, and has been actively engaged in his good work ever since, though, of course, in recent years he has had no regular charge. Whenever he appears at any public gathering, however, he is certain to be called upon for a "talk," and then the humor which was born with him, and which has grown with his growth, bubbles over, to the great enjoyment of his audience. When he falls into a reminiscent mood one never tires listening to his relation of pioneer experiences.

An amusing incident, and one which he enjoys describing, occurred at the rude Congregational church building during the morning service on his first Sunday in Portland. Rev. Horace Lyman, Sr., was delivering the sermon at the time. At a certain point, as he was describing with much feeling the betrayal of the Savior by the Apostle Judas Iscariot and the tears were appearing in the eyes of the more emotional of the congregation, a disturbance suddenly began to take place, evidently under the floor of the building. It did not appear by degrees, but burst out in full force at once. The fact was—and it became apparent without any preliminaries—that a lot of hogs were sleeping under the floor, which was but a foot off the ground and composed of boards loosely put together. The room appeared to be wholly inadequate for the size and number of the hogs which had taken refuge there. The congregation was seated on benches around the walls of the building, and as the insurrection proceeded, the boards in the middle of the floor were pushed out of position by the "rise of pork" and the services necessarily suspended while a few volunteers drove the intruders out into the adjoining woods—about where the City Hall is now—and the story of Judas' treachery was resumed.

I always love to meet Father Flinn. His good humor is infectious and he keeps the brighter side of life to the fore, while he minimizes the ills which are inevitable. I have never had the dyspepsia, nor the "blues" very often, but if I were subject to either misfortune I would cultivate the company of Father Flinn and learn at his feet the lesson of good cheer, good sense and sound philosophy as to the duty of the average—and other—man.

Lafayette Grover, another of the Willamette University trustees, who devoted much of his time to its upbuilding in the days when it required a great deal of careful nursing, has occupied a larger share in the public life of Oregon as a Territory and State than any other man. He was born in Maine in 1823 and came to Oregon in 1851 in search of his fortune, as did so many ambitious young men of the Eastern States at that time. His first public work was to assemble, as far as possible, the records of the Territory as far back as any had been kept and to prepare them in a permanent form. This was a difficult task, for the reason that no records of any kind were kept of some of the proceedings of the preliminary meetings which were held by "the settlers of the Willamette valley," and others were not only incomplete, but somewhat inaccurate. I have spent many days in the office of the Secretary of State searching these early archives collected by Mr. Grover in 1853 and have always found them of great interest and value. Many laws were enacted by the early territorial Legislatures, a record of whose progress through the lawmaking body would not for a moment stand the test of our latter-day, fine-grained critics, who can frequently save those unquestionably guilty of murder from the gallows by proving to "the satisfaction of the court" that a comma should have been in a different place in a sentence.

But this work of Mr. Grover is of great value and he did it well. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, which in 1857 framed the organic act under which Oregon was admitted to the Union in 1859, and proved to be one of its most active members. There has been no Constitutional Convention in Oregon since, in fifty-two years of statehood, but under the "Oregon System," of which so much has been said in all parts of the United States within the past five years, the Constitution of Oregon has been amended out of all recognition and can be changed with as little difficulty as would be met in the passage of a law taxing dogs.

In that convention Mr. Grover served with signal ability and at the election held under it for State and other officers he was chosen to represent Oregon in the lower House of Congress. The admission of the State was not effected, however, until February 14, 1859, seventeen days before the expiration of the term for which he had been elected. Upon his return to Oregon he resumed the practice of law at Salem, his home, and was not prominent in political affairs until 1870, when he was elected Governor and re-elected in 1874. At the legislative session in September, 1876, in the middle of his second gubernatorial term, he was chosen United States Senator, his wish during that period being law with his party.

It was at this time that the famous Hayes-Tilden trouble arose, and it finally developed that as Oregon went so would go the election. And the contest was so uncomfortably close that the loss of even one of its three electoral votes to Hayes would result in the election of Tilden. It was what might be called a "close shave" for the Republican party at a most critical time in its history.

Everybody, leading Democrats as well as leading Republicans, was searching the election returns diligently for some technicality that would justify "going behind the returns," with the hope, and without doubt the intention, of discovering a vital error which would change the result. At this juncture it was found that one of the Republican electors, Dr. J. W. Watts, of Lafayette, Yamhill County, was the postmaster in his home town, a position which probably yielded a salary of one hundred dollars a year. But the Federal law governing the qualifications of Presidential electors prescribed that they should not be holding any "remunerative" office, and the eagle-eyed Democrats, perceiving the value of the discovery, and its possible influence at that critical juncture, made the most of it. The news was immediately sent to Washington, with the result that the contest was re-opened with a partisan vigor which has not been surpassed, perhaps not equalled, since the formation of the Government.

Of course everybody knew that Oregon had voted decisively in favor of the election of General Hayes. There was not a shadow of doubt as to what the people of the State wanted, nor as to what they intended when they expressed their choice for President. But the admitted wish of the people was not to be considered for a moment. There was a dazzling prize at stake, and everything was fair in a war of this character. To correct the error, Dr. Watts resigned his position as postmaster, thus creating a vacancy in the Oregon college, and the other two members, assuming the right to fill a vacancy, when they met at the State capital to cast their votes for President at once selected Dr. Watts, who at the time held no "remunerative office." The doctor without hesitation accepted the unexpected honor, took his seat as a member of the college and within a few minutes three votes were cast for Rutherford B. Hayes for President of the United States. And that act made him the national Chief Executive for four years!

But not without a struggle which is unparalleled in our history. Governor Grover, always a partisan who could be counted upon under any sort of party stress, refused to recognize the election of Dr. Watts as a member of the State electoral college and gave him no commission. Instead, he appointed the Democratic candidate who had received the highest number of votes and he went to Washington City with his certificate of appointment. The Electoral Commission, however, being inclined to the Republican party, refused to recognize the legality of his claims and accepted the vote of Dr. Watts, just as the same body would have reversed this finding had a majority of its members been Democrats—so prone are we all to see and interpret matters in accordance with our wishes and personal views.

This exciting national episode developed into a near-scandal, as it was charged that cipher dispatches passed between those having the Tilden interests in charge in Washington and the Oregon State authorities which hinted at some transactions that were not intended to be generally known. It reached so far that charges were made against Governor Grover as to certain features of his election to the Senate, and a committee actually came to Oregon and investigated the matter, but it came to naught, and he was permitted to conclude his six years' service without further molestation.

From the date of his arrival in Oregon in 1851 until his retirement from the Senate in 1883, Mr. Grover held a greater variety of public positions, including the highest within the gift of the people, than any other man. He was clerk of the United States District Court; prosecuting attorney for the second district, which then extended from Oregon City to the California line; raised a company of men to fight Indians in the Rogue River country; was a member of the territorial Legislature in 1855 from Marion County and was returned the next year, when he was chosen Speaker of the House; was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, which met in Salem on August 17, 1857, and was chosen the new State's first Representative in Congress in 1858. From this date until 1870 he devoted himself to the practice of the law in Salem and was prominent in business enterprises of various kinds. In 1866 he was chairman of the Democratic State Convention and of the State committee in the campaign which followed. Four years later he concluded he would like to be Governor of the State, and it was so. His preference was to serve a second term, and a second term was given him, the State being Democratic and the party gospel at that time entirely subject to his interpretation of the text. By a singular combination of circumstances, when the middle of his second term as Governor had come around he decided that he was precisely the proper age to enter the United States Senate, communicated his decision to the Democratic members of the Legislature, which met in September, 1876, and on the day provided by law a certificate of election was made out in his name.

Indeed, in those days Lafayette Grover was a power in the land, and he understood how to wield it in the way that would best serve his personal ambitions. He was the first Governor of Oregon who was able to secure a reëlection, though since then Sylvester Pennoyer has had that distinction, as has also George E. Chamberlain—all Democrats. In this connection it will not be amiss to remark that the people of Oregon have chosen five Republicans and five Democrats to the office of Governor during the fifty years of its statehood, excluding the present incumbent, who is a Democrat, and it is a somewhat singular circumstance that no Republican has been able to succeed himself, while three Democrats have made that record. The fact is that no Republican Governor has ever been renominated by his party, the inference being that there has been such a perfect wealth of superior material among them for that position that, even restricting them to one term, the aspirants cannot be satisfied within the ordinary lifetime, while with the Democrats the case is dif——, however, it is best to be charitable.

Governor Grover is a very cultured man. In his capacity of politician he was always dignified in his bearing and in a manner reserved when the situation did not call for a different mien. But with all this he was affable, kind, approachable and personally popular, as any man with his remarkably successful record must necessarily be. Soon after his retirement from the United States Senate, in 1883, he removed to Portland, where he engaged in many business undertakings. During the past fifteen years he has been a confirmed invalid and has at no time appeared in public.*

*It is a somewhat strange circumstance that since the first of this chapter was written this morning—May 12—Governor Grover has passed to the life beyond, the evening papers just at hand announcing that while at his breakfast he was attacked with a fainting spell and died within a few moments, at the advanced age of nearly eighty-eight years.

CHAPTER XIII

Dr. W. H. Willson,—spelled with two l's,—was born in Massachusetts in 1805, came to Oregon in 1837 and was among the first settlers in Salem, the fact being that he made the original plat of that city and should be known as its founder. He took up a claim which included the tract later owned by Rev. J. L. Parrish, in North Salem, and a part of the present campus of the Willamette University. He also donated to the city of Salem that beautiful tract known as Willson Avenue, one block wide—and the Salem blocks are unusually large—and four blocks long. It covers the distance between the State Capitol and the Marion County courthouse, is artistically arranged with shade trees of various kinds and has winding walks among a lavish display of flowers during ten months of the year—all of which attractions make it a favorite resort for Salem's people and their visitors.

In 1853 Dr. Willson established a drug store in Salem, the first in the future capital of Oregon, locating it one block west of Commercial Street, near South Mill Creek. He did a thriving business in that line and also practised his profession. While in this business he erected a fine home one block north of the present site of the Capitol, where he lived until his death, and where his family, consisting of his wife and three daughters, lived during my school days in Salem.

Dr. Willson's ancestors originally came from Salem, England, and Salem, New Hampshire, received its name from them. Oregon's capital owes its name to Dr. Willson, who naturally desired to perpetuate it in the new country in which he had permanently located. Its streets were platted by him and the donation of the avenue made at the same time. The original plat is now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. J. K. Gill, of Portland.

In August, 1840, Dr. Willson married Miss Chloe Clark, a member of the celebrated *Lausanne* party, which came to Oregon the previous June. She was the first teacher in the Oregon Institute and remained in that position for several years. Dr. Willson was a man of especially cheerful nature and his optimistic disposition made him a favorite with all his acquaintances. He sold his drug store in the spring of 1856 to W. K. Smith, but retained it as his headquarters while following his profession as a physician. In April of that year, while he and Dr. Smith were sitting by the stove, Dr. Willson was relating to Smith the circumstance of a French woman who had that morning made a purchase in the store, the humorous feature being the misapplication of the word used by her in describing the article she wanted. While the two were laughing at the recital, Smith noticed that Dr. Willson leaned far over in his chair and appeared to be in great pain. After waiting a moment and satisfying himself that something was wrong, he jumped up and went to his friend's rescue, only to discover that he had completely collapsed. A physician, Dr. A. M. Belt, was sent for at once, but all efforts to revive him failed and he died within a half-hour from the effects of heart failure, to which he had been subject for several years.

Dr. Willson was the first secretary of the Willamette University Board of Trustees and held that position until his death. He was especially happy in his domestic relations and his untimely demise was keenly felt by a host of friends.

CHAPTER XIV

Perhaps of all the men who figured largely in the public affairs of Oregon during its formative period less is known to-day of Thomas H. Pearne than of any other. For nearly fifteen years he was prominent in the public eye, and took a leading part not only in church matters—he was a leading Methodist—but was always to the front in the discussion of the political questions that demanded the attention of the people. For the entire period of his residence in Oregon he served on the Board of Trustees of Willamette University. Yet to-day not many Oregonians, except the few still surviving who were here at that time, know anything about Pearne or ever heard of him!

Thomas H. Pearne was born in New York State on June 7, 1820, and before reaching his majority entered the ministry of the Methodist Church. He followed his profession in various parts of the Eastern States until 1851, when he was transferred to the Oregon Conference. Physically and mentally he was a man of unusual vigor, combative to a fault almost, impatient of opposition, and frequently verging upon the very extreme of intolerance. He was a born fighter, with the ability to follow successfully his bent in that direction.

In 1855 the Methodists founded the *Pacific Christian Advocate,* which has been published continuously since, and Pearne was elected its editor. This position he held without intermission until 1864, when he asked for a leave of absence to join the Christian Commission, which was then engaged in assisting the Union army. After the war was over, he settled in eastern Tennessee, took charge of a church there and never returned to Oregon.

During the years Pearne was editor of the *Advocate* he used its columns for the free discussion of political questions, and since he contended that good politics meant good religion, and vice versa, his critics always received as good as they sent. He was a very pronounced anti-slavery man, holding that slavery was a stupendous sin and that a good Christian should fight sin wherever found.

My grandfather on my mother's side was an ardent and outspoken Southern sympathizer during the war, and in the years immediately preceding that event, while spending weeks at a time at his home when a small boy, I would listen while he and his friends discussed the public situation. I remember that I imbibed from what I heard that a man named Pearne was about the least desirable of citizens. I think that no man, perhaps, was hated by certain people in Oregon during those years more enthusiastically than was Pearne. I know that as a child my impression was that he was a veritable brute, lacking every characteristic of a man fit to be tolerated in society. But the fact was he was one of the ablest of the men in Oregon at that time and was instrumental in crystallizing public opinion along lines which meant the best results for the public weal.

Mr. Pearne was one of the official short-hand reporters in the State Constitutional Convention of 1857, and, as a lobbyist, took an active part in the struggle in that body with regard to its attitude on the slavery question—and he was hated for that! That was during his editorship of the *Advocate*. There were thousands who insisted that he was a "political preacher," and that he had no right to interfere in a contest of that character; but such criticism had as little effect upon the belligerent editor as pouring water on the back of a duck.

Pearne was an active preacher during his nine years' residence in Oregon, in addition to his other duties, and had his share of hardships and adventures incident to conditions which prevailed here at that time. In fact, he had experienced many of them during his different pastorates in interior New York before coming West. He used to relate this incident:

"In my boyhood, the introduction of instrumental music in the Sunday-school service created much agitation and warm controversy. A maiden lady of mature years came into the church while the first hymn was being sung. For the first time instruments had been introduced into the choir in the gallery; but as she sat under the gallery, directly below the choir, she did not observe them and sang from the same hymn-book with my mother with apparent zest and delight. After the prayer, and after the second hymn was announced, the instruments sounded the pitch. 'What is that?' said she to my mother. 'Musical instruments,' was the answer. She was at once seized with convulsions which lasted for several days."

Another of Pearne's experiences—rather an exciting one this time—took place in the Willamette valley. "On one occasion," he said, "when I was preaching on the Sabbath in Long Tom, in Lane County, a man became deranged. He ordered me down from the pulpit that he might preach. I expostulated with him. He became angry and pulled off his shoes, with which he pelted me. His aim was so good, and the force with which he hurled the shoes at me so great, that I had to do some dodging to save my face from mutilation. Then he ran up into the stand to take me down. Strong men seized him and carried him away. There was no lunatic hospital in Oregon then and a log pen was made, in which he was placed. He was fed and cared for in that pen, but he died in a few months."

Whether Pearne relates this incident to illustrate the power of his preaching is a matter which opens up to the reader a wide field for conjecture.

At another time Pearne was conducting a camp-meeting on Rock Creek, in Clackamas County, which was attended by all the different denominations. Of this meeting he says:

"One could not determine from general observation who were Methodists and who were not. One morning I took a long walk before breakfast. Half a mile from the meeting I found a man milking in his kraal, or cow-pen, whom I had not seen at the meetings. I entered into conversation with him about as follows:

"'I don't think I have seen you at our meetings up above here.'

"'I presume not,' said he, 'I never go to such places.'

"'Why not?' I inquired.

"'I don't believe in 'em,' he said.

"'Perhaps you do not profess religion.'

"'O, yes, I do.'

"'Of what Church are you a member?'

"'Of the Baptist Church.'

"'But,' I said, 'there are several Baptists camped up here at our meeting.'

"'They are not my kind of Baptists,' he said.

"'What kind of Baptist Church is yours?' I inquired.

"'It is a Two-Seed Baptist Church, or a Two-Principle Baptist Church, as it is sometimes called,' he answered.

"I asked him to explain and he said:

"'The Lord has a seed and the devil has a seed. The devil's seed are goats. The Lord's seeds are sheep, and thar's no mixin' of them ar' breeds. The devil has been tryin' to make goats outen' the Lord's sheep for six thousand years and has never made a single goat outen a sheep. And at your camp-meetings ministers of the gospel have been tryin' to make sheep outen the devil's goats and never made a sheep outen a goat yit.'"

Still another camp meeting experience of Pearne's in Oregon during the territorial days:

"I held a camp-meeting once in the forks of the Santiam. We had been somewhat annoyed by the Campbellites, who denied conversion by faith and the Holy Ghost, and who taught baptismal regeneration, or conversion by baptism. Weeks before the meeting I announced far and wide that I would preach on salvation by faith, as being the Bible teaching on that subject, rather than salvation by water baptism or immersion, as held by the Campbellites. My sermon lasted three hours and a half.

Beginning at eleven o'clock in the morning I finished my discourse at half-past two in the afternoon. Strange as it may seem, I held the audience all that time without a break. We heard less about salvation by water after that sermon than we had been accustomed to hear before."

Of course Brother Pearne might have misconstrued the fact that he heard less about his subject after that sermon than before. It is easy to understand why he at least never heard from those same people again—after their escape. And the incident as related by Mr. Pearne illustrates the vein of intolerance which cropped out in his dominating nature on every occasion. The same spirit is shown in his allusion to the members of the Christian Church as "Campbellites," he being well aware of the fact that those belonging to that denomination feel in a measure insulted when so referred to.

Another Pearne experience in Oregon was this:

"About a month after reaching Oregon I had occasion to travel, on one Saturday, thirty-five miles across country to hold a meeting at Dimmick's, on French Prairie. I went to the Willamette River, expecting to find a ferry-boat at Champoeg, ten miles beyond which was Dimmick's. But as the boat had been washed down the river by a freshet, I had to go back and up the river to another ferry. Attempting this, I was lost in a fog. I met a boy driving cows to pasture and he piloted me to the house of a German named Fulquarts. I inquired of him the way to the ferry. He directed me thus:

" 'Vell, den, you see my farm down dare in de pottom (an inclosure of an acre or two for a truck patch). You vill take dat farm up on your right hand, and dat vill bring you to von very bad slough; dere you had petter git down and lead your horse or you vill mire down mit him; den you vill take anodder farm up on your right hand, and turn anodder corner down on your left hand and dat vill pring you to de ferry.' The ferryman was a half-breed Indian.

"I had to inquire my way to Dimmick's. I asked the

Indian if he could speak English, but could not make him understand me. I said, 'What is your name?'

" 'Icta,' he replied, which I afterward learned means 'what' in jargon.

"I said, 'Is your name Icta?'

" 'Wake,' he replied. 'Wake' means 'no.'

" 'Your name is Icta Wake?' I inquired.

"He merely laughed at my verdancy. Finding that I could learn nothing from him, I pushed on, traveling three or four miles, fording deep water. At last I came to a whitewashed house surrounded by a peach orchard. I hailed, and an Indian woman came to the door. I said, 'Who lives here?'

" 'Lucy,' she answered.

"Supposing she had given me her surname, I inquired if her husband's name was 'Lucy.'

" 'Nawitka,' she said.

" 'Then your name is Lucy Nawitka?' I inquired.

"She laughed at my blunder and said in good English, 'My husband's name is Lucier.' 'Nawitka' is the Chinook, or jargon word, for 'yes.'

"I asked her the way to some American house. She said if I kept on for a mile and a half I would reach Champoeg, and there I would find Dr. Newell, an American. Here I staid all night, but I had eaten nothing since morning and went to bed supperless. The next day the Doctor piloted me to Dimmick's, which I reached by church time."

In 1864 Mr. Pearne was chairman of the Oregon delegation which attended the Republican National Convention at Baltimore where, as he says in his "Notes," the first blood of the war was shed. When the business of the convention was advanced enough, Rev. Dr. J. McKendree Riley made the opening prayer. It was deeply affecting. He thanked the Lord that after four years of bloody war we were enabled to hold a national convention in the city of Baltimore. His tones were pathetic. The convention stood during its delivery. Many of the members wept freely. One man in particular, of the

Ohio delegation, could not refrain from sobbing and weeping violently. In the preliminaries of the convention he had been very talkative and, withal, quite profuse in the use of profane language.

After the prayer, however, when the convention was seated, one of his own delegation challenged the profane man thus:

"Why, I didn't know that you were so d—— pious."

"Well," said the other, "I don't cry very much nor very often, as a rule, but that prayer was so d—— good, it just drew the juice out of me in spite of everything."

After spending thirteen vigorous years in Oregon, Mr. Pearne finally accepted a pastorate in Cincinnati, where he preached for many years. He died in that city not many years since, well advanced in age, strong in his convictions and courageous in expressing them to the last.

CHAPTER XV

From the foregoing brief account of the relation which the first Board of Trustees of the Willamette University bore to the subsequent political and material development of Oregon Territory, it will be seen that they were men of ability and of unusual energy, young, most of them, and dominated by the determination to accomplish definite objects. While conducting their personal lines of business they devoted much of their time to the demands of the new school, which was in that dangerous transition state from a mere Indian manual training institution, which had proved a signal failure, to the beginning of a great university, such as had been the ultimate dream of its founder, Jason Lee.

And the vision of its founder has literally come true. From the first this pioneer institution has been a great factor in the educational development of the entire Northwest, many hundreds of the most prominent men and women of this region having at one time been students within its walls. Every one of these has since been loyal to its needs and hopeful for its continued growth and usefulness. After nearly sixty years of activity in all that makes for better manhood and womanhood, in the meantime passing through many seasons of financial depression and encountering opposition in unexpected quarters, it is to-day on a better footing than at any other time in its long history. Several men of wealth have given endowments which, in the aggregate, afford substantial assistance, and still others are arranging to increase the present sum to a total amount which will end all anxiety with regard to finances.

Naturally, the opportunities afforded for education in every department of practical endeavor by the State University at Eugene and the Agricultural College at

Corvallis have greatly increased the difficulties with which an institution like the Willamette University, depending solely upon private funds for its support, must contend, and for a time, just after these two State-supported schools began successfully to reach out over the State for their pupils, "Old Willamette" was sore pressed for the necessary means of support. Indeed, at that time and for some years afterward, its attendance had fallen off to such a degree that many of its old supporters feared that it might not be able to keep up the fight for existence. But fortunately it had a small regiment of loyal friends imbued with the spirit of old Father Waller—its indefatigable solicitor for funds for a third of a century—who, once enlisted in a fight, "stay put."

In addition to this, it received further aid through the unusual fidelity of its Faculty, many of whom refused to accept their salaries, though little able to afford such a sacrifice, in order that the all-too-scant funds available might be applied to the payment of obligations demanding immediate settlement. Among these especially loyal friends should be mentioned Hon. Willis C. Hawley, at present the Representative of the First District in the lower house of Congress, who for several years was president of the University during its severest trials. His salary at one time was in arrears more than he would admit; but he maintained his position through it all and applied that indomitable energy, which is one of his characteristics, to gaining the victory that afterward came as a reward for unselfish devotion to a noble cause. And Mr. Hawley had several colleagues in the Faculty who manifested the same spirit of self-sacrifice.

When I entered the Willamette University in September, 1863, I was twelve years old and had for the two years previous attended what was known as the Central School, the two at that time being the only schools in all Salem—though "all Salem" at that time could claim but about twelve hundred people. There were two rooms in the Central building, one upstairs and one down. The principal was A. C. Daniels, an old-fashioned pedagogue, whose chief characteristics, as I now remember him, were his uniform kindness, and uniform laziness, as manifested by the constancy with which he remained in the large swivel chair he occupied. He was also noted for his excellent penmanship. He could make "copy" for the writing class that would equal the best specimens of "store" copy to be found in the "boughten" books. I veritably believe that my failure to develop at any subsequent time a good "hand" was the direct result of the discouragement I felt when, in passing my desk occasionally in his search for evidences of mischief, he would volunteer to write me a "copy." He did it with such ease and painful perfection that the contrast between my efforts and his was most depressing, and I was hindered from any possible development along that line. It seems to be one of the characteristics of our human nature that it detests a model which is superhuman. In other words, the "model man" is usually quite tiresome and is never required to feel the burden of an overwhelming popularity. The average man admires more the sort of good man whose excellent qualities he feels he can not only emulate but may possibly surpass. Give him that kind of a model and he feels that he can proceed hopefully, but with a "perfect man" perpetually before him as an example his hopes droop and his ambition withers. Many a man possessed with the highest purposes has failed as a husband because his wife has constantly held before his tired vision the numberless excellent qualities which her first husband radiated at all times as from a battery of concentrated perfection. Too much brilliancy dazzles and destroys.

However, typewriters have since been invented and I long ago forgave Mr. Daniels for his one fault. I never knew what became of him, but I was very much pleased to-day to discover among my old books a copy of Sargent's Fourth Reader, on the fly-leaf of which is my name, written by Mr. Daniels, followed by the words: "Presented to him by his teacher, A. C. Daniels, May 2, 1862."

This book, which was a favorite in the public schools at that time, would be a curiosity now if devoted to such purposes, since it contains nothing of a simpler nature than Cicero's oration on the expulsion of Cataline, the great address of Samuel Adams in favor of American independence and Edmund Burke's tribute to Marie Antoinette, in which he eloquently gives expression to his lament over the decline of chivalry. Incidentally, it contains Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and a liberal extract from an oration by a man named Webster in reply to some remarks by a Senator from South Carolina, called Hayne. The character of its contents is of the best, but somewhat heavy. It was given me, I presume, by reason of its having been the last of the spring term of school, and as a reward for the beautiful (?) deportment which had characterized me during that period.

I found between two leaves, about midway of the book, an old faded flower, doubtless placed there by me during that term of school, more than forty-nine years ago. It probably never has been exposed to the light in the interval. To be candid, I have given more time to thinking about this tiny reminder of the past than to either Webster's speech on his father's log cabin in the New Hampshire hills or to Cato's message to Caesar, since it seems of vastly more importance—to me. I choose to believe that it was the gift of one of the many pretty girls who were pupils at that school, and I have found no difficulty in settling back in my chair, while the click of the typewriter ceases, and falling into a pleasant, half-sad reverie as I recall the faces of a dozen little beauties of about my age who were then on the verge of budding into young womanhood. This flower was the innocent gift of one of these; but whether the donor was Maggie, Alice, Julia or Lizzie—how shall I ever know? But as it would have made little difference then, so multifarious were the charms of the little tempters, and so free was I from showing any partiality to any one of the pretty members of the disturbing galaxy, it should not cause me any particular anxiety of mind now.

Nevertheless, when I closed the book a few moments ago and replaced it in the old-fashioned bookcase where many souvenirs of former times are stowed away, I carefully placed that flower where it has lain so long undisturbed, making certain that it had not fluttered to the floor, and I wondered where many of my intimate associates of that time are to-day.

The old Central School was a landmark in Salem's history. Many of the poorer families sent their children there because they could not afford the higher rates charged at the Institute, but there were young men and women listed among its pupils who in after years rose to prominence in the affairs of the Northwest. Among the students during my attendance there was "Billy" Stanton, who was paralyzed from his hips down, and who traveled over town and to school in a three-wheeled wagon which he propelled with a crank. He attended school regularly, and it was a duty of two volunteers each morning to carry him up the stairs to the recitation room. Notwithstanding his affliction, he lived to be past fifty years old and enjoyed good health most of that time.

The Central building was used for school purposes until the summer of 1906, when a later generation committed an act of near-vandalism by selling the land on which it stood to the city for a site upon which to erect a modern brick high school building. This beautiful and imposing structure now graces (?) the spot where fifty years ago many of us had our introduction to spelling-schools and their kindred agencies for social pleasures and educational improvement. The old Central itself was moved a block away and made to face Commercial Street, where it now serves as a hall for miscellaneous public gatherings, etc.

One frosty morning in January, 1891, when I was serving as Speaker of the House of Representatives, I took a stroll after breakfast down to the old Central, the first time I had seen the old architectural relic of former days in nearly thirty years. It was too early for books to be taken up, and a small regiment of boys and girls was engaged in playing "tag"—boys and girls that knew me not and cared not a whit who the stranger was that halted, apparently interested in their game. I believe I entertained a feeling of pity for the little brats, as they appeared to be having a good time when I knew very well that they were the victims of one of those illusions that really delude—for there was, in fact, nothing there to create any fun. I could not have been deceived about the matter for I was there and could see for myself. I could not deny the fact, proven before my eyes, that the human family is undoubtedly on the toboggan slide of retrogression, and that children are not what they were a generation before—for Billy and Sam, Jennie and Mollie, Kate and Jerome and many others, were absent. The play was a sham and a mockery. Sorry for them, I went within the old familiar door and ascended the winding stairs, down whose banisters I had slidden a thousand times—and they were the identical stairs and banisters, too, used in those days instead of the modern elevator. And do you ask if the girls resorted to the banisters for purposes of rapid transit? If so, please withdraw the inquiry, for some of those very girls are still living in this country and are inveterate readers of every book that is issued to the public! I went into the same old doorway and feasted my eyes on the old walls, windows, seats, ceiling and floor, for evidently there had been no change. The pedestal upon which Mr. Daniels sat in his swinging armchair remained intact, but it seemed less high from the floor, the room itself was smaller, and, in fact, the entire building seemed to have shrunk perceptibly since the days of its youth. My stay was brief, since the teachers had begun to arrive, and with an apology I withdrew, but I was more or less depressed all day as a result of my side-trip to the old Central, and frequently I found myself recalling some of the experiences there in former times while Barnes, of Wallowa, was explaining the great importance of his local road appropriation bill, or Glenn Holman was calling the roll and in thundering tones repeating the name of some sleeping member for the third time.

In later years Salem's population grew so rapidly that it was necessary to build modern and commodious school buildings. When it had provided four such in widely separated parts of the city the demand for a high school had arisen, and as there appeared no site so suitable for this purpose as that on which rested the old Central, it was selected.

But, notwithstanding the provision of the larger buildings, there was a continued need for the old standby, and it was occupied for school purposes during every school day for fully fifty years—until it was moved away in 1905.

Oh, the dear old school days! Who does not in after life, when he has a few moments respite from the multifarious cares which attend the adult man, confronted by the necessity of living, drift back to the time when he had for his playmates John and Fred, and Charles and Tom and Miles, when all responsibilities were resting upon older shoulders and every prospect was pleasing! At this moment, when I am recalling more vividly than for many years before the days when school-books were regarded by us as a necessary evil and town-ball or "three-cornered cat" the ideal of earthly happiness, I bring to mind that first morning in May, 1861, when, a brand-newcomer in Salem, my mother went with me to the Central School and introduced me to "Teacher." It was in the middle of the spring term and the other children were acquainted with one another. Consequently I was eyed, and regarded, and measured and *sentenced* by my little fellows—not to a very hard experience, for we soon became good friends, and my new home, Salem, proved to be a veritable earthly paradise to me. We had moved there only a few days before, from Silverton, a village ten miles distant, and I had never seen Salem, though to do so had been my greatest desire. I was just ten years old and the opportunities to enlarge the range of my vision seemed boundless. Everything was new, and things were doing, for the town contained more than a thousand people.

There was the Willamette Woolen Mills in North Salem, the first manufacturing establishment of its kind in the entire Northwest, and thither I went when it was possible to get the privilege. There I soon became acquainted with Mr. Butts, a good old soul, who had charge of a spinning machine, which he sometimes made me believe I was running by ostensibly putting me in charge, though he was right at his post to see that nothing went wrong. But it served to arouse my ambition, and in a short time I begged my parents to allow me to quit school and get work in the woolen mills. With that inborn shortsightedness and narrow stubbornness with which the average parent is endowed, however, my father and mother failed to see the advantages of the proposition—plain to me as day—and I was compelled to pursue my studies.

And, then, there was Nicklin's sawmill, located where Mill Creek emptied into the Willamette River—and where it still empties into the river, by the way—where great logs were being devoured by a fierce "up and down" saw. It was the first sawmill of any kind I had ever seen, and, if possible, its attractions were superior to those of the woolen mill—I suppose, as I regard the circumstance after the lapse of fifty years, because the sawmill was destroying things right and left, while the factory was perfectly tame in its results. I used to stand for an hour at a time and admire the head sawyer as, by the manipulation of a lever, he would reverse the direction traveled by the carriage, and by the rapid turn of a couple of wheels shove the log over and again start the carriage on its furious charge. I am sure that saw, as I remember it now, would eat its way through a log sixteen feet long in five minutes, and I was there and then convinced that the miracles I had been recently reading about for the first time in my Sunday-school class were not at all improbable! My school-books again became

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bare of interest and I saw nothing in the future so attractive as the position of head sawyer in a big sawmill, but I hesitated to bring the subject to the attention of my obdurate parents, and finally decided not to do it.

These two spurts of youthful ambition, thwarted in their initial appearance, occurred within the first month of my attendance at the Central School and the resultant disappointment would perhaps have made a mental wreck of me, possibly have driven me to drink, had it not been that one day one of the prettiest little girls that ever wore a sunbonnet, arrayed in a pink calico dress—the pinkness has never been equalled by her sisters who have followed her—gave me at recess a bunch of snapdragons. The gift was accompanied by some sort of little expression, not verbal, to attempt to describe which would be an utter waste of time, but which nevertheless served to make me conscious of the grease and unpleasant odor which are always found in a wooden mill, and to emphasize the danger to life and limb which is unavoidably connected with the sawmill business. Incidentally, I have for fifty years been a great and confessed lover of snapdragons—so much so that they always adorn my flower garden in lavish profusion, though the reason for my preference has never been explained in detail to the leading member of my domestic household.

But from that time forward the interest I took in the school was unquestioned in its genuineness. Not for any consideration would I miss a day in my attendance, and when soon afterward I was taken down with the measles, my mother said she never in all her born days saw a boy so attached to his books. I surely did reduce the days of absence from school to the minimum, so anxious was I to keep my place in my classes!

Bearing this little episode in mind, I am persuaded that the claim of Christian Science that one can dominate a disease by letting one's thoughts have full sway in the right direction is not necessarily absurd, after all,—and that snapdragons have curative properties which should not be overlooked by the medical fraternity.

CHAPTER XVI

In common with thousands of other men in the Willamette valley, in the spring of 1862 my father went to the Caribou mines, in British Columbia, and did not return for a year and a half. In consequence, at the end of the term of school in May, our family moved to the home of my grandfather, eight miles east of Salem. I worked on his farm until September of the next year, when my father returned to Salem temporarily for the purpose of putting me into school again. At this time I made an urgent appeal for the privilege of going to the Institute. The fact was that even at that early date there was some "class,"—using the word in one of its strictly modern phases,—to the Institute, which I discovered soon after becoming enlisted as a pupil at the Central. Those who were favored with tuition privileges at the former had socially a higher prestige and there was an atmosphere—intangible, but very distinctly felt, nevertheless—that made a marked distinction between the pupils attending the two schools. There was not a child attending the Central who didn't entertain high hopes that he might at some time be transferred to the Institute; so it was with unalloyed delight that I was told by my father when he returned that, if it were possible to find some place where I could work for my board, he would pay for my attendance there. And it was so arranged, he returning to the mines at Canyon City immediately afterward.

At the opening of the fall term at the Institute in September, 1863, Thomas M. Gatch was president of the Faculty. The other members were Professor L. J. Powell, Professor F. H. Grubbs, Miss Lucy Anna Lee, and Miss Cornell, the last two conducting the primary departments. I was found competent to enter the Academic Department under the tuition of Professor Grubbs, having for a seatmate John Minto, a son of the well-known pioneer of 1844, who has since filled many positions of trust of a public nature in Oregon. He was for four years sheriff of Marion County, chief of police in Portland for a term, passed several years in the United States Internal Revenue service and not long since completed a five-years' term as postmaster in Portland.

Professor Grubbs was a new "hand" at teaching, though, as I remember it now, I had no conception of the fact at the time. The son of a pioneer of 1852, he had by dint of persistent industry and personal deprivation of many of the comforts of life literally worked his way through college and won his graduation diploma. Of course I knew nothing of all this at the time. A schoolboy seldom knows or cares anything about the antecedents of his teacher, or whether he has any. After I left the University in 1865 I did not see Professor Grubbs for thirty-five years, but when we met in the Governor's office in the Capitol, whither he had gone to pay his respects to a former pupil, the tears came to his eyes as he recalled bygone days. After we had exchanged greetings and had rapidly indulged in many reminiscences, he suddenly said:

"Well, in the old Willamette days, when my room was full of sturdy boys, I am not sure that I would have picked you out to be a future Governor of Oregon, had I been assured that such an honor was in store for one among that lot."

"Why, of course not," I replied. "You must remember how very modest and unassuming I was then—being endowed with all the characteristics which are noticeably absent in the average successful politician. I suppose, then, that you recall me as a sort of model boy?"

"Oh, no, not that," he replied," you simply didn't look it. But you can't always bank on appearances. I remember that my father, who was a farmer, used to say, 'Well, sir, you can't ever tell what a lousy calf will come to be.'"

In return for this sally I at once offered to appoint him to any office within my gift that in my judgment he was qualified to fill, and requested my secretary to get a blank notary public commission. But the Professor quickly said he was "not in politics," so the matter was dropped at that point.

When he rose to take his departure, he said:

"Say, it looks good to see you here—seems as if I had a sort o' proprietary interest in you and something to do with your getting here."

I assured him that I entertained a similar feeling as to his share in laying the foundation of such success as I had achieved, and that if he found our meeting delightful after the lapse of so many years, it was equally so to me. Our interview was a treat for us both—for thirty-five years is a long break between teacher and pupil, though not infrequent.

Professor Grubbs was a very affable man but, withal, had a quick temper; it was usually well under control, however. In the class-room he instituted what he called "object lessons"—short instructions in matters not contained in the text-books. For this purpose he would occasionally dismiss the school twenty minutes before the usual time, requesting a dozen of the older boys to remain to receive the benefit of the extra lesson. At the particular time of which I speak he was giving some demonstrations in chemistry to a class of boys who had never studied that branch, and with some apparatus was showing some very marvelous results produced by certain combinations of fluids. He was explaining that he was about to make a combination of chemicals by which he could actually set water on fire.

"Now," said he, as he stood with match ready to scratch on the edge of his desk, "did any of you boys ever see water burn?"

Without any hesitation at all, Egbert Brown, a boy whose real brightness was perceptibly dimmed by the slight provocation upon which he was ready to display it, said:

"Yes, sir. This morning I stuck my hand in a pan of hot water and it burnt one of my fingers so that it hurts yet!"

This unexpected and really witty reply caused a burst of laughter from the entire class, but the Professor missed the point of the joke altogether. His face flushed, and after the demonstration was completed, he dismissed the boys, with one exception—the exception being requested to remain in for a few minutes, which he did. Just what happened during the interview we never knew, though Egbert's demeanor afterward pointed to a possible armistice whose chief concessions came from his side of the house.

The last term I attended the University I was transferred to the room over which L. J. Powell presided. Professor Powell was a big man, both physically and mentally, with a head which appeared even larger than is usual for a man of his proportions. He was rather heavy, too, in his method of procedure, but an instructor whose qualifications were of the best.

In my class in this last department were a dozen boys who were as fully surcharged with the spirit of mischief as could be found in a seven days' journey. Nothing could have produced greater results in this direction except more boys. There was Tom Nicklin, afterward a prominent dentist in Portland, who died several years ago; Miles Miller, who for many years was a banker in eastern Washington, of whom I have not heard in recent years; Fred Schwatka, who graduated from West Point and afterward made a good reputation as a successful Arctic explorer, but who died some twenty years ago; Charles B. Moores, the irrepressible wit and excellent writer, graduate of Ann Arbor, and Speaker of the Oregon House of Representatives in 1895, who declined an election to Congress, now a successful business man in Portland; Emmet Williams, who for many years has been a prominent lawyer in Portland; P. H. D'Arcy, a successful attorney and business man whose home has been in Salem for more years than anybody can remember, and who is now the president of the State Historical Society—and several others whose names I shall not mention out of consideration for their retiring dispositions.

One day when Professor Powell was hearing the class in anatomy, he was describing the manner in which the muscles of the scalp perform their several functions. He was holding a sure-enough skull in his hands and was very carefully illustrating the marvelous construction of said muscles in their relation to the connecting ligaments. To make the subject clearer, he told the members of the class to move their scalps by the aid of the muscles, without moving the head, and he proceeded to lead the way by giving a personal demonstration. He had a shaggy head of hair, always uncombed, each individual hair standing on end, and he could turn his scalp almost halfway around his head. The success which attended his maiden effort before the class was so astonishingly complete that it brought forth a roar of laughter in which the Professor heartily joined—though it was a ghastly smile, since his mouth was where his right eye usually was and his ears were under his chin.

When order was finally restored, or partially so, for the Professor's exhibition continued to entertain the class during the remainder of the recitation, he requested the boys to see what they could do in the same line. Each one tried it, with varying degrees of success, but Tom Nicklin's effort was a hopeless failure. It was the only thing I ever knew him to undertake in which he did not succeed; but his failure, as he made superhuman efforts to move his scalp, was as superlatively laughable as Professor Powell's grotesque success had been. Finally, after the poor fellow had made all the oblique grimaces the class could endure, the Professor said:

"Thomas, what is the matter with your head?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Thomas, "unless I am the only one in the room whose head is so full of brains that they crowd his scalp."

And this sally abruptly ended the recitation in anatomy, with everybody, Professor Powell included, enjoying the wholesome fun.

During those really "halcyon days" at the University I saw every day Miss Lucy Anna Lee, who had charge of the primary department. At that time I had never heard of Jason Lee, or if I had, so short a time had elapsed since his activities in Oregon that I did not appreciate who he was or what he had done. The fact is, I believe most of us knew nothing about him, though he was the founder of the school and had many times been in that very building. So it was not until after years that I understood the fine lineage of Lucy Ann Lee, but I easily recall that she was a tall, pale young woman whose face habitually bore a sad expression. It seems to me now that she usually wore a loose white shawl around her shoulders, as if chilly, and that her manner was so very kind that it excited one's wonder as to the occasion for it. It was unnatural in a world where nearly every act was prompted by motives more or less selfish and where in the ceaseless struggle for place every person one met was a competitor, and therefore in that sense an enemy. But Lucy Anna Lee was not an enemy to any mortal; on the contrary she was a positive inspiration in a time of difficulty—and at other times. I have often wished in subsequent years that I had known, at the time, she was the daughter of such a purposeful man as was Jason Lee. Surely pre-natal influences were in evidence in her temperament, manner and thought. She was the daughter of Jason Lee's second wife, Lucy Thomson, and was named after her mother and Lee's first wife, Anna Maria Pitman. Upon the death of her mother she was taken by Rev. Gustavus Hines and wife and given the same care they would have bestowed upon one of their own. Lee went to his old home in Canada in 1844, when the child was two years of age, and, as has been stated, died there the following year. Twenty days before his death, he wrote the following pathetic letter, received long after his passing away was known in Oregon:

STANSTEAD, CANADA, Feb. 8, 1845.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER HINES:

I have written you twice since I reached this country, once by Mexico and once by Panama. I have heard nothing from you since I left you in Oahu. I have seen a notice in the *Advocate* that Brother Gary had arrivel and that the missionaries are all well. I inferred that you and all reached Oregon in safety and were in good health. I suppose you wrote by the same conveyance that Brother Gary wrote, for I just received news that there are letters for me in New York. I think I mentioned in my last letter that I was afflicted with a severe cold and that no medical aid I could secure has been able to remove it. I have suffered severely from pain and am so reduced that I have been confined to my bed for several weeks, and unless some favorable change occurs soon it is my deliberate opinion that it will prove fatal.

If I should continue to fail, I think I shall appoint an executor here and in New York. These, I suppose, will do all the business so that you can draw whatever money there may be in New York without any trouble. There will be an opportunity by the express to write you. Some favorable change may take place, and I may be advising you to be looking for me coming around Cape Horn or threading my way up the Willamette, as I used to do. But if I should never make my appearance, what shall I say concerning the *dear little one?* Let her have, if possible, a first-rate education. But, above all, do not neglect her religious education. My dear brother and sister, I must hold you responsible under God to train that child for heaven.

I remain your affectionate friend and brother,

JASON LEE.

In July, 1864, when twenty-two years of age, Miss Lee became the wife of Professor Grubbs, both having graduated from the University on July 13, 1863. They continued in the teaching profession for several years in various parts of the State until failing health compelled Mrs. Grubbs to abandon her chosen vocation. She died

April 25, 1881, leaving a little daughter now living in Portland. Soon after becoming a widower Professor Grubbs established a printing business in Portland which he followed until his death, which occurred a month ago.

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One of the thrilling events connected with the earlier history of Oregon was the great flood of December, 1861, well remembered by all the older inhabitants. It was altogether unprecedented both as to the height of the Willamette River and the time of year in which it occurred. Usually the rivers and smaller streams reach their highest stages in the spring, when late rains combine with the melting snows to produce disastrous results, but this flood was caused by a protracted "wet spell" during the first week of December.

We had been living in Salem little more than six months and had moved into our new house on Commercial Street, within one block of South Mill Creek. In the first week of December the river had risen so rapidly because of the enormous downpour that there was much alarm as to the outcome. All business was suspended and the people spent most of their time on the banks of the river watching its progress toward the high water mark limit. It had covered the lowlands just west of town, had swept away the big steam sawmill owned by B. M. Du Relle, and was still rising rapidly. It was full of driftwood, interspersed with small barns, rails and other evidences of damage done to farms. One man was seen going down the river on what seemed to be a huge barn door.

One morning at four o'clock a night watchman rapped at our front door and warned us that we would have to vacate the house, as the water was within a foot of the big bridge which crossed the creek and still rising very rapidly. We at once arose and hurriedly crossed the bridge, against the floor of which the water was flapping. We sought refuge, I remember, in the home of Ben Strang, who lived just across the creek, and remained there until the water subsided two days later.

The hero of that flood was Captain George A. Pease, who took the steamboat *Onward* from Canemah to Salem during the highest stage of the waters solely for the purpose of saving the lives of those who were endangered. It was a most perilous journey, but he was an unusually skillful navigator and wholly without fear. The river was filled with sawlogs, thousands of fir trees, many of them two hundred feet in length, houses and barns, which occasionally contained men and women, as well as horses and other stock.

The headlines in the *Weekly Oregonian* of December 14, 1861, were in part as follows:

> Flood Highest at Salem Ever Known By Whites—Du Relle's Sawmill and Matheny's Wharf Carried Away—A Family Saved Going Down on a Raft—People Saved from Trees, Rafts and Buildings—Gallant Conduct of Captain Pease of the *Onward*—Warehouse at Wheatland Containing 7000 Bushels of Wheat Carried Away—Desolation and Ruin on the River—Orleans, Opposite Corvallis, Entirely Swept Away.

The *Oregonian* of that date, December 14, says: "We have the Salem *Statesman* of the 5th inst., brought down by Tracey's Express by O. A. Brown, who went up for that purpose." All old-timers well remember O. A. (One Armed) Brown, and it was entirely characteristic of him that he should have made that trip.

The *Oregonian* further recites how "on Tuesday a shouting was heard across the river (this was from the Salem *Statesman*). Two boats were sent over and twelve persons were saved from a barn. Two young men, Elias Peasely and William Farrell, went to relieve Mr. Chitwood's family, but their boat was broken against a tree, which they climbed, and they were saved by the *Onward*. Two of the younger Chitwood boys were drowned."

Since the Columbia was not unusually high, the flood did not work so much damage at Portland as at Oregon City, Salem and other points to the south. I remember

MT. ADAMS, FIVE MILES IN THE DISTANCE

Facing Page 120

seeing the *Onward* as it arrived after its perilous trip to be welcomed by the entire population of Salem, together with that of a large part of the surrounding country. It made fast where the Willamette Hotel now stands, on Commercial Street, and carried as passengers forty people who had been rescued from the tops of trees and from houses and barns, either surrounded by water or actually afloat and drifting down the river. In Salem the water reached the corner of the court-house grounds and skiffs were in use in many parts of the city.

This freak in the weather in early December, 1861, which has not been repeated in the fifty years ensuing, has constituted an event in the history of Oregon by which comparisons are made. The old people reckon the births, marriages and deaths of their acquaintances by the occurrence having taken place so many years before or after the Big Flood.

Captain Pease, who did such valiant work on that occasion, at the risk of the destruction of the *Onward* and the loss of his own life as well as that of his brave crew, still lives in Portland at the advanced age of eighty-two years. His general worth as a man has won the esteem of all the people of Oregon.

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Perhaps no murder trial which has ever been conducted in Oregon received wider attention from the people than that of Beale and Baker, in Salem, in March, 1865.

On January 9 Daniel Delaney, an old farmer living six miles south of Salem, had been called from his house at dusk, shot and killed, and his house robbed of a large sum of money. Delaney had lived alone for some time, save for a negro boy twelve years of age, who as soon as he recovered from his fright alarmed the neighbors. The news spread rapidly and the greatest excitement prevailed everywhere, for Delaney was one of the best known of the early pioneers.

Suspicion soon pointed its finger to George Beale, a prominent saloon-keeper of Salem, who had worked several years for Delaney on his farm and who had frequently discussed with his friends his belief that Delaney had large sums of money hidden about his house. He had said that he believed he knew where it was, and had predicted somebody would murder the old man for his money—that it could be easily done without danger of the perpetrator being discovered, etc. Naturally these conversations were recalled by those who had heard them, as they discussed the appalling tragedy. Investigation also disclosed the fact that Beale was away from home on the night of the murder and had staid all night at the farm of William Taylor, an uncle of his wife, on the night before that. Other circumstances strengthened the suspicion and within a few days he was arrested, accused of the murder. With him was arrested a man named Baker, a butcher, and the two were charged by the grand jury with murder in the first degree.

Beale was a prominent Mason and had good standing with the business men of Salem. He kept a saloon, to be sure, but his character as a man of integrity had not been questioned and his arrest caused general surprise.

The trial began on March 20 and was one of the most notable in the history of our State courts. The accused men were prosecuted by Williams and Mallory and were defended by David Logan, assisted by Caton and Curl, of Salem. Rufus Mallory, one of his prosecutors, was elected to Congress the next year, and Richard Williams, his partner, was given the same honor eleven years later. David Logan, one of the best criminal lawyers in the State, was ably assisted by the local firm. Reuben P. Boise, who continued in the judicial service of the State for forty years afterwards, and who had then been on the bench for ten years, presided.

It was a forensic battle among the "higher-ups" that will long be referred to by the State lawyers as one that put the contestants on their mettle and made lasting reputations for those who participated. It was a case purely of circumstantial evidence, but incidents fitted in so closely that the evidence was regarded as completely and conclusively proving the guilt of the accused men. After a trial lasting one week, the jurors found a verdict without delay.

When Judge Boise read the verdict he requested Beale to stand up, and asked him if there was any reason why he should not be sentenced. Beale said:

"I don't know that there is. I don't think I have a friend in the community. There has been false swearing against me here in this court. Everybody seems to think I ought to die and I suppose I must be hung to satisfy them. I hope everybody here is as ready to die as I am. I expect soon to meet old man Delaney in the other world and will say to him, 'Delaney, it was not me who killed you.' I knew the old man well in this world and always was a friend to him. I am an innocent man. Give me time, Judge Boise, and I can prove my innocence—I know I can."

When he resumed his seat, Judge Boise said:

"The court does not see how the jury could come to any other conclusion than it did. The accused did not attempt to show their whereabouts and the jury was warranted in their conclusion. A man who will steal will lie about it, and a man who will murder will lie about it. They always declare themselves innocent. I never knew it to fail. There remains no doubt that Daniel Delaney died at your hands. There is no hope for you to escape and it only remains for you to prepare for death. I advise you so to prepare, and that you confess and make some restitution to Delaney's heirs. The old man's money was sweat for and hoarded up for them. Let it be your last act to restore it."

Beale and Baker were hanged in Salem on May 17, on a public square, in the presence of at least one thousand spectators. Persons came from the surrounding counties—whole families eating their luncheons in their wagons, having tied their teams near by, in order that none of the details might be missed.

As I have already narrated, I was living with Beale's family at the time he committed this murder, and, as the occurrence broke up his household, my school-days were permanently terminated. This circumstance of my association with Beale did not deter me from the desire to see him hanged—must I confess it? It may have been the reason I harbored the desire. At any rate, I walked to Salem, a distance of seven miles, carried a luncheon with me prepared by my grandmother—having not a cent of money—and was so fortunate (?) as to get a good position near the scaffold. I remember seeing the two men walk up the steps to the platform, with their guards, and closely watched them as the black cap was drawn down over their faces. At this moment I recall distinctly the shudder that went over my body when this was done, as it caused me to realize the awful feeling they must have experienced as that cap cut off their vision of this world forever. For a moment I felt an intense revulsion against the whole proceeding, or rather against being a part of the crowd that had assembled to witness it, but I soon recovered, as a woman immediately behind me fainted and was carried from the grounds.

Sam Headrick was the sheriff, and I remember that when the trap was sprung and the men shot downward to the end of the rope he dropped to his knees in prayer for a moment, as if to ask for forgiveness for the performance of his distressing official duty.

A few days before their execution Beale and Baker made a full confession of the murder. Their intention, they declared, was merely to rob Delaney. They planned to call him out, as they did, and Baker was then to cover him with his gun while Beale was to ransack the house and get the money. But when Baker pointed his gun toward the old man, Beale, fearing he might shoot, since he had been drinking quite heavily, shouted, "Don't shoot!" At once Baker fired his gun and Delaney fell dead. He afterward said he thought Beale said "Shoot!"

seeing perhaps some danger which he did not, and obeyed what he thought was an order.

It would be a difficult matter to find to-day a man in Marion, Linn or Polk Counties, who was living in them in 1865, who was not present at the hanging of Beale and Baker. Most of them at the time said they "had business in Salem that day, anyway," and, being there, attended the "hanging." That people would not flock to see such a gruesome sight to-day, if the opportunity offered, is an evidence that some progress has been made along certain lines—or would they?

CHAPTER XVII

By common consent Thomas M. Gatch stands at the head of the list of men who have devoted their lives to the upbuilding of the cause of education in Oregon. This estimate of him will, I am sure, be endorsed without exception by all his co-workers in this State during the past half-century. He came here in 1860, after spending a short time in the California mines and occupying the chair of mathematics in the University of the Pacific at Santa Clara, to become professor of Greek and Latin in the Willamette University. The next year he was chosen president of that institution to fill a vacancy, and held that position until 1865, when he resigned to return to California. A few years later, however, he returned to Oregon and served as president of the Portland Academy until 1870, when he was again elected to the presidency of "Old Willamette." After another incumbency of nine years, he resigned to accept a position at the State University at Eugene, after which he was elected principal of the Wasco Academy at The Dalles. He subsequently moved to Seattle, where he became president of the University of Washington, which post he held for ten years.

In 1896 Professor Gatch was elected president of the Oregon State Agricultural College at Corvallis, which latter position he filled with marked ability until his advancing years suggested that he permanently rest from his long service in the cause of education, which had covered fifty years of his life and a field co-extensive with the three Pacific Coast States.

Thomas M. Gatch was born in Clermont County, Ohio, January 28, 1833. His grandfather, Philip Gatch, of Prussian extraction, was one of the first three ministers ordained in America in the Methodist Church. He was a chaplain in the Revolutionary War and served under Washington, afterwards moving to Ohio, where he became a member of the first constitutional convention of that State.

The father of Professor Gatch was a prominent man in Ohio, an officer in its militia, and had served several terms in the State Legislature, which, it is sincerely hoped, was more of a badge of respectability and honor than it has been in that State in recent years, notably the present one.

One of the first men I met upon entering the Institute was Professor Gatch, who kindly asked me my name and where I had attended school before. I especially recall his kindly manner, for, finding myself actually a pupil in the building toward which I had been longingly gazing for a couple of years, while realizing how improbable it was that my ambition to attend it would ever be attained, I felt some misgiving as to the outcome of the wild adventure. I had the impression that all the other boys and girls had always been pupils there, as they appeared to know one another and to be engaged in lively banterings and greetings, while I was a lone pilgrim without a friend or acquaintance. I am sure now, as I look back to that first hour at the Institute, that I regretted I had not, after all, returned to the old Central.

But this feeling did not last long. I soon became impressed with the fact, or what appeared to be a fact, that the superiority which had been generally conceded to the Institute students was wholly imaginary, and that Tom and Fred and Charlie were not different in their outward, or other, make-up from Bill and Jerome and Jo.

I had precisely the same feeling after the first week that United States Senator Nesmith experienced upon entering, as a member, the upper house of Congress. Nesmith was one of the earliest of the Oregon pioneers, coming here in 1843, when a young man, from Maine, where he had been born and reared. A man of great natural ability and force, he took an active interest in affairs in the new country at once, and being very companionable in his manner and the very best story-teller Oregon has ever known, became a general favorite.

In 1860, after a protracted contest in the State Legislature over the election of two United States Senators, a compromise was effected between the Republican and Union Democratic members by the election of Nesmith, a "war Democrat," and Colonel Edward D. Baker, a Republican. Nesmith had been several times a member of the territorial Legislature, Superintendent of Indian Affairs and a colonel in the Indian wars, but he was a large landowner in Polk County, and farming had always been his vocation. His home was at "Dixie," a country post-office, but he was for much of the time in the public service in some capacity. Upon the approach of the Civil War, however, he broke with his political associates who sympathized with the South and supported Breckinridge for President, and with most of the Douglas Democrats openly supported the cause of the Union. In the Senatorial contest referred to the Breckinridge Democrats insisted upon the election of Delazon Smith as one of the Senators, but the Douglas men would not accept him under any circumstances, and finally made a combination with the Republicans which resulted in the election of Nesmith and Colonel Baker.

Nesmith became a Senator March 4, 1861. Upon his return home the next fall, while entertaining a few old friends in Salem with a narration of some of his experiences, in answer to an inquiry how it felt to be a United States Senator, he said:

"Well, I must tell you. After my election in October I had several months to think it over before going to Washington, and I often wondered if I hadn't overstepped myself in pushing my ambition. I had always been a common clodhopper, as you all know, had slept in my blankets all over the Northwest, lived for weeks on sowbelly and beans while chasing Indians, worn buckskin trousers and gone barefooted,—and here I was, elected to a seat in the United States Senate, the greatest lawmaking body in the world! Often, when I was out looking after the cattle or harnessing the horses, I would debate the situation with myself and wonder if, after all, I hadn't made a mistake,—whether it wouldn't be better to resign, giving an opportunity for the selection of some man who was competent to hold his own with the big men whom a Senator is compelled to meet.

"I had a mighty exalted idea as to the size of the United States Senators—of any United States Senator—and many times in the night I would lie awake and almost shudder at what my friends had done in putting me in such a position—knowing as they did, my limitations. And when I was on my way to Washington I got right down to bedrock in my analysis of the situation and said: 'Nesmith, how in the d——l did you ever get to be a United States Senator, anyway?' But do you know that after I had been with Sumner, Morrill, Wade, Bayard, Chase, and Cameron and the rest of 'em, and got to know them well, my wonder was how in h—— they ever got there!"

As I was saying, however, Professor Gatch himself came to my rescue, and with his reassuring words I began to feel at home at the Institute and soon had a bunch of chums who were original enough and mischievous enough to make life worth living. Many of these I meet frequently in these days, so far removed from the joyous time when it required a mighty solid obstacle to form a real shadow across our pathways.

Professor Gatch lived in an "L" which projected to the south from the main Institute building, and which had been occupied by former presidents of the school. He was universally liked, though he seemed to be devoid of humor—due to the fact, probably, that his time was so valuable and so completely taken up that he found his only recreation in added application to his work.

In 1877, after having lived in eastern Oregon for ten years, I returned to the Waldo Hills to resume my permanent residence there, taking with me a certificate of membership in the Cove Lodge I. O. O. F. I desired to transfer my membership to the Olive Lodge in Salem and gave the certificate to Professor Gatch for presentation. I found he had again become president of the University and was himself a member of Olive Lodge. I shall never forget the warmth with which he greeted me. I had not seen him since my school days, twelve years before, and he always regarded one of his old pupils as a member of his family.

Professor Gatch undoubtedly occupies an exalted place in the esteem of more people than any other man in the Northwest, since his great work has covered so much territory. There are many thousands of men and women on the Pacific Coast now who owe him a direct debt of gratitude for his splendid example, his helpful advice and his invariable insistence upon having the right thing done. At the age of seventy-eight years he is resting from his labors and enjoying the fruits of a long life well spent in the interest of his fellows.

CHAPTER XVIII

To many people no part of the story of a State is so interesting as that which pertains to its early settlement. Not only is this true as to the pioneers themselves—those who actually endured the privations necessarily connected with the reaching and subjugation of a region thousands of miles removed from the nearest outposts of civilization—but younger people, those who are fond of history or even of romance, take a delight in hearing of the incidents which constituted the experience of those who "crossed the plains" and formed a part of the immigrant trains which conquered the desert, met the savage Indians without fear, mocked at the roadless mountains, swam the fordless rivers, used "buffalo chips" for fuel, went hungry much of the time at the last end of the trip, and finally reached the promised land destitute, most of them, many of them sick, but all of them brave and hopeful.

For the weakling didn't start to Oregon in the '40's; or, if he did, he soon lost his "grip" and returned to his former home. Many did this. But the pioneers were all of the stuff out of which real men and women are made and the historian doesn't need to draw upon his imagination in order to make his narrative read like a composite story of the old martyrs. For instance, my own mother was thirteen and a half years old when she started across the plains with her parents in April, 1847, but she walked practically all the way from the Missouri River to the Willamette valley. She was the oldest of six children, and as there were some loose horses and cattle every day which would not follow the train unless made to do so, she was required to "trail" behind them and see that none was lost. To be sure, the distance made would not average more than ten or twelve miles a day, but it necessitated walking in the dust caused by hundreds of tramping oxen and horses, besides the duty of keeping the stubborn or contrary or indifferent animals from lagging behind. And her duties were not deemed particularly hard when compared with those assigned to every other member of the train who was old enough to stand alone. Everybody, including "father," was required to work, and the slothful one was not permitted to lag very far before he was made to feel an energetic prod which brought him up standing.

For the purpose of illustrating to the younger generation the suffering experienced by thousands who came to Oregon in the early days, it is deemed well to incorporate here a few pages of extracts from a diary kept by a pioneer woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, who crossed the plains in 1847, and who was afterwards well known in the Willamette valley. She was the mother of Mrs. P. S. Knight, of Salem, and of Judge Seneca Smith, a well-known attorney of Portland. Each night, after her eight children were asleep, she would write her notes for that day. She wrote it in letter form the next year and sent it to some friends in Indiana, who, fifteen years later, sent it to Mrs. Knight. It is now the property of the State Historical Society, where it will be kept permanently as a valuable contribution to the history of Oregon as vividly portraying the hardships endured by those who laid the foundation for one of the greatest States in the Union. Her letter and diary, in part, follow:

LAFAYETTE, YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON,
May 25, 1848.

MRS. PAULINE FOSTER AND MRS. CYNTHIA AMES
LA PORTE, INDIANA:

Dear Friends,—By your request I have endeavored to keep a record of our journey from "The States" to Oregon, though it is poorly done, owing to my having a young babe and, besides, a large family to do for; and, worst of all, my education is limited.

April 21, 1847. Commenced our journey from La Porte, Ind., to Oregon. Made fourteen miles.

April 22. Made twelve miles. Rain all day.

April 23. Made nineteen miles; traveled till dark. Ate a cold bite and went to bed chilly and cold, which is very disagreeable, with a parcel of children.

April 25. Last night our cattle ran off, consequently, we made only eleven miles.

April 26. Made sixteen miles. Had a view of Mt. Juliett. It is one of the great works of nature. We see a great many admirable works of nature and art as we pass through Illinois.

April 29. Made sixteen miles through a delightful country and camped on the Illinois River. Cold and rainy.

April 30. Made fourteen miles. Passed through Peru. Traveled through a beautiful and fertile country. Cold and rainy.

May 1. Made nineteen miles. Passed through Princeton, Bureau County, Ill. Rich soil. Hundreds of acres not owned nor cultivated by any one.

May 2. Made twenty miles. Exceedingly cold for the season.

May 3. Made twenty miles. Cold and dry. All in good spirits.

May 4. Made twenty miles. Pleasant weather.

May 5. Made sixteen miles. Passed through Hendersonville and Galesburg, Knox County, Ill. Good roads. Fine weather.

May 7. Made twelve miles. Rainy weather.

May 8. Crossed the Mississippi River on a ferry. Delayed in Burlington. Made seven miles. In Burlington I saw Percy Mitchell's first wife.

May 9. Passed Augusta, a small village. Ferried Skunk River.

May 10. Fine weather. Laid by to wash.

May 11. Laid by for rain.

May 14. Forded the Des Moines River. Made eighteen miles.

May 15. Fell in with several Oregon wagons. Made eighteen miles.

May 16. Made fifteen miles. Rained all day.

May 17. Laid by for rain.

May 19. Last night one of our cows went back one day's journey to see her calf that we had given away that morning.

May 20. Made eighteen miles. Rainy weather, bad roads.

May 21. Made seven miles. Water-bound by a branch of Grand River. Hilly and bad roads.

May 22. Water-bound by a creek called the Muddy.

May 23. Crossed Weldon River, Missouri State. Made seven miles.

May 24. Made twelve miles. Rain all day. Encamped in a marsh. Shoe-mouth deep in water. The men peeled bark, made a floor, built a fire on it to dry themselves and get supper by.

May 25. Made two miles. Water-bound.

May 27. Made fourteen miles. Crossed Big Creek. It has on it one sawmill and one gristmill.

May 28. Made twenty-eight miles. Crossed Samson Creek. Encamped without food or water on a large prairie. Ate a cold bite and went to bed.

May 30. Rained this morning until late. Made eight miles. Crossed a river called Hundred and Two on a dangerous bridge and encamped.

May 31. Laid by to wash.

June 1. Lying by.

June 3. Passed through St. Joseph on the Missouri River. Laid in our flour, cheese, crackers and medicine, for no one should travel this road without medicine, for they are almost sure to have the summer complaint. Each family should have a box of physicing pills, a quart of castor oil, a quart of the best rum and a large vial of peppermint essence.

June 4. Crossed the Missouri River. Doubled teams with difficulty. Ascended a hill or mountain. Traveled three miles and encamped. We are now in Indian Territory.

June 6. Made eighteen miles. Passed seventy Oregon wagons as they were encamped.

June 8. Made twenty miles; crossed one creek. Very high and steep banks. Where I know the names of streams I give them.

June 11. Made eighteen miles. Crossed the Blue

Earth River. One wagon turned over just at the water, but happily nobody was hurt.

June 14. Made eighteen miles. We are continually finding elks' horns, buffaloes' skulls and carcasses.

June 16. Made seventeen miles. Saw one grave day before yesterday and one to-day by the lonely wayside. Made this spring.

June 17. Made twelve miles. Fell in with eighteen wagons. Broke an axle-tree. Laid by and made a new one. Stood guard all night in the rain.

June 18. Finished the broken axle. Made five miles. Encamped in a circle as is our custom. Put out guards and retired to rest.

June 19. Made twenty miles. Every night when we encamp we make quite a village, but take it up the next day. We have plenty of music with a flute and violin and some dancing.

June 20. Made ten miles. Encamped on the Platte. The ground here is covered with a white surface. Something between salt and salts. The cattle are fond of it.

June 21. Made eighteen miles. Last night had two more horses stolen. One belonged to the same man who lost one of the first ones. It was a fine horse and his last one. Our road along the Platte is beautiful and level. The river is a mile wide or more, and very rily and shallow.

June 22. Made fifteen miles. See antelope every day.

June 23. Made eighteen miles. At present there are one hundred and forty persons in our company. We see thousands of buffaloes, and have to use their dung for fuel. A man will gather a bushel in a minute. Three bushels make a good fire. We call the stuff "buffalo chips."

June 24. Made ten miles. Stopped to kill a buffalo, but did not succeed. Saw hundreds of prairie dogs barking about. They are about as large as a gray gopher. Saw another grave.

June 26. Made ten miles. Killed three buffaloes. Their flesh is generally coarser and drier than beef, but a fat buffalo heifer is as good meat as I would wish to taste.

June 28. Made eighteen miles. Saw thousands of buffaloes. Caught two of their calves. One ran away the other day. The other they drove along with the loose cattle several miles. It finally left them. Nine wagons overtook us.

June 27. Made fifteen miles. Killed four buffaloes. At the least calculation we saw three thousand buffaloes to-day. A buffalo rolls and gallops like a horse.

June 29. This morning eight of our largest and best work oxen were missing, besides two yoke of Welch's, three yoke of Adam Polk's, and about thirty-nine head belonging to the company—all work oxen, right out of our company. Here we are, thousands of miles from any inhabitants, and thus deprived of teams—an appalling situation. We had only one yoke left. We hunted in every direction without success.

June 30. Hunted all day. Our cattle hunters, my husband among them, were so far from camp, some thirty miles, that they staid away all night.

July 1. To-day when our hunters came in they brought one dead man; he had shot himself accidentally. He left a wife and six small children. The distress of his wife I cannot describe. He was an excellent man and very much missed. His name was Smith Dunlap, from Chicago, Ill. The hunters found no cattle.

July 2. A trying time. So many of us having to get teams, had to hire, borrow, buy, just as we could. Had to take cows, raw cattle, or anything we could get. Some had to apply to other companies for help. At last we moved off. Made fifteen miles.

July 6. Made eighteen miles. Our cattle are lame. It is plain to my mind what makes their feet wear out. It is the alkaline nature of the ground.

July 7. This country is full of curiosities. Hundreds of acres seem to have been bursted and thrown open by volcanic eruptions. The earth along here is strong with lye. After a shower, if the little ponds were not rily, one could wash linen without soap.

July 8. Made twelve miles. Saw Chimney Rock. It is a curiosity, indeed. A rock, or rather a hard clay, standing alone, towering in the air perhaps three hundred feet. All of the lofty rocks along here are composed of that same material. Some of them resemble old demolished villages, half-sunk in the ground, with the stovepipes sticking out of the ground. To-day we had the most dreadful hail-storm I ever witnessed, in which a young woman and I came near being caught as we went out to the famous Chimney Rock. Fortunately we reached one of the foremost wagons just as the hail began to pelt us. It tore some of the wagon covers off, broke some bows and made the oxen run away—making bad work. They say that about here it is subject to tornadoes.

July 9. To-day we saw by the wayside about two acres of fine white stone, all cut up comparatively in pieces about ten feet square and two feet thick. I ran barefooted to get on them, but got my feet full of stickers and was glad to get back to my wagon. All the herbs in this region are briery and prickly. The sage is dreadful on one's clothes. It grows from one to six feet high and has a stalk like our tame sage or sedge. The leaves are smaller and very narrow. It has a sage taste, but is very bitter, besides. We travel through a shrub called greasewood—generally not so large as the sage. It is very thorny. We have to use it sometimes for fuel. Then there is the prickly pear—step on it any and everywhere. Look out for bare feet. Encamped at Scott's Bluff. Here is starvation. No feed and little water after traveling twenty miles. We chained up our oxen to the wagon wheels and started next morning by sunrise.

July 10. Made twelve miles through a barren, desolate region. Encamped on a creek and found feed and willows.

July 12. Made ten miles. Encamped at a French and Indian residence. As soon as we had corralled, the Indians flocked in and spread their blankets and begged for presents. We gave them meat, flour and beans, for which we afterward suffered.

July 13. This morning five of our work cattle were missing. The men hunted and hired Indians to hunt, but found no cattle. Emptied one wagon and went on. Passed Fort Laramie. Made five miles and encamped. The Indians came as before and sat down in a circle and spread a blanket in their midst and begged for presents. We gave them provisions and they dispersed.

July 14. Laid by. Found the cattle. Paid the Indians fifteen dollars for hunting, although our men found them.

July 15. Made twenty miles through a barren desert. Found wood and water but no feed. Rain to-night. I intend to state all the rain we have.

Poor woman! She little knew when she wrote that sentence how she and her children were going to suffer by reason of the excessive amount of rain during the latter part of their journey. As this diary is a faithful kaleidoscopic presentation of the average experience of those who "pioneered" to Oregon in the early days, I will make a larger requisition upon its contents than was at first intended, since it tells briefly the whole heroic story. It is a volume in a few pages, graphically portraying the increasing dangers which beset the pioneers and the growing necessity on their part for patience and courage.

CHAPTER XIX

By the middle of July the train in which Mrs. Smith and husband were traveling had reached the Black Hills, a region made famous by its mines. On July 25 Mrs. Smith made this record:

> Encamped at Willow Springs, a handsome place of grass and willows. To-day we crossed a little muddy branch. Along the sides of it we could have gathered pails of clean saltpeter. Many of our cattle are sick and dying.
>
> July 27. We, on rising this morning, baked a lot of light bread and moved on. Passed Independence Rock.
>
> July 29. Made eighteen miles. I could write a great deal more if I had the opportunity. Sometimes I do not get a chance to write anything for two or three days, and then have to rise in the night when my babe and all hands are asleep, light a candle and write.
>
> July 31. Encamped at the foot of South Pass. Here we found some gooseberries; they were as smooth as currants and taste much like fox grapes. All the gooseberries this side of the Missouri are smooth. Still we have sage to cook with. I do not know which is best to cook with—it or "buffalo chips." Just step out and pull a lot of sage out of your garden and build a fire in the wind, and bake, boil and fry by it, and then you will guess how we do.
>
> August 1. Passed over the Rocky Mountains, the backbone of America. It is all rocks on top and they are all split up and turned up edgeways. Oh, that I had time to describe this curious country. We wound over the mountains along a very crooked road. Had rain and hail to-day, which made it very disagreeable.
>
> August 3. Encamped on the Little Sandy. Are two days' journey into the Oregon territory and have

found no timber except on the streams since we left the Missouri.

August 6. Crossed Green River, a large and beautiful stream, bordered with considerable timber—quaking asp.

August 7. Encamped on Black's Fork, a small river bordered with willows. This large waste of country, in my opinion, has once been a sea. My husband found on top of a mountain seashells petrified into stone. The crevices in the rocks show the different stages of the water.

August 7. Encamped at Fort Bridger. One of the superintendents traveled with us from Fort Laramie to this place. He is a good and intelligent man. He has a white wife. Long will he remember the captain of our company, Cornelius Smith. They were great friends.

August 12. Still at Fort Bridger. Here we have a good time for washing, which we women deem a great privilege.

August 15. Passed over one high mountain. Made twenty miles and encamped without food, water or fuel.

August 16. Started without breakfast. Made nine miles and encamped on Bear River.

August 22. Saw some of nature's curious works. Here are mounds perhaps forty feet in diameter and ten feet high, composed of shelly stone. In the middle of the mound stands a—I know not what to call it—it looks like a stump about three feet high. It has a hole in the top full of boiling water and running over all the time. It is the water that makes the mounds. The water is blood warm and has a little of the soda taste. A mile or so from here are the Soda Springs. They are not so good as represented. Only one or two of the company like it. It tastes like vinegar with a little saleratus in it. They are generally ten feet across and look like hog wallows more than springs, though I saw one that was clear. About two hundred yards from the Soda Springs is a boiling spring which boils over and foams and runs over thirty barrels in a day. It boils out of the stone. The hole is about as large as a large dinner pot. Every few minutes the water will bounce up three or four feet.

August 23. Made sixteen miles. Encamped with nothing but green sage to cook with. Good feed. This sage is larger than the tame sage, but much like it in appearance. It sometimes grows six feet high.

August 28. Passed Fort Hall. Captain Grant, of the Hudson Bay Company, is not that charitable gentleman we expected to see, but a boasting, burlesquing, unfeeling man.

August 29. Made sixteen miles. You in "the States" know nothing of dust. It will fly so that you can hardly see the horns of the tongue-yoke of oxen. It often seems that the cattle must die for want of breath, and then in our wagons, such a spectacle—beds, clothes, victuals and children all completely covered.

September 4. Made fourteen miles. Camped without feed. Had cedar to burn.

September 7. Nooned at Snake River. Watered our cattle and moved on two miles and camped. Two men were left behind, which was always the case with them, they had such heavy loads. They came up afterwards, and while watering, some of their cattle swam over the river. One of the men swam after them, and before he got across sank to rise no more. He left a wife and three small children. The other came running up to camp to let us know. Some went back and staid with them. By this time another company had overtaken them. Next morning my husband took a horse and went back to swim a horse over after the cattle. The man that owned the cattle took the horse and swam after the cattle, and while coming back by some means got off the horse and sank and was seen no more. He left a wife and six helpless children. My husband stood watching him. It is supposed that there is a whirlpool at the bottom of the river.

September 8. We moved on, for we had neither feed nor water. Camped on Snake River. My husband came up at ten o'clock and told us the shocking news.

September 12. One of our oxen died. The Indians along Snake River go naked except an old rag tied around their hips. They have few horses, no blankets. The immigrants trade them old clothes for fish which were dead, no doubt, when they were caught.

September 14. Blocked up our wagon beds and forded Snake River, which was wide, deep and swift. Camped at a spring with good grass.

September 15. Laid by. This morning our company moved on, except one family. The woman got mad and wouldn't budge nor let the children go. He had the cattle hitched on for three hours and coaxed her to go, but she wouldn't stir. I told my husband the circumstance and he and Adam Polk and Mr. Kimball went and each one took a young one and crammed them in the wagon and the husband drove off and left her sitting. She got up, took the back track and traveled out of sight. Cut across and overtook her husband. Meantime he sent his boy back to camp after a horse he had left, and when she came up her husband said, "Did you meet John?" "Yes," was the reply, "and I picked up a stone and knocked out his brains." Her husband went back to ascertain the truth and while he was gone she set fire to one of the wagons that was loaded with store goods. The cover burnt off with some valuable articles. He saw the flames and came running and put it out, and then mustered up spunk enough to give her a good flogging.

September 19. Made nineteen miles over mountains and dust. Camped on Boise River. Good feed.

September 23. Forded Snake River just before dark. It was waist deep and very cold. It is a large and swift-running river.

September 24. Mr. Kimball's oldest son died last night of typhus fever.

September 25. Buried the corpse. Camped on Burnt River.

September 28. Crossed Burnt River six times. We are all the time either on a hill or in a hollow.

September 29. Made eleven miles. Winding in and between mountains all day.

October 1. A woman of our company died as we were traveling along.

October 4. Camped on north branch of Powder River. Middling feed.

October 5. Camped on head waters of Grand Ronde. Plenty of feed and pine to burn.

October 6. Passed over one difficult and stony mountain. If Grand Ronde was west of the Cascade Mountains, how soon it would be taken up. It is level and covered with grass and watered with brooks and springs. It has a river flowing through it.

October 9. Doubled teams up another mountain. Camped at Pine Creek. To some wagons they put nine yoke of oxen. My husband and I are both sick with summer complaint.

October 11. Made twelve miles. Camped near a branch of the Utilla (Umatilla) River.

October 12. Went three miles. Here our company separated. Some went to Whitman's Mission to winter, and they were murdered in the general massacre, of which I suppose you have already heard. Here my husband bought a beef of the Indians. It was eighteen months old and weighed four hundred and eighty pounds. He paid them with a cow and calf and a new shirt.

October 17. Cold and windy. We made a fire of a little wood that we carried all day yesterday. Made a bite to eat. Our cattle ran off in search of water, which hindered us until late. Camped without wood except a small shrub called greasewood. It burns like greased weeds. I used to wonder why it was said that men must be dressed in buckskin to come to this country, but now I know. Everything we travel through is thorny and rough. There is no chance to save your clothes. Here we found a great hole of water twelve or fifteen feet across. Had to water one hundred and fifty head of cattle with pails. Had to stand out all night in the rain to keep the cattle from drowning each other—after water in this hole.

October 21. Camped on John Day's River. Here we put out a guard for fear of Indians, which we have not done before for three months.

October 22. Traveled up a long, steep ascent between two mountains. The road was so narrow that a wagon could scarcely squeeze along, and very rough at that.

October 23. Camped on the Columbia River. Scarce feed. No wood or shrubs. We had to burn little green weeds.

October 24. Crossed Falls or Shutes River. It was high, rapid and dangerous. The water came clear to the tops of the wagon beds. My children and I, with as many more women and children as could be stowed into a canoe, were taken over by two Indians, which cost a good many shirts. The Indians are thick as hops here and not very friendly. Anybody in preparing to come to this country should make up some calico shirts to trade to the Indians in case of necessity. You will have to hire them to pilot you across the rivers. When we got here my folks were about stripped of shirts, trousers, jackets and "wamusses."

October 26. Made ten miles over a mountain all the way. Saw oak trees for the first time in Oregon. Camped on the Columbia.

October 27. Passed what is called the Dalles Mission, where two white families live with the Indians. It looks like starvation.

October 28. Here are a great many immigrants camped. Some making rafts, others going down in boats which have been sent up by speculators.

October 29. Rained most all day. Cold weather.

October 30. Rainy day. Men making rafts. Women cooking and washing and babies crying. Indians bartering potatoes for shirts. They must have a good shirt for a peck of potatoes.

October 31. Snow close by on the mountains. We should have gone over the mountains with our wagons, but they are covered with snow and we must go down by water and drive our cattle over the mountains.

November 1. We are lying by waiting for the wind to blow down stream in order that we may embark with our raft.

November 2. We took off our wagon wheels, laid them on the raft, placed the wagon beds on them and started. There are three families of us, Adam Polk, Russell Welch and ourselves, on twelve logs eighteen inches through and forty feet long. The water runs three inches over our raft.

November 3. Still lying by waiting for calm. Cold and disagreeable weather.

November 4. Rain all day. Laid by for the water to become calm. We clambered up a steep hillside among the rocks and built a fire and tried to cook and warm ourselves and children, while the wind blew and the waves rolled beneath.

November 5. Still lying by waiting for calm weather. Mr. Polk is very sick.

November 7. Put out in rough water. Moved a few miles. The water became so rough that we were forced to land. No one to man the raft but my husband and my oldest boy, sixteen years old. Russell Welch and our youngest boys are driving our cattle over the mountains. Here we are lying, smoking our eyes, burning our clothes and trying to keep warm. We have plenty of wood, but the wind takes away the warmth.

November 8. We are still lying at anchor, waiting for the wind to fall. We have but one day's provisions ahead of us here. We can see snow on the tops of the mountains whose rocky heights reach to the clouds at times. A few Indians call on us and steal something from us but we are not afraid of them. Cold weather—my hands are so cold I can hardly write.

November 9. Finds us still in trouble. Waves dashing over our raft and we already stinting ourselves in provisions. My husband started this morning to hunt provisions. Left no man with us except our oldest boy. It is very cold. The icicles are hanging from our wagon beds to the water. To-night about dusk Adam Polk expired. No one with him but his wife and myself. We sat up all night with him while the waves were dashing below.

November 10. Finds us still waiting for calm weather. My husband returned at two o'clock. Brought fifty pounds of beef on his back twelve miles, which he bought from another company. By this time the water had become calm and we started once more, but the wind soon began to blow and we were forced to land. My husband and boy were an hour and a half after dark getting the raft landed and made fast while the water ran knee-deep over our raft, the wind blew and it was freezing cold. We women and children didn't attempt to get out of the wagons to-night.

November 11. Laid by most all day. Started this evening. Ran about three miles and landed after dark. Here we found Welch and our cattle, for they could not be driven farther on this side of the mountain. Here was a ferry for the purpose of ferrying immigrants' cattle.

November 12. Ferried our cattle across the Columbia and buried Mr. Polk. Rained all day. We are living entirely on beef.

November 13. We got the ferrymen to shift our load onto their boat and take us down to the falls, where we found quite a town of people waiting for their cattle to pull them around the falls. Rain all day.

November 18. My husband is sick. It rains and snows. We start around the falls this morning with our wagons. We have five miles to go. I carry my babe and lead, or rather carry another, through snow, mud, and water almost to my knees. It is the worst road a team could possibly travel. I went ahead with my children and I was afraid to look behind me for fear of seeing the wagons overturn into the mud and water with everything in them. My children gave out with cold and fatigue and could not travel, and the boys had to unhitch the oxen and bring them and carry the children on to camp. I was so cold and numb that I could not tell by the feeling that I had any feet. We started this morning at sunrise and did not camp until after dark, and there was not one dry thread on one of us—not even on the babe. I had carried my babe and I was so fatigued that I could scarcely speak or step. When I got here I found my husband lying in Welch's wagon very sick. He had brought Mrs. Polk down the day before and was taken sick. We had to stay up all night for our wagons were left halfway back. I have not told half we suffered. I am not adequate to the task. Here were some hundreds camped, waiting for some boats to come and take them down to Vancouver, Portland or Oregon City.

November 19. My husband is sick and can have but little care. Rain all day.

November 20. Rain all day. It is almost an impossibility to cook, and quite so to keep warm or dry. I froze or chilled my feet so that I cannot wear a shoe, so I have to go around in the cold water in my bare feet.

November 27. Embarked once more on the Columbia on a flatboat. Ran all day, though the waves threatened hard to sink us. Passed Fort Vancouver in the night. Landed a mile below. My husband has never left his bed since he was taken sick.

November 29. Landed at Portland on the Willamette, twelve miles above its mouth, at eleven o'clock at night.

November 30. Raining. This morning I ran about trying to get a house to get into with my sick husband. At last I found a small, leaky concern with two families already in it. Mrs. Polk had got down before us. She and another widow were in this house. My family and Welch's went in with them and you could have stirred us with a stick. Welch and my oldest boy were driving our cattle around. My children and I carried up a bed. The distance was nearly a quarter of a mile. Made it down on the floor in the mud. I got some men to carry my husband up through the rain and lay him on it, and he was never out of that shed until he was carried out in his coffin. Here lay five of us bedfast at one time, and we had no money and what few things we had left that would bring money I had to sell. I had to give ten cents a pound for fresh pork, seventy-five cents a bushel for potatoes and four cents a pound for fish. There are so many of us sick that I cannot write any more at present. I have not time to write much, but I thought it would be interesting to know what kind of weather we have in the winter.

January 15, 1848. My husband is still alive, but very sick. There is no medicine here except at Fort Vancouver, and the people there will not sell one bit —not even a bottle of wine.

January 16. We are still living in the old leaky shed in Portland. It is six miles below Vancouver and up the Willamette twelve miles. Portland has two white houses and one brick and three wood-colored frame buildings and a few log cabins.

January 20. Cool and dry. Soldiers are collecting here from every part of Oregon to go and fight the Indians in middle Oregon in consequence of the massacre at Whitman's Mission. I think there were seventeen men killed at the massacre, but no women or children, except Whitman's wife. They killed every white man there except one, and he was an Englishman. They took all the young women for wives. Robbed them of their clothing and everything. The Oregon government bought the prisoners at a dear rate, and then gave the Indians fight. But one white man, I believe, was killed in the war and not many Indians. The murderers escaped.

January 21. Warm and dry.

January 24. Dry in daytime but rain at night.

January 31. Rain all day. If I could tell you how we suffer you would not believe it. Our house, or rather a shed joined to a house, leaks all over. The roof descends in such a manner that the rain runs right down into the fire. I have dipped as much as six pails of water off our dirt hearth in one night. Here I sit up night after night with my poor sick husband, all alone, and expecting him every day to die. I neglected to tell you that Welch moved away and left us all alone. Mr. Smith has not been moved off his bed for six weeks, only by lifting him by each corner of the sheet, and I had hard work to get help enough for that, let alone to get watchers. I have not undressed to lie down for six weeks. Besides our sickness I had a cross little babe to take care of. Indeed, I cannot tell you half.

February 1. Rain all day. This day my dear husband, my last remaining friend, died.

February 2. To-day we buried my earthly companion. Now I know what none but widows know: that is, how comfortless is a widow's life; especially when left in a strange land without money or friends, and the care of seven children.

February 9. Clear and cool. Perhaps you will want to know how cool. We have lived all winter in a shed constructed by setting up studs five feet high on the lowest side. The other side joins the cabin. It is boarded up with clapboards and several of them are torn off in places, and there is no shutter to our door; but if it was not for the rain putting out the fire and leaking all over the house we would be comfortable.

February 21. Clear and cool. You will wonder that we do not leave this starved place. The reason is this—the road from here to the country is impassable in winter, the distance being twelve miles, and because our cattle are yet very weak.

February 24. Clear and warm. To-day we left Portland at sunrise. Having no one to assist us, we had to leave one wagon and a part of our things for want of teams. We traveled four or five miles, all the way up hill and through the thickest woods I ever saw—all fir, from two to six feet through, with now and then a scattering cedar, and an intolerably bad road. We all had to walk. Sometimes I had to put my babe on the ground and help to keep the wagon from turning over. When we got to the top of the mountain we descended through mud up to the wagon-hubs and over logs two feet through, and log bridges torn to pieces in the mud. Sometimes I would be behind, out of sight of the wagon, tugging and carrying my little ones along. Sometimes the boys would stop the teams and come back after us. Made nine miles. Camped in thick woods. Found some grass. Unhitched the oxen; let them feed two hours and chained them to trees. These woods are infested with wildcats, panthers, bears and wolves. A man told me he had killed six tigers—but they are a species of wolf. We made us a fire and made a bed down on the wet grass and laid down as happy as circumstances would admit. Glad to think we had escaped from Portland—such a game place.

This was the last record of Mrs. Smith's diary—a story of deprivation, hardships, hunger, danger, destitution and even death—perhaps more harrowing in its details than that of the average family who made the two-thousand-mile trip to Oregon in the '40's. And yet there were thousands who brought upon themselves the same awful difficulties—leaving their lifelong friends, abandoning their native country where plenty abounded and where there were millions of acres of vacant land yet to be had—all for the love of adventure. This accounts for the fact, accepted by everybody who understands early conditions here, that the Oregon pioneers, men and women, were of the stuff which develops into a sturdy citizenship.

The reading of the diary of Mrs. Smith, penned as she wended her way to Oregon in the summer of 1847, cannot fail to impress the average reader with the striking contrast between the manner of journeying from the Mississippi Valley to Oregon then and now. The man who makes the trip now is usually a tourist. He buys a sleeper at Chicago, and within three days is in Portland, a city of over two hundred thousand inhabitants, where Mrs. Smith found upon her arrival one brick building, two white houses and a few log cabins. Instead of living on beef alone for several days, the tourist is supplied three times a day on a "diner" with the best the land affords, while a colored waiter bows and smiles—provided on some previous occasion he has not failed to tip him generously—and for this he pays at least a whole dollar in the coin of the realm. There is no opportunity for him to trade his shirt for a peck of potatoes. After his meal is served, he returns to his upholstered seat and resumes the reading of his favorite book. While enjoying his steak and coffee he travels as far, in the utmost comfort, as Mrs. Smith did in any of the days at the end of which she recorded "made eighteen miles" in suffocating dust, and much of the time with insufficient food. At a station the train stops for a few minutes. The traveler drops his book, steps out on the platform and, with a yawn, says to his companion: "What a tedious trip! Let us take a turn or two and stretch our legs. And they say we will get into Portland two hours late. Blast these railroads, anyway!"

On September 2, 1850, two years and a half after the last entry in her diary, which I have quoted, Mrs. Smith wrote a letter to the same two women friends in Indiana, in the course of which occurs this paragraph:

> My three boys started to the California gold mines and it was doubtful to me if I ever should see them again. Perhaps you will think it strange that I let such young boys go so far, but I was willing and I helped them off in as good style as I could. Well, after the boys were gone, it is true I had plenty of cows and hogs, and plenty of wheat to feed them on and to make my bread. Indeed, I was well off, if I had only known it, but I lived in a remote place where my strength was of little use to me. I could get nothing to do, and you know I could not live without work. I employed myself in teaching my children; yet that did not fully occupy my mind. I became as poor as a snake, yet I was in good health and was never so nimble since I was a child. I could run half a mile without stopping to breathe. Well, I thought I would try my fortune again, so on the 24th of June, 1849, I was married to Mr. Joseph Geer, a man fourteen years older than myself, though young enough for me. He is the father of ten children. They are all married but two boys and two girls. He is a Yankee from Connecticut, and he is a Yankee in every sense of the word, as I told you he would be if it ever proved my lot to marry again. I did not marry rich, but my husband is industrious and is as kind to me as I can ask. Indeed, he sometimes provokes me in trying to humor me so much. He is a stout, healthy man for one of his age.

Since the "Yankee husband" referred to was my grandfather, before mentioned in these pages, it will be appropriate to close this chapter by quoting a part of the postscript to the above letter, which was written by him:

DEAR LADIES:

As Mrs. Geer has introduced me to you as her "old Yankee husband," I will add a few words in hopes of becoming better acquainted hereafter. She so often speaks of you that you seem like old neighbors. She has neglected to tell you that she was once the wife of Cornelius Smith. She has told you how poor she became while a widow but has not said one word about how fat she has become since she has been living with her Yankee husband. This is perhaps reserved for her next epistle so I will say nothing about it.

Of her I will say she makes me a first-rate wife, industrious and kind almost to a fault to me, a fault, however, that I can cheerfully overlook, you know.

We are not rich, but independent, and live agreeably together, which is enough. We are located on the west bank of the Willamette River, about twenty miles from Oregon City, about forty yards from the water—a very pleasant situation. I intend putting out a large orchard as soon as I can prepare the ground; have about ten thousand apple trees and two hundred pear trees on hand. Apple trees worth one dollar and pears one dollar and fifty cents apiece. I have not room to give you a description of this, the best country in the world, so I will not attempt it, but if you will answer this I will give you a more particular account next time.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH C. GEER, Sen.

CHAPTER XX

If left to the people of Oregon to decide by popular vote which of its citizens, past or present, stands first in the general esteem, because of the value of his public services and the impression he has made or left upon the commonwealth, I have no doubt that George H. Williams would receive the highest endorsement and James W. Nesmith would stand only second. Of these two great men I will speak more at length later, but will remark now that in my judgment Nesmith should outrank Williams for one reason—that he came here ten years before Williams and that he came without friends or money, a rugged, ambitious young pioneer, embarking upon a hazardous journey to a distant land about which little was known, though that little was extremely favorable.

On the contrary, Williams, Oregon's "grand old man," of towering intellect and in disposition as gentle as a child, arrived here in 1853, when the country was fairly well occupied, with a commission from President Pierce as one of the associate judges for the new Territory.

I desire to refer to Nesmith here for the purpose of quoting briefly from an address he delivered before the Oregon Pioneer Association in 1876, in the course of which he graphically described the manner in which a company of immigrants came together from different parts of the country, organized by the election of a captain and other officers, and proceeded upon the great undertaking:

> As early as the year 1840, being then an adventurous youth in what at that time was known as the "Far West," I had heard of Oregon as a "terra incognita" somewhere upon the western slope of the continent, as a country to which the United States had some kind of a claim, and

"Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save its own dashings."

During the winter of 1841-42, being in Jefferson County, Iowa, I incidentally heard that a company intended leaving Independence, Mo., in May or June, 1842, for Oregon under the leadership of Dr. Elijah White, who had formerly been in Oregon connected with the Methodist missions, and who was then about returning to the Territory in the service of the United States Government as sub-Indian agent. Thinking this a good opportunity to make the trip I had for some time contemplated, I mounted my horse and rode across western Iowa, then a wilderness, and arrived at Independence seventeen days after White and his party had left. I at first contemplated following them alone, but learning that I would be liable to encounter the murderous Pawnees determined not to attempt the dangerous experiment. I therefore abandoned the trip for the time and spent the most of the ensuing year in the employment of the Government as a carpenter in the construction of Fort Scott, in Kansas, about one hundred miles south of Independence.

During the winter of 1842-43, Dr. Marcus Whitman, then a missionary in the Walla Walla valley, visited Washington to intercede in behalf of the American interests on the coast.

Dr. Lewis F. Linn, who was then in the United States Senate from Missouri, took a great interest in the settlement of Oregon. The means for the transmission of news at that time was slow and meager upon the frontier, it being before the days of railroads, telegraphs and postage stamps. But the Oregon question, through the medium of Senators Linn and Benton and Dr. Whitman, did create a certain commotion in Washington, and enough of it found its way to the "Far West" to make some stir among the ever restless and adventurous frontiersman. Without any formal promulgation it became understood—and was so published in the few border papers then in existence—that our emigration party would rendezvous at Independence to start for Oregon as soon as the grass offered subsistence to the stock.

Without orders from any quarter, and without preconcerted action, promptly as the grass started the emigrants began to assemble at Independence at a place called Fitzhugh's Mill. On May 17, 1843, notices were circulated through the different encampments that on the following day those contemplating emigrating to Oregon would meet at a designated point to organize.

Promptly at the appointed hour the motley group assembled. It consisted of people from all the States and Territories, embracing all nationalities. Most of them, however, were from Missouri, Iowa, Illinois and Arkansas—all strangers to one another, but deeply impressed with the imperative necessity for mutual protection against the hostile Indians inhabiting the great unknown wilderness, stretching away to the shores of the Pacific, which they were about to traverse with their wives, children, household goods and all their earthly possessions.

Many of the emigrants were from the western tier of counties in Missouri known as the Platte Purchase, and among them was Peter H. Burnett, a former merchant, who had abandoned the yardstick and become a lawyer of some celebrity, being noted for his ability as a smooth-tongued advocate. He subsequently emigrated to the Golden State and became its first Governor, was afterward its Chief Justice, and is still an honored citizen of that State. Mr. Burnett, or, as he was familiarly called, "Pete," was called on for a speech. Mounting a log, the glib-tongued orator delivered a florid, glowing address. He commenced by showing his audience that the then western tier of States and Territories was overcrowded; that the population had not sufficient elbow-room for the expansion of their genius and enterprise, and that it was a duty they owed to themselves and their posterity to strike out in search of a wider field and a more genial climate, where the soil yielded the richest return for the smallest amount of cultivation, where the trees were loaded with perennial fruit and where a good substitute for bread, called "lacamash," grew in the ground, salmon and other fish crowded the streams, and where the principal labor of the settler would be keeping his gardens free from the inroads of elk, buffalo, deer and wild turkeys. He appealed to our patriotism by picturing forth the glorious empire we would establish on the shores of the Pacific; how, with our trusty rifles, we would drive out the British usurpers who claimed the soil and defend the country from the avarice and pretensions of the British lion, and how posterity would honor us for placing the fairest portion of our land under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes. He concluded with a slight allusion to the trials and hardships incident to the trip and the dangers to be encountered from hostile Indians on the way, and also those inhabiting the country whither we were bound. He furthermore indicated a desire to look upon the tribe of noble "red men" that the valiant and well-armed crowd around him could not vanquish in a single encounter.

Other speeches were made, full of glowing descriptions of the fair land of promise, far-away Oregon, which no one in the assemblage had ever seen and of which not more than half a dozen had ever read any account. After the election of officers, Mr. Burnett being selected captain, the meeting, as primitive and motley a one as ever assembled, adjourned with three cheers for Captain Burnett and Oregon.

On May 20, 1843, after a pretty thorough military organization, we took up our line of march with Captain John Gannt, an old army officer who combined the character of trapper and mountaineer, as our guide. Gannt had been as far in his wanderings as Green River and assured us of the practicability of the wagon road that far. Green River, the boundary of our guide's knowledge in that direction, was not halfway to the Willamette valley, at that time the only inhabited portion of Oregon. We went forth trusting to the future and would doubtless have encountered more difficulties than we did had not Dr. Whitman overtaken us before we reached Green River. He was familiar with the whole route and was confident that wagons could pass through the canyons and gorges of Snake River and over the Blue Mountains, which the mountaineers in the vicinity of Fort Hall declared to be a physical impossibility.

Describing his experience upon his arrival in Oregon, Colonel Nesmith says:

> With three comrades I left the emigration on the Umatilla River, at a point near the present agency, and after a variety of adventures we arrived in a canoe at Fort Vancouver on the evening of October 23, 1843. We encamped on the bank of the river about where the Government wharf now stands. The greater part of our means was spent in the purchase of provisions and hickory shirts, consigning those that had done such long and continuous service, with their inhabitants, to the Columbia. On the morning of the 24th we started for what was known as the "Willamette" settlement at the Falls.
>
> Dr. McLoughlin had told us that at a distance of seven miles below the fort we would encounter the waters of the Willamette entering the Columbia from the south. At about the distance indicated by the Doctor we reached what we supposed was the mouth of the river, and after paddling up it until noon, looked across, and to our astonishment saw Fort Vancouver. It then flashed on our minds that we had circumnavigated the island opposite the fort. We retraced our way and that evening discovered the mouth of the Willamette and encamped on its banks. The next evening we encamped on the prairie opposite Portland upon what is now the town site of East Portland, owned by James Stephens, Esq. The present site of Portland was a solitude surrounded by a dense forest of fir trees.

The following amusing incident which illustrates the troubles of the early settlers in endeavoring to understand the language and gestures of the Indians, is related in this same address. It well illustrates the clumsy effort of the Indian to convey his meaning to one who does not understand his language, and the humorous manner of telling it is characteristic of Nesmith.

> At Fort Hall we fell in with some Cayuse and

Nez Percé Indians returning from the buffalo country, and as it was necessary for Dr. Whitman to precede us to Walla Walla, he recommended to us a guide in the person of an old Cayuse Indian called "Sticcus." He was a faithful old fellow, perfectly familiar with all the trails and topography of the country from Fort Hall to The Dalles, and although he could not speak a word of English, and no one in our party a word of Cayuse, he succeeded by pantomine in leading us successfully over the roughest wagon road I ever saw. Sticcus was a member of Dr. Whitman's church, and the only Indian I ever saw that I thought had any conception of the Christian religion or practiced it. I met him afterward in the Cayuse war. He did not participate in the murder of Dr. Whitman and his family, and remained neutral in the war between his tribe and the whites which grew out of the massacre.

I once dined with Sticcus in his camp on what I supposed was elk meat. I had arrived at that conclusion because, when I looked at the cooked meat interrogatively, the Indian held up his hands in a manner that indicated elk horns; but after dinner, seeing the ears, tail and hoofs of a mule near camp I became satisfied that what he meant to convey with his pantomine was "ears," not "horns." But digestion waited on appetite and after dinner it did not make much difference about the appendages of the animal that furnished it.

Still another "film" in the great moving picture which was presented to an astonished world by the Oregon pioneers between 1840 and 1852 was introduced by J. Quinn Thornton in an address before the State Association in 1878, when he described three events which occurred in the same camp on June 14 of that year, on the Platte River. He says:

> Three companies camped near each other on June 14, which was Sabbath, and as if by previous arrangement determined to spend the day together. All the members of one of these companies had, without much ceremony, been invited to attend a wedding at the

tent of a Mr. Lard in the evening. Rev. J. E. Cornwell, acting as the officiating minister, proceeded at once to unite Miss Lard and a Mr. Mootry in the holy bonds of wedlock. The bride was arrayed very decently but rather gaily. The groom had on his best. Some of the young women present were dressed with a tolerable degree of taste and with even some degree of elegance. Among the men there were no long beards, dirty hands, begrimed faces, soiled linen or torn garments. Indeed, at that time and place there were four others who expected to be married in a few days. I cannot say that I approved this marrying on the road. It looked as though the women, at least, were making a sort of hop, skip and jump into matrimony, without knowing what their feet would come down upon or whether they might not be bruised and wounded.

During that afternoon a boy's leg was amputated by one not a surgeon, the instruments employed being a butcher knife and an old dull hand-saw. He bore his sufferings with the most wonderful fortitude and heroism. He seemed scarcely to move a muscle. A deathlike paleness would sometimes cover his face, but instead of groaning he would use some word of encouragement to the almost shrinking operator, or some expression of comfort to his afflicted friends. The limb was at length severed, the arteries gathered and the flap brought down in an hour and forty-five minutes after making the first incision.

An emigrant who had been frequently compelled to retire from the afflicting spectacle, but who at the time the operation was completed held the boy's hands in his, observing that he appeared much exhausted, tenderly inquired if he suffered much pain. The boy withdrew his hands, clasped them together, and partially raising them, exclaimed: "Oh, yes, I am suffering! I am suffering so much!" His hands fell on his breast, his white lips quivered a few moments, his eyeballs rolled back, and his spirit went to God. He was buried in the night, and the sad and silent procession, by the light of the torches to the lonely grave so hastily dug in the solitude and almost unbroken silence of that far-away wilderness, contrasted strangely with the wedding festivities at the neighboring tent.

Strange as it may seem, that same evening another interesting event transpired—the birth of a child on the same plain—so that the three great epochs of life, birth, marriage and death, were all represented at nearly the same time and place.

CHAPTER XXI

Oregon undoubtedly bears the distinction of being the only State in the Union whose people formed a provisional government in advance of territorial organization authorized by act of Congress. The first settlers were in a country which was without a successful claimant, and for a few years were too few in numbers to need or maintain any kind of government. It was everybody for himself, indeed, but there was nothing in the land to steal; and the only "settlement" extended from the Columbia River to the California line and consisted of not more than a couple of hundred white people.

The first meeting of a public nature was held in February, 1841, for the purpose of determining on some means of protection against the depredations of wild animals, which were destroying the few hogs and calves with which the people were beginning to be blessed. Several such were called that year and the next, with this object in view ostensibly; but a feeling began to develop that it would be necessary for the Americans to take the initiative in organizing a local government whose scope would not be confined to the destruction of the wolves, but would include a movement toward the control of affairs and the counteracting of the hostile influence of the Hudson Bay Company. The company was opposed to any kind of government—preferring the unbroken wilderness, fur-bearing animals in increasing numbers if possible, and no legal restraint whatever. It was really a case where they did not need any government in their business.

But the Americans, coming from the centers of civilization, began to be clamorous for some regularly constituted authority to which they might appeal in case something *should* happen. Not only this, but the fair historian will be compelled to admit that at even that early date there was a well-defined feeling among the Americans that it was necessary to begin a movement whose ultimate results would be the acquisition of the entire country by the United States. For they were men whose attachment to Old Glory was firm as the foundations of the earth, and they were not willing to lose any tricks through unnecessary delay or apparent indifference. Many otherwise unimportant circumstances combined to awaken the suspicions of the settlers, who were men of pluck and determination.

A few thefts began to take place in the growing community and there was no lawful redress. Men of reckless character, and of no character, were by degrees drawn hither by reason of the anomalous situation, and the Indians were always to be closely watched. In the fall of 1842 the house of a minister living on Tualitan Plains was entered and provisions and clothing taken. This was a new experience and the neighbors took the matter in hand in an effort to detect the thief. A committee was formed, consisting of Rev. J. S. Griffin, Robert Newell, Joseph L. Meek and Caleb Wilkins, whose purpose was to ferret out the culprit, if possible, and to administer such punishment as the case seemed to require.

In a few days an Indian came to the house of one of the members of this committee and seemed to be very anxious to ascertain whom the whites suspected. His unnatural interest in the affair arousing the suspicion of the committeeman, he pursued such a line of inquiry that it proved a veritable sweat-box—though it was not called by that name in those days.

The result was that he was detained, tried and adjudged guilty. He confessed, was tied up to an oak tree, treated to five lashes at the hands of each of the judges and dismissed. The affair caused a great deal of discussion and served to impress more forcibly upon the settlers that the prevailing conditions were not only unsatisfactory, but dangerous, for the Indians, especially, appeared to understand the disorganized state of the colony and translated it into license—a proceeding altogether in harmony with their desires.

At this time Dr. Elijah White drafted and promulgated a code of "laws" which was intended to govern the Indians in their relations with the settlers. It was called the "White Code," consisted of eleven articles and was as follows:

> Article 1. Whoever wilfully takes a life shall be hung.
>
> Art. 2. Whoever burns a dwelling-house shall be hung.
>
> Art. 3. Whoever burns an outbuilding shall be imprisoned six months, receive fifty lashes and pay all damages.
>
> Art. 4. Whoever carelessly burns a house or any property shall pay damages.
>
> Art. 5. If any one enters a house without the permission of the owner the chiefs shall punish him as they think proper. Public rooms are excepted.
>
> Art. 6. If any one steal, he shall pay back twofold. And if it be of the value of a beaver skin, or less, he shall receive twenty-five lashes; and if the value is over a beaver skin, he shall pay back twofold and receive fifty lashes.
>
> Art. 7. If any one take a horse and ride it without permission, or take any article and use it without liberty, he shall pay for the use of it and receive from twenty-five to fifty lashes, as the chiefs shall direct.
>
> Art. 8. If any one enter a field and injure the crops, or throw down the fence so that cattle or horses enter and do damage, he shall pay all damage and receive twenty-five lashes for every offense.
>
> Art. 9. Those only may keep dogs who travel or live among game. If a dog kill a lamb, calf or any domestic animal, the owner shall pay the damage and kill the dog.
>
> Art. 10. If any Indian raise a gun or other weapon against a white man, it shall be reported to the chiefs and they shall punish him. If a white man do the

> same to an Indian, it shall be reported to Dr. White, and he shall punish or redress.
>
> Art. 11. If an Indian break these laws he shall be punished by the chiefs, and if a white man break them he shall be reported to Dr. White and he shall punish or redress.

But on February 2, 1842, a meeting was held at the Institute, in Salem, for the purpose of "taking into consideration the propriety of adopting some measures for the protection of our herds," etc. This is known in Oregon history as the "Wolf Meeting," and was presided over by Dr. I. L. Babcock, the secretary being W. H. Willson. After considering the purposes of the meeting, it appointed a committee consisting of William H. Gray, Alanson Beers, Joseph Gervais, William H. Willson, G. W. Bellamy and Etienne Lucier, who were instructed to make arrangements for an adjourned meeting to be held on March 4 at the house of Joseph Gervais, on French Prairie. Mr. Gervais was practically the first white settler in that part of the Willamette valley, having been induced to locate there by Dr. McLoughlin, to raise wheat for the Russian trade.

At this meeting the committee appointed on February 2 made the following report, which will give the student of early Oregon history a clear insight into the primitive condition of affairs and what the people were compelled to accept as an unavoidable duty. The report, which was in reality the germ that produced the succeeding governments, provisional, territorial and State, was as follows:

> It being admitted by all that bears, panthers, wolves, etc., are destructive to useful animals owned by the settlers of this colony, your committee would respectfully submit the following resolutions as the sense of this meeting, by which the community may be governed in carrying on a defensive and destructive war against all such animals. Resolved,
>
> 1. That we deem it expedient for this community to take immediate measures for the destruction of all

bears, wolves, panthers and such other animals as are known to be destructive to horses, cattle, hogs and sheep.

2. That a treasurer shall be appointed who shall receive and disburse all funds in accordance with drafts drawn on him by the committee appointed to receive the evidences of the destruction of all such animals, and that he report the state of the treasury by posting up public notices once every three months in the vicinity of each of the committee.

3. That a standing committee of eight be appointed whose duty it shall be, together with the treasurer, to receive the proofs of the evidences of the animals for which bounties are claimed having been killed in the Willamette valley.

4. That a bounty of fifty cents be paid for the destruction of a small wolf; three dollars for a large wolf; one dollar and fifty cents for a lynx; two dollars for a bear and five dollars for a panther.

5. That no bounty be paid unless the individual claiming such bounty gives satisfactory evidence, or by presenting the skin of the head, with the ears, of all animals for which he claims a bounty.

6. That the committee and treasurer form a board of advice to call public meetings when deemed necessary to promote and encourage all persons to use their vigilance in destroying all the animals named in the fourth resolution.

7. That the bounties named in the fourth resolution be confined to whites and their descendants.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That no one receive a bounty (except Indians) unless he pay a subscription of five dollars.

It was moved and seconded that the Indians receive one-half as much as the whites.

It was moved and seconded that all claims for bounties be presented within ten days from the time of becoming entitled to such bounties, and if there should be any doubt, the individual claiming such bounty shall give his oath as to the various circumstances.

In the meantime, however, it was becoming apparent to the settlers that the protection of their own rights—and lives—as well as their herds, could not be longer safely postponed, and as the result of this growing conviction, the committee of twelve, which had been authorized to call meetings relative to the protection of the herds against the marauding panthers and wolves, issued a call for another meeting to be held at Champoeg on May 2, in the following year (1843), to "consider the propriety of taking measures for the civil and military protection of the colony."

This was, indeed, a bold step; literally "coming out from under cover," for it was well understood that any attempt to organize any kind of government would meet with the bitter hostility of the Hudson Bay Company, whose control of the country for thirty years had been undisputed.

But changing conditions were pressing for action. Civilization was calling for recognition, and men and women who were accustomed to law and order were not to be balked in their purposes. There was a deep dissatisfaction with the unsettled conditions which manifested itself constantly, and in the light of ensuing events, which followed one another in rapid succession, there is no difficulty in understanding the impossibility of stilling the demand for the installation of a dependable government.

During all these manifestations of an unmistakable drift toward an emancipation from existing conditions there was one man who was placed in a very awkward and unenviable situation—Dr. John McLoughlin, Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company and absolute Governor of the Northwest Territory. Indeed, he was virtually its dictator, and had been for thirty years. The London stockholders of the company had given him a free rein and all the report they cared for was that which yielded enormous quantities of furs.

But, fortunately for the early American immigrants, the Doctor, himself a giant physically, was as big of heart as of stature. In the situation by which he was confronted his sympathies outran his subserviency to the company which was paying him a princely salary, and when he saw an American immigrant and his family in need of either food or clothing, he contributed liberally from his stores. He thus indirectly aided in the colonization of the Oregon Country by the Americans, which meant the ruin of his own business, the extent and value of which can never be properly estimated. For this he was never reimbursed in any sense of the word.

CHAPTER XXII

The necessity for a government of some character among the early Oregon pioneers, which had been taking form by degrees ever since the arrival of the "Great Reënforcement" to the Methodist missionaries in 1840, was emphasized the next year by the death of Ewing Young, who came here with Hall J. Kelley, already mentioned in these pages, in the fall of 1834. Young's death was, in reality, the special event which stimulated the settlers to speedy action, since he was a man of considerable means, of no family (as was supposed), and the condition was presented to the settlers of a valuable estate without an owner or any one possessing legal claim to any part of it. It was a very awkward condition, since his property consisted of many horses and cattle as well as desirable land. No person had any right to move in the matter; there was no law to govern the situation, and yet some action must be taken.

Ewing Young, who occupied so prominent a position in our early history, principally, and singularly enough, by reason of his death, was born in Knox County, Tennessee, but the year of his birth seems not to be known. When a comparatively young man, however, he was in California. He left the Spanish settlement there in the summer of 1834 for Oregon, bringing with him a large number of Spanish horses—mostly mares. He had heard of the wonderful fertility of the land here and the boundless range the country afforded for grazing. He settled on the west bank of the Willamette River, opposite Champoeg, about twenty miles south of Portland. There he built the first house ever erected on the west side of the river.

The difficulty with which he was confronted soon after his arrival, in the form of a notification sent to Dr. McLoughlin by the Spanish Governor of California that Young and Kelley had stolen a large part of their horses, has already been mentioned, and the fact explained that the report had no truthful foundation. Subsequently the California Governor acknowledged his error and duly apologized for it.

In the spring of 1836 Young, concluding that there was more money to be made in the distillery business than in the slow process of raising and selling Spanish horses, began preparations for the manufacture of whiskey. Upon hearing of his intention Dr. McLoughlin, in a personal interview, explained to him that the introduction of the manufacture of whiskey would injure, and perhaps ruin, the farming industry, then just beginning to develop, and asked that he should embark in some other business. The request was granted. Young began, instead, the erection of a grist- and planing-mill, but was soon induced to return to California for a herd of cattle. These he brought back with him in the summer of 1838 and settled down to become a stock-raiser. In connection with this business he erected his mill on the Chehalem creek, near where it empties into the Willamette River, which he conducted until the winter of 1840-1, when it was carried away by high water. It was not long after this that he was taken sick with a pressure on the brain and died a somewhat violent death at his home.

The death of Young, as has been stated, was the real origin of the movement which culminated in the Champoeg meeting. Soon after his funeral the settlers began discussing the matter, which was not finally disposed of until several years afterward. His property finally went to the territorial government, but it required much time and encountered a considerable opposition.

On December 11, 1845, Mr. Garrison presented a petition to the provisional Legislature "from Daniel Waldo and Thomas Jeffries in relation to the estate of Ewing Young," nearly five years after his death. Reference is made to the same matter in the Oregon archives December 17, 1845, December 4, 1846, and again December 8. It was finally disposed of by an act passed on December 24, 1844 (?). Its interest consists in its value as an illustration of the primitive conditions which prevailed among those who were striving amid the most adverse circumstances to found a State. The act reads as follows:

> Section 1. Be it enacted by the Legislative Committee of Oregon that the executive power shall appoint an administrator to close up the estate of Ewing Young, deceased, and such administrator shall proceed as soon as possible to wind up the business of the estate.
>
> Sec. 2. That the executive power shall cause to be let out to the lowest bidder the building of a substantial log jail at Oregon City, to be finished at such time and manner as they may think proper, and shall take such bond and security as they shall deem sufficient to secure its completion.
>
> Sec. 3. That said administrator shall pay all moneys collected by him belonging to the estate of the said Ewing Young, deceased, to the treasurer of Oregon, whose duty it shall be to give the said administrator a receipt for the same.
>
> Sec. 4. That the sum of one thousand five hundred dollars is hereby appropriated for the building of said jail, to be paid out of the first moneys received by the said administrator of said estate, and in the event there is not so much received, then the balance to be paid out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.
>
> Sec. 5. That the faith of this government is hereby pledged for the payment of all moneys hereafter received from the administrator of the estate of said Young, whenever the same shall be lawfully claimed, and said claim established by the heirs or creditors of said Young.
>
> Sec. 6. That the executive power shall be authorized to receive a lot donated by John McLoughlin for the purpose of erecting said jail, which lot shall be conveyed to Oregon agreeably to a communication received from John McLoughlin addressed to a committee of this House appointed to wait on him.

Sec. 7. That said jail shall be used alike for the imprisonment of all criminals in Oregon.
Passed December 24, 1844.

(Signed) M. M. McCarver,
Speaker.

The reader will, of course, at once detect the contradictory dates in the foregoing account of the settlement of Ewing Young's estate, but they are found in the archives as printed here and it is impossible to arrive at a definite conclusion as to their accuracy. It is a fact well established, however, that the property of Young had been sold and the proceeds loaned to different individuals when the "executive power" decided to call them in and invest them in a jail that would accommodate "all the criminals in Oregon." It might be added here, *sub rosa,* that the inadequacy of such a jail now for such a purpose clearly indicates the phenomenal growth of the population of the Oregon Country since that far-away time when the log structure at Oregon City answered the purpose of incarcerating all the malefactors between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean—maybe.

One authority avers that the jail was built, as provided, and was burned to the ground some years afterward. By putting two and two together it may be inferred that the fire occurred soon after its completion, for it is recorded in the archives that on December 13, three years later, "Mr. Nesmith, from the committee on judiciary, to whom was referred that portion of the Governor's message relating to the erection of a jail, reported that it was deemed inexpedient in the present embarrassed condition of finance to incur the expense of a jail."

The inference is, of course, or at least one justifiable inference is, that the salutary effect of the log jail during its brief existence had been sufficient to disperse "all the criminals in Oregon," and that since there was no other estate unclaimed and available to be used for the erection of another one thousand five hundred dollar jail, the young Territory—as yet belonging to nobody—could proceed along its way very well without one. Blessed condition!

Although the value of the estate of Mr. Young was collected into the treasury, it was never regarded as the absolute property of the Territory. In the territorial liabilities twenty-six hundred and fifteen dollars is given as "collected from the estate of Ewing Young." In after years, when Oregon had been admitted into the Union, the value of his property was refunded to his son, Joaquin Young, who appeared and established his claim to the satisfaction of the authorities. Ewing Young, it seemed, had contracted a marriage with an Indian woman, in New Mexico, before going to California, the issue of which marriage was Joaquin, a personage who would have never been known in the history of Oregon if his father had died in the poorhouse—provided there had been one in Oregon.

When Ewing Young first came to Oregon he was of the opinion that the land would be disposed of in large grants, as in California. In accordance with this impression, he made claim to practically all of the Chehalem valley and was its nominal owner, without opposition, at the time of his death.

In 1845 there came to the valley a man named Sydney Smith, a grandnephew of Ethan Allen, of Ticonderoga fame, who secured employment on his farm. Young was said to be a hard man to get along with, but Smith appeared to understand him sufficiently well to smooth over the rough places and they were great friends at the time of Young's death. Smith was born in New York State in 1809 and came to Oregon with a score of other young men, making the entire trip on horseback. Upon Young's death and the settlement of his estate, Sydney Smith purchased as much of the land as he could lawfully hold, including the houses and other improvements. He was then thirty-two years old and single.

In 1845 there also came to the Chehalem valley a man named Daniel Bailey, from Missouri. He had a family consisting of his wife and several children, and hearing that a bachelor named Smith had a house not far away, he immediately went to see him with the hope that he would like to take a family in for the winter, for he had no place to go. Fortunately, the proposition met with Smith's approval, and the family moved in.

It may seem somewhat singular that 'way out here on this coast, so long ago as 1846, such things could happen, but it turned out that Bailey's second daughter, Miranda, looked good to Smith, and by Christmas time she began to suspect that such was his impression. In a few months more this suspicion proved to be well grounded.

So, one day in April—one Sunday, when the sun was shining gloriously and the meadow-larks, as if rejoicing at the turn things had taken, were making the air vibrant with their silver melody, Sydney Smith and Miranda Bailey were taking a stroll through the adjacent woods, talking, it may be supposed, of little nothings and of nothing in particular. As they walked along they noticed an acorn which, after spending the winter under a covering of leaves, had sent out a small sprout in search of a footing. Sydney carried the incipient oak in his hand until, as it happened, they came to the grave of Ewing Young, still covered with the low, square pen made of rails, which was placed there on the day of his funeral, five years previous.

On one of the top rails of this pen the young couple sat down to discuss such topics as were uppermost in their minds. Presently Smith suggested that they plant the acorn on the grave and watch for results. Accordingly he made a small hole in the dirt, Miranda placed the sprout in it and covered it with the toe of her shoe. They went home that day by a circuitous route, and before they arrived an agreement had been entered into that there should be a wedding in the immediate vicinity sometime during the year—and they knew who the contracting parties were to be.

So, on the seventh day of the following August Sydney Smith and Miranda Bailey were married and lived all their lives on the farm which he obtained from Ewing Young. During the summer of '46 several visits were made to the grave of Ewing Young to observe the growth of that acorn. It had, in fact, developed into an oak plant and reached the height of one foot in that season. It prospered without interruption in the years that came afterward and is to-day, at the age of sixty-five years, a sturdy tree forty feet in height, thirty inches in diameter. Standing, as it does, on the grave of Ewing Young, it constitutes the only monument to the memory of a man whose singular career had so much to do with the early history of Oregon.

Sydney Smith was one of the fifty-two Americans who carried the day at Champoeg on May 2, 1843, and his name is carved on the marble shaft which has been erected there. He died on his farm on September 18, 1880. Mrs. Smith is still living, a remarkably bright woman past eighty years of age, and is the owner of the old farm in the Chehalem valley. Her oldest daughter, Irene, is the wife of Dr. J. F. Calbreath, superintendent for eight years of the Oregon Hospital for the Insane, now a prominent physician of Portland.

CHAPTER XXIII

A pretty place is Champoeg, Marion County, Oregon. It is located on the east bank of the Willamette River, about thirty miles above Portland, or rather the spot is where Champoeg was in 1843 and where it continued to be until it was washed away in the great flood in the Willamette River in December, 1861. The magnificent French Prairie, which begins a few miles north of Salem, some twenty miles away, narrows in an irregular way as one travels toward the north until, as the Willamette is approached, the timber closes in occasionally only to give away again for a smaller opening of fertile land. Champoeg was located where the last of these small prairies touches the river, where the bank is at least forty feet above the water when at its average stage.

For the reason that the Indians who inhabited the Willamette valley naturally followed the open land as they journeyed to the river on their annual and other fishing trips, they made their Great Camp at the point where this route led them. It was for this reason that the Hudson Bay Company established a trading post at that point in the spring of 1843. Prior to that time, however, it had built a small warehouse there for the purpose of receiving wheat, which was raised in small quantities on the French Prairie. Dr. McLoughlin had discovered that the Russian traders toward the north were fond of wheat and were quite willing to give furs in exchange for it. The Doctor, being certain that wheat would grow to great perfection in the Willamette valley, as early as 1836 had induced Joseph Gervais to locate on the French Prairie and engage in that business. Others in a small way followed his example and a warehouse was erected at Champoeg—"The Place of the Camp"—to receive the new product, which was transported to

Vancouver and to Oregon City for the purpose of exchange.

F. X. Matthieu, who came to the French Prairie in September, 1842, and who is still living, assisted by another Frenchman, built an addition to this warehouse in the early spring of 1843, in which Dr. McLoughlin placed a small stock of goods. His company was thus enabled to take advantage of the disposition of the Indians to barter furs for bright colored articles of apparel. After that, Mr. and Mrs. No-Shirt, coming from the vicinity of Salem or Scio, could return home arrayed in all the hues of the rainbow and excite the envy, if not the admiration, of their copper-colored fellows in all the region 'round about.

As the early settlers in the Willamette valley by common consent regarded Champoeg as the most centrally located point for their occasional meetings, naturally it was chosen as the place where they should assemble to decide the momentous question whether or not an attempt should be made to effect a civil organization. It was, indeed, a day and an occasion fraught with wonderful consequences, as we look backward and consider the situation and the courage of the men who were directly behind it.

At the appointed hour one hundred and two men had assembled at Champoeg—May 2, 1843—in accordance with the call of the Committee of Twelve. As may be supposed, the atmosphere was charged with apprehension, uncertainty and a decided, though somewhat suppressed, feeling of bitterness; for the Hudson Bay men had come in force to vote against any sort of an organization. The Americans, on their part, had summoned every man from California to British Columbia! And, all told, there were one hundred and two men there to engage in a contest which probably would decide—and which actually did decide—whether a country half as large as the best portion of Europe should ultimately belong to the United States or to Great Britain.

It was a great day for millions yet unborn. The importance of it was fully appreciated by the Americans, for they were striving in the interest of the nation they loved, and while it must be admitted that their opponents were equally in earnest, their underlying motive was merely a desire to keep the country in the condition most favorable for the business of trapping.

The various records of that great meeting at Champoeg do not give its details. The records merely recite the results, together with the manner of taking the vote. F. X. Matthieu is now the only survivor of that gathering: singularly enough, it was his action and influence alone which decided the vote in favor of the Americans. Many times I have visited the old patriarch at his home on his magnificent farm, located near Champoeg, and listened with increasing interest to his narration of that incident and many others of surpassing historical value.

The fact is, many more people participated in the meeting than its promoters dared hope. Some men were compelled to travel more than a hundred miles on horseback or on foot, and though the meeting had been extensively advertised, and the interest was unbounded, it was not thought that even a hundred people would undertake the difficult journey. Mr. Matthieu says, however, it was hardly possible after adjournment to recall the name of an American settler who had neglected to respond to the call of duty on that day.

The meeting was called to order and Dr. I. L. Babcock chosen as presiding officer. Three secretaries were selected, Gray, Willson and LeBreton. Amid suppressed excitement, and some threats from both sides as to what would be the result if so and so should happen, the Committee of Twelve submitted a plan for the organization of a government which included a supreme judge, with probate powers, a clerk of his court who should be a recorder also, a sheriff, three magistrates, three constables, a treasurer, a major and three captains. It also provided for "the appointment of nine persons who should draft a code of laws to be submitted to a public meeting to be held at Champoeg on July 5, next."

After the report was read, or, in other words, after the red flag had been waved in the face of the English lion, the storm burst with great fury and all forms of parliamentary procedure were abandoned. One man got the floor and began "a few remarks," but soon discovered that there were several groups in the room engaged in a warm discussion "on the side." The noise, and the confusion which it necessarily precipitated, soon rendered the chairman powerless to preserve order or further direct the meeting. At this juncture he put the question on the motion to accept, which was about to be declared lost, when LeBreton demanded a division. This was seconded by William H. Gray, and as the room was too small to hold so large a gathering—a part of the men never having been able to get inside the door—everybody rushed for the outside, where it seemed for a moment that all would end in a dispersion without further results. Excited men were standing in groups gesticulating frantically, after the manner of Frenchmen, and talking vociferously in English and French, with a suggestion here and there of Spanish. LeBreton's motion was still "in the air," when that bold mountaineer and trapper—he of giant frame and courage unquestioned, Jo Meek—seeing the drift of things and the danger which confronted the Americans of losing all, suddenly shouted, "Who's for a divide? All in favor of organization follow me!"

The effect of Meek's impetuosity and characteristic "go," acted like magic upon the partially disconcerted and puzzled Americans. At once he strode to one side of the little prairie, the dimensions of which were a half-acre, and the Americans followed him to a man. Those opposed to organization remained in a group. A count disclosed the fact that there were fifty men with Meek and fifty opposed, with two men half-way between the opposing forces, not yet taking sides and engaged in a very earnest conversation. These men were F. X. Matthieu and Etienne Lucier—both Frenchmen.

The suspense lasted but a few moments, however, for the two belated debators suddenly turned and took their places with the Americans, who, having already "taken the count," knew the result. With hats flying in the air and handshaking going on with the utmost enthusiasm, they took possession of the "meeting," while the defeated participants mounted their horses and rode away.

It was a small contest, comparatively, waged three thousand miles and more from the capital of the United States by fifty-two men who were Americans either by birth or in sentiment, but in that hour a question was decided which without doubt resulted in the final acquisition of all the Northwest territory by our beloved Uncle Sam. Benton, Linn and their associates did valiant work for many years in behalf of this very consummation, but the most important link in the great chain which finally bound this country to the United States was welded on that day at Champoeg by that little band of determined and patriotic men. Chief among these—shall it not be said?—were Meek, Matthieu and Lucier. And the chief of this triumvirate was Matthieu, who, it was discovered immediately after the meeting was adjourned, had been in favor of an organization all the time; but finding Lucier undecided, and about to follow his fellow Frenchmen against the Americans, Matthieu arrested him en route to their camp and persuaded him to accompany him. It was, indeed, what would be called in modern slang "a close shave." Etienne Lucier at that time had a farm on French Prairie, but had previously been employed by the Hudson Bay Company. He had a home and family and Matthieu, not yet married, was living with him. The influence of the latter was sufficient to secure his support and the day was carried.

The meeting at once proceeded to elect officers in accordance with the plan adopted and chose A. E. Wilson, supreme judge; George W. LeBreton, clerk, and Joseph L. Meek, sheriff. The first Legislative Committee was composed of Robert Shortess, David Hill, Alanson Beers, William H. Gray, Thomas J. Hubbard, James O'Neil, Robert Moore, Robert Newell and William Doughty.

Before adjournment a resolution of instruction to the Legislative Committee was passed which read as follows:

> The sessions of the said Legislative Committee shall not last longer than six days; no tax shall be levied; the office of Governor shall not be created; the compensation of the members of the Legislative Committe shall be one dollar and twenty-five cents per day and the revenues of the territory shall be secured by voluntary contribution.

Oh, for another condition like that!—where there shall be no taxes levied, no revenues except voluntary contributions, legislators serving for a dollar and a quarter a day and—no Governors!

The first meeting of the Legislative Committee, the first of its kind, or of any kind, west of the Rocky Mountains in any part of the territory now constituting the United States, was held at the Methodist Mission ten miles below Salem. The building used was known as the "Granary," a story-and-a-half building, sixteen by thirty feet, with a square room in front. After having been successively used for a school and church and finally turned into a granary by the missionaries, it now became the Capitol of the "Oregon Country" about whose acquisition statesmen of national renown had wrangled with varying degrees of eloquence for more than twenty years.

The members appear to have appreciated the importance of the step they were taking and were as frugal in their disbursements as the "proletariat" could have wished. Alanson Beers and Dr. Babcock contributed enough to the public treasury to defray the entire expense of the first session and each of the members gave a sum equal to the amount of his pay. This session convened May 6 and adjourned four days later to re-convene June 27, which latter session was completed June 28.

The chief work of these two sessions was the preparation of an organic law which was submitted to the people at a mass-meeting held at Champoeg July 5 and ratified practically without opposition, the only note of discord arising from the proposition to create the office of Governor, in violation of the instructions of the meeting of May 2. Rev. Gustavus Hines, who presided, made a vigorous speech against the report in this particular, denouncing it as "the proposed triple executive, a hydra-headed monster—a repetition of the Roman Triumvirate." But the office was created as a sort of trinity, a three-in-one Governor, whose responsibility could not be definitely fixed.

Accordingly, Alanson Beers, Joseph Gale and David Hill were chosen as the Executive Committee to serve until a general election should be held in May, 1844.

In talking with F. X. Matthieu not long ago about that Champoeg meeting, prompted by curiosity, I asked him what kind of weather it was on that day. After thinking a moment, he said the sun was shining, he believed, as he remembered that the men were there in their shirt sleeves. But, he added, that fact would not necessarily indicate the kind of weather which was prevailing, since few of the men had any coats to wear, anyway!

His friend Lucier had been made to believe by his fellow Frenchmen that if a government was organized the few things they possessed would be so heavily taxed that it would be ruinous. Lucier had been told that if the Americans carried the day the tax on a single window-glass would be twenty-five cents, and Matthieu was laboring with him to disprove such an absurdity while the fifty impatient Americans were waiting to see where they would take their places.

"Besides," said Matthieu to him, "you know you have no window-glass in your house anyway, and won't, perhaps, for a long time. What difference will that make? It isn't so, anyway." So Lucier went with him, and Oregon was "saved."

Matthieu, who was then living with Lucier, says his only windows consisted of openings in the logs, which were covered with panther skins, carefully scraped so thin that they served the purpose very well.

"But you couldn't see out," I suggested to Mr. Matthieu.

"No," he replied quickly, "but nobody could look in, either!"

At intervals, for many years after Mr. Matthieu settled on his splendid farm on French Prairie, he shot deer from his front porch, but a few hundred yards from where the electric cars running from Portland to Salem now pass every hour at the rate of forty miles an hour!

CHAPTER XXIV

About the middle of December, 1899, the Oregon State Historical Society held its annual meeting in Portland and in the course of its proceedings passed a resolution deciding to appoint several committees of one each to locate exactly the different points of interest connected with the early history of the commonwealth—such as the precise spot where Lewis and Clark wintered near the mouth of the Columbia (Astoria) during their great exploration nearly a hundred years before, the spot where the Astor Fort was erected, and the particular place where the famous Champoeg meeting was held in May, 1843. This latter duty was assigned to me, since I was a native of Marion County and had spent most of my life there.

Accordingly, on the morning of May 1, 1900, I mounted my bicycle—bicycle riding was a very popular fad at that time—and proceeded toward Champoeg, some thirty miles away. I had previously made an appointment with Hon. F. X. Matthieu, who lived but three miles from Champoeg and who even then was the only man living who had participated in that meeting in '43. The arrangement was for me to go to his home, remain overnight, and in the morning, on the anniversary of the day the event took place, go over with him to the quiet little town and mark the spot where history was made by a lot of earnest men. Hon. George H. Himes, the secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, had also promised to be present.

I shall never forget that beautiful ride from Salem to Champoeg. It was a perfect day, with a firm north breeze, not a cloud in the sky; the roads were in good condition, the crops were growing splendidly, birds were singing everywhere, seemingly to be in harmony with

Nature's glad mood—it was, in short, just that sort of a day which is known in all its wealth of joy, beauty, and inspiration only in the Willamette valley in the spring and summer months.

I passed through the town of Gervais, where Joseph Gervais settled in the early '30's. At his home one of the meetings was held preliminary to the actual organization at Champoeg. The little city rests upon the bosom of the great French Prairie, now teeming with prosperous farmers whose land is worth more per acre now than a section was in the time of Gervais, and the main street is where the old barnyard was located in the days of Jason Lee.

Woodburn, the "metropolis of French Prairie," railroad junction and all-round pushing town, twenty miles away, was passed in the early forenoon, and Hubbard, four miles farther on, soon afterward. At this place a detour to the west was necessary to strike the old "Champoeg road" on which Father Matthieu lived.

Upon arriving at the celebrated old homestead I found that Himes, with a Portland photographer, was already there, but Mr. Matthieu was in Portland on business and had, in fact, forgotten his appointment with us. A long-distance telephone was brought into action and he replied that he would take the evening train for home. A team was sent to Aurora, the nearest station, and he arrived in time for supper.

To while away the afternoon, Himes and I took a long walk through the old woods, which encroach well upon the house on the west—a grove of tall firs which even to-day preserve much of their original beauty, and which are full of unspoken reminiscences reaching back to the days when Jo Meek, "Bob" Newell, Abernethy and their confreres passed through them clad in buckskin, following Indian trails.

Upon our return to the barnyard Himes proposed that we engage in a game of "horseshoes," the raw material for the process hanging on a long peg on the wall of the oats bin. This was agreed to, with the declaration on the part of each that he hadn't pitched a horseshoe for more than twenty years; but I soon afterward had reason to suspect that the versatile secretary of the Oregon Historical Society had forgotten his dates, and that a careful inspection of his premises at home would disclose a fully-equipped, up-to-date outfit for the game of quoits not to be surpassed at any cross-roads blacksmith's shop in the entire State! In fact, the game was so outrageously one-sided that, after a two-hours' siege, I called the contest (?) off and adjourned to the house, where I discovered that, the beautiful lawn in front of the pioneer's home needed some attention. I intimated as much to the women folk, who were enjoying the ideal afternoon on the broad front porch, from which one of the best views of Mt. Hood to be found anywhere in western Oregon is afforded. I was at once informed that a very good lawn-mower was in the woodshed! Game to the last, I expressed my undying fondness for pushing a lawn-mower—that in fact it was one of my particular pleasures in life; and to prove my sincerity, I mowed something like a half-acre of heavy blue-grass during the next hour and a half, much to the enjoyment of the demon Himes, who thought he saw an expression of regret on my face that I had been so needlessly gallant.

But Himes was mistaken. I am very fond of running a lawn-mower, and compared with it, as a pleasant pastime, pitching horseshoes is a dull, profitless, thankless, uninspiring and altogether foolish way of spending one's time! Anybody can pitch horseshoes, but it takes a positive genius to push a lawn-mower successfully—and look pleasant about it.

The next morning Mr. Matthieu, Mr. Himes, the photographer and I climbed into the carriage of our host and drove over to Champoeg along the road that had been familiar to Matthieu for all the sixty preceding years. As has been stated before, for many years after the pioneers met at Champoeg the town remained on the banks of the Willamette River and was quite a shipping point for all French Prairie, but it was completely washed away in December, 1861, after which it was rebuilt a half-mile back from the river on a bench, though the warehouse for the receipt of freight was replaced. With the advent of the railroad in 1870, however, this was abandoned, and now boats seldom touch at the historic old landing save for a passenger bound for some down-river point.

Arriving at the river's bank, it was a poem and song combined to see Mr. Matthieu as he stood taking in the situation, the grounds and directions. The point where the meeting was held had changed but little in the intervening time. It was then a small prairie, some fifty yards across, and had remained so, save that here and there was an oak "grub" which had managed to escape the interference of the settler's axe or the successful tramp of wandering stock. To our host who had not visited the spot for several years, the association appeared to recall the "days of auld lang syne." He was standing on the very spot where John McLoughlin had come in the early days to locate another trading post—McLoughlin who for thirty years was the Governor and dictator of all the Northwestern territory; Jo Meek had stalked across this little glade with all the impetuosity of a Roosevelt and in a dramatic manner had decided the fate of an empire; Lucier, the old friend of Matthieu, had here stood irresolute, puzzled as he listened to the call of his countrymen and his former associations on the one side, and to the admonitions of a new duty and the appeals of his strong-minded young friend on the other—and these, with all the other fifty-one men, had long years before passed through the Valley of Death!

For several minutes the old hero neither spoke nor gave answer to our questions; he seemed utterly indifferent to his surroundings. He was living in another age—a former generation which had passed away was receiving his attention and he was listening to other voices. It was a moment when neither Himes nor I felt disposed to talk. We let the old gentleman complete his communion, knowing well that we formed no part of the audience which was the background of the picture created by Matthieu out of the boundless field of memory.

Finally, turning around, he cast his eyes across the river and looked admiringly at the beautiful hills, just beyond which many of the first settlers had located and over which they had ridden on horseback to attend the meeting of May 2, 1843. By degrees he came to himself, and turning to us said:

"Pretty place, isn't it?"

Glad that he had completed his reverie, I asked him where the meeting was held—the exact spot. He quickly replied:

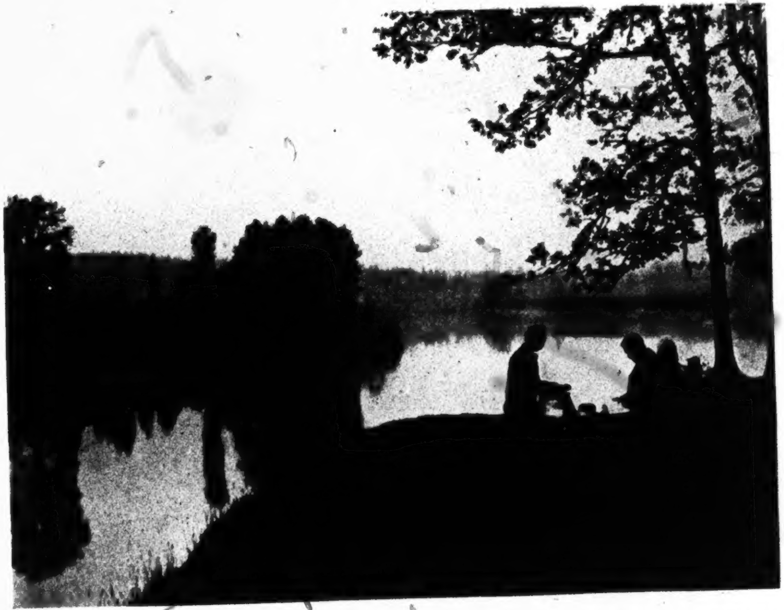
"Well, sir, it was held all around here. We didn't hold it in a house where everybody had a chair and a desk. We began it in a little room which the clerk of the store had, but it was too small, so we went outdoors and had it pretty much all over this prairie. But the storehouse was about there"—pointing—"and Jo Meek walked about there"—pointing again—"and we lined up with him all around *here*"—stepping away a few feet. "Why, sir, I can see him now, and almost hear him as he said: 'Who's in favor of a divide—follow me!'" Mr. Matthieu added that there could be no mistake whatever about the location being correct, for it was one that time would not change; and, besides, he had seen it every year or so since 1843—sometimes oftener.

At the time of our visit there was a small shack on almost the precise spot where the Hudson Bay Company's old store stood, occupied by the family of a man who was engaged in butchering cattle for the supply of the surrounding country. Of the woman in charge I borrowed an ax. With this I felled an oak tree about six inches in diameter and, with four feet of its body, made a stake. I then asked Mr. Matthieu to locate as best he could the exact spot where Meek stood during that exciting hour. After surveying the field for a minute, he said: "Well, drive it here." So, while I held it in an upright position for him, Mr. Matthieu took the ax and struck the first blow. After we had all taken our turn at it, the stake was firmly driven where the monument now stands.

The photographer took several pictures of the location and surrounding country, one of which, representing Himes, Matthieu and myself sitting on a point overlooking the river, will be found in these pages.

In the following January the Legislature appropriated a substantial sum for the purpose of erecting a granite shaft at Champoeg to mark the historic spot, and it was put in place in April. It has engraved on the four sides the names of the fifty-two men who voted for organization, together with a brief description of the great event it commemorates. It was dedicated on the second day of the following May, by appropriate exercises, in the presence of two thousand people, among whom were numbered many prominent men and women from all parts of the State. Addresses were made by Hon. H. W. Scott, editor of the *Morning Oregonian*, Hon. John Minto, and several others who had assisted in the claiming of the Oregon Country.

Each recurring May 2 since 1901 large assemblages have gathered in an old-fashioned picnic style to listen to the interesting story rehearsed by the old pioneers, who greatly enjoy the reunions.



F. X. MATTHIEU, GEORGE H. HIMES, SECRETARY OF THE OREGON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND THE AUTHOR, MAY 2, 1900, LOCATING THE SITE OF THE FAMOUS MEETING AT CHAMPOEG ON MAY 2, 1843

Facing Page 188

CHAPTER XXV

From many points of view Francis Xavier Matthieu is one of the most remarkable men now living in Oregon. Although April 2 of this year he reached the great age of ninety-three years, his mental powers are still entirely unimpaired, and barring his failing eyesight, he is in good form physically. He attended the celebration at Champoeg on May 2, as usual—he has never failed to be present—and was of course the guest of honor. His memory is faultless as to dates and incidents in the early life of the Oregon Country and especially is he free from the tendency to forget the names of his former associates, so noticeable in most people of advanced years.

Mr. Matthieu was born in Canada, near Montreal, on April 2, 1818, his parents being of French ancestry though themselves born in Canada. When twenty years old he took an active part in the Canadian rebellion, for which, upon its suppression, he was sought by the authorities. Not desiring an interview with them at the time, he hied himself away to an uncle's home, about sixty miles distant, where he remained a few months, or until his part in the unpleasantness was partially forgotten and the local government was in search of larger game.

When he felt comparatively safe, he had a call from Albany, New York, which he answered by making the journey, mostly during the hours between sundown and sunrise—to avoid the heat. He secured employment as a carpenter at Albany for a few months, then drifted out to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, remaining a few days at Fort Dearborn, the site where Chicago, with its more than two millions of inhabitants, now stands. In 1840 it was nothing but a frontier post with a small garrison.

From there he went to St. Louis where he secured employment with the American Fur Company, his particular duty being to sell whisky for furs to the Sioux Indians in the Dakotas. He frequently sold one gallon of whisky for fifteen buffalo skins—which in these days would be likened to "taking candy from a baby." That was a memorable trip, traveling from St. Louis with twenty wagons, drawn by forty mules, carrying two barrels of whisky to the wagon.

Mr. Matthieu remained with the Indians during one winter and it is surpassingly interesting to listen to his narration of his experiences. As a matter of personal safety he lived with the Indians much as they lived, for by following this course he avoided all trouble. He told me once that the only experience he had that even threatened to cause any difficulty was on the occasion of a feast of some sort which they observed with much pomp and attention to detail.

"They had prepared a dish of boiled dog," said Mr. Matthieu, "in fact, it was the only dish they had, and all hands sat around a kind of table while the fragments of dog meat, floating in a soup which was furnished in most liberal quantities, were served in huge bowls, most of which had been carved out of soft stone.

"Of course this was not a very appetizing meal for me, especially as I was perfectly familiar with the kind of dogs they raised and had seen their repulsive and lousy bodies around the camp for months. I had found I could do, in a sort of way, almost everything the Indians had required of me without a great deal of difficulty and thus had retained their good will; but I had to balk at this dog feast. And yet they were so impressed with the solemnity and importance of this particular ceremony that a refusal to partake with every show of appreciation would have been a plain affront.

"The fact was I was 'up against it'—I simply couldn't eat the dog meat or drink the soup, though the Indians were gulping it down with the same relish with which I would drink a cold lemonade on a warm day. And this fact proved my salvation. I pretended to be busy eating the floating delicacy, but in reality had not swallowed anything. The happy thought occurred to me to propose to the Indian by my side that if he would eat my bowl of soup I would give him a whole plug of tobacco. As an Indian is always hungry, he very eagerly accepted my offer and within a very short time he had surrounded both rations and still looked and acted hungry. I slipped him his plug of tobacco, and though it was worth two dollars in gold, if there had been any there, I thought it was the best trade I had ever made."

In the summer of 1842, being at Fort Laramie, Mr. Matthieu joined a company of people who were on their way to Oregon, making the trip with a few other young men on horseback. Arriving where The Dalles is now, about a dozen of them started for the Willamette valley over the Indian trail which passed along the north side of the base of Mt. Hood. On the evening of September 23 they camped near the snow line. During the night it turned bitterly cold and a light snow fell, and when morning arrived they discovered that several of their horses had died from the exposure and their gradual loss of vitality.

Mr. Matthieu's horse, however, had survived and in company with three or four others he pushed on to Oregon City, arriving on the afternoon of September 25. Even at that early date there was quite a settlement at Oregon City. Among those who had homes was Rev. A. F. Waller, of the immigration of 1840. True to the spirit of Western hospitality, Mr. Waller insisted that the new arrivals should have supper at his house, and, although they endeavored to persuade him that they were too ragged and untidy generally to go into a home, would take no refusal. They went to his house, the kitchen and sitting-room being one, and sat by a huge open fire while Mrs. Waller prepared the meal.

In relating this experience Mr. Matthieu said:

"Of course I was interested in Mr. Waller's description of the new country we were in and of its prospects, but I noticed that Mrs. Waller was cooking some very large potatoes—the first I had seen for two years. And when their aroma arose and filled the room, I forgot all about Waller's story as to what the Willamette valley offered to newcomers and was only interested in the perfection which potatoes appeared to reach in its apparently marvelous soil.

"Finally supper was ready and we took our places around the table, in the midst of which was a large dish filled and piled up with the finest potatoes I had ever seen, with their skins on and their white sides exposed in a way that was tempting beyond endurance.

"But the experience of the next few minutes was the hardest to bear. We were ready for the fray, or at least I was—when, to my disgust, I am ashamed to say—Mr. Waller leaned forward and began to 'say grace.' This I had not expected, and while it did not, perhaps, last longer than fifteen minutes it appeared to me that he prayed for everything from Adam to the missionaries at Salem. I know it seemed the longest 'grace' I ever heard, and the meal that followed was one to be remembered for many a day."

Mr. Matthieu, who made many trips from Vancouver to Champoeg by water, relates that in those days the river banks where Portland now stands were lined with such a dense growth of firs, willows, alder, vine maple and thorn, much of it overhanging the water, that it was impossible to land a canoe anywhere between Guild's Lake and the old White House.

He was one of the first justices of the peace for Champoeg County when its boundaries extended from the Willamette River to the "United States," wherever that mystical dividing line was, and he says that since there was no appeal from his findings he feels that he should have the pay allowed retired members of the Supreme Court of the United States, though he does not intend to test the matter through any sort of litigation. He has served as county commissioner of Marion County, two terms in the State Legislature and for many years was the agent of Dr. McLoughlin for the purchase and shipping of wheat from the French Prairie country to Oregon City. He still owns his beautiful farm, on which he settled in 1846, soon after his marriage, but in recent years has spent his winters with a son who lives in Portland. He is the father of fifteen children, seven of whom are living.

F. X. Matthieu has occupied a very important place in the history of Oregon, his motives always being patriotic and his judgment of the best. He is as good an American as though native-born and is now, in his ninety-fourth year, as keenly interested in current events as ever. He is entirely free from the tendency to become childish, accepts the infirmities of age with surprising philosophy and, in fact, has the best wishes of every man and woman in the State, of which he may justly be called a founder.

CHAPTER XXVI

The phrase "owning the earth" applied with almost no exaggeration to those who came to Oregon in the '40's. Not only were there no owners of the land individually nor of the country as a whole, but there were no boundaries, real or imaginary. Mexico was on the south and Canada on the north. To the east there was no legal obstacle until you passed over the Rocky Mountains, and even then the farthest stretches of the Louisiana Purchase were indefinite.

The first duty, therefore, which loomed large before the Legislative Committee was to stake out a claim. Any old boundary would answer the purpose and unquestionably would meet with no opposition. The first section of the organic law adopted by the people at Champoeg July 5, 1843, was as follows:

> For the purpose of temporary government, the Territory shall be divided into not less than three nor more than five districts, subject to be extended to a greater number when the population shall require it.

The law finally adopted provided as follows:

> First District, to be called the Tualitan District, comprising all the country south of the northern boundary of the United States, west of the Willamette or Multnomah River, north of the Yamhill River and east of the Pacific Ocean.
>
> Second District, to be called the Yamhill District, embracing all the country west of the Willamette or Multnomah River, and a supposed line running north and south from said river, south of the Yamhill River, to the parallel of forty-two degrees north latitude, or the boundary line of the United States and California and east of the Pacific Ocean.

> Third District, to be called the Clackamas District, comprehending all territory not included in the other three districts.
>
> Fourth District, to be called the Champoeg District, and bounded on the north by a supposed line drawn from the mouth of the Haunchauke River, and a supposed line running due east to the Rocky Mountains, east of the Willamette or Multnomah River, and a supposed line running due south from said river to the parallel of forty-two degrees north latitude, south by the boundary line of the United States and California, and east by the summit of the Rocky Mountains.
>
> The above districts to be designated by the name of Oregon Territory.

It is interesting to know that, in order to keep within their "jurisdiction," if they had any, and in order, also, that they might not contract any entangling alliances with foreign nations, the following oath was prescribed and taken by the members of the Legislative Committee and other officers: "I do solemnly swear that I will support the organic laws of the provisional government of Oregon, so far as the said organic laws are consistent with my duties as a citizen of the United States or a subject of Great Britain, and faithfully to demean myself in office, so help me God." On June 5, 1845, under the requirements of the amended organic law, George Abernethy was chosen the first Governor of Oregon and was re-elected in June, 1847, serving until the territorial government was established by Act of Congress and Oregon became a part of the United States.

It is worth observing, in passing, that the organic law adopted July 5, 1843, at Champoeg was passed upon by "the people of the Willamette valley in mass convention," thus inaugurating the "Oregon System" of the initiative and referendum, as it is known to-day in all parts of the country, at "the first rattle out of the box." Considering that we had a pure democracy here at the very beginning it is not difficult to understand how easily we accept the principle of "direct legislation" whenever it is presented to us for consideration.

The first session of the Legislature under the provisional government was held in the house of Theopholis McGruder, and convened December 2, 1845. Robert Newell was chosen speaker, J. E. Long, clerk and the owner of the house was elected sergeant-at-arms. The provisional Legislature consisted of but one House.

No matter what may be alleged of the extravagance of modern Oregon Legislatures, it must be admitted that the earliest of their predecessors was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of economy. For instance, on December 19, 1845, Governor Abernethy approved a law which contained this section:

> Section 2. The Governor of Oregon is hereby authorized to give public notice throughout Oregon, either by publishing the same in *the* newspaper or otherwise, that he will receive sealed proposals from all who may desire to give donations to the government for the purpose of erecting public buildings and locating the seat of government—said proposals to state the amount to be given and the kind of property in which it is to be paid.

Even two years later, on December 7, 1847, when the Legislature met at Oregon City, the record says that Mr. Hembree, from the committee appointed to procure a room, reported that "the room now occupied by Mr. Stephen Meek could be procured for one dollar and twenty-five cents a day, which report was adopted." But the record for the next day says that "upon the motion of Mr. Nesmith, the report was rejected."

No reason is assigned for this apparently disrespectful treatment of Mr. Meek's clever and patriotic offer, but the House "adjourned to meet at the Methodist Church in twenty minutes." The inference from this is that the Methodist Church could be had for nothing, and as there were no revenues except the money accumulating from voluntary contributions, the matter of saving one dollar and twenty-five cents a day for the rent of a Capitol was not to be lightly rejected.

It will be noticed that the call for sealed proposals for donations for a Capitol were to be published in "*the* newspaper." The truth of the matter was that at that precise date there was no newspaper published in this entire territory, but the prospectus for the *Oregon Spectator* had been issued and it was understood that there would be *a* newspaper in the near future. In fact, the first number of the *Spectator* was issued on Thursday, February 5, 1846.

At the beginning of the session of 1846 Mr. Meek made the following statement: "Mr. Speaker, the committee appointed to procure a room for the Legislature beg to report that they have discharged their duty by examining a room proposed by Mr. Knighton at two dollars a day and one by Mr. Card at —— a day. Taking everything into consideration, we recommend the former."

At the opening of the session of 1848, Mr. Crawford, of Marion County, announced: "Mr. Speaker, your committee, to whom was referred the procuring of a house in which to hold the present session of the Legislature, beg leave to report that they have examined several houses and have decided in favor of the one owned by G. W. Rice, which, together with the wood for the session, may be had for five dollars a day in scrip."

At least it may be said that here was a sign of progress, since the lawmaking body was willing to pay five dollars a day for the use of a Capitol—the wood in those days amounting to very little for one room—and Mr. Card was willing to accept the paper of the government in liquidation of his bill. The government was on the up-grade!

On July 20, 1849, though the territorial government was fully inaugurated, the resolution was introduced "That a committee of two be appointed by the House, to act in conjunction with a like committee to be appointed by the Council, to inquire into the expediency of the two Houses adjourning until after harvest." The resolution was adopted, adjournment was had on the 28th and the two Houses re-convened August 20. It is presumed that in the meantime the crops had been safely garnered.

The journal for the session of the Legislative Committee, held on May 9, 1843, recites that "the House adjourned by uniting in prayer"– a precedent that should by all means be followed in these later days, in many cases, accompanied by fasting, assuming always, of course, that the efficacy of prayer is no longer a doubtful proposition.

On June 30, 1845, Mr. Gray presented a communication from Rev. H. Clark, "resigning his position as chaplain of the House," and on the following day Mr. Garrison reported that "your committee appointed to secure a chaplain have been unable to find any person to perform the duties of that office."

The appropriation bill for the year 1845 amounted to $1035,—$500 of it going to the payment of the members, $40 to the clerk of the House and $20 to the engrossing clerk. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the sums expended for clerk hire during the recent sessions of the Oregon Legislature have, in the main, somewhat exceeded this amount.

The annual session of the Legislative Committee met at the house of J. E. Long, in Oregon City, December 16, 1844, when the territorial treasurer reported the following state of finances: "Received from the collector of taxes, $3,313.31; for license, two ferries, $40; one fine, $5. Total receipts, $3,358.31. Expended for stationery, $20.38; Judge Babcock's salary, $60; services of secretary in House, $20. Total, $115.38."

Marion County, the home of Salem, the State capital, was called Champoeg County until the territorial Legislature changed it to Marion by a special act September 3, 1849. On August 28, the same year, it was resolved that "the county seat of Champoeg County be, and the same is, hereby located at the town of Salem, in said county." In the early records the word is spelled "Champoeg," "Champoore," and "Champooick."

It is a matter to be regretted that the name of that county was ever changed. It is an Indian name and fully as euphonious as Multnomah, Clatsop, Clackamas or Tillamook, and should have been preserved with them as a link perpetually binding the State and its landmarks with the early efforts and associations of our fathers. Of course, the word has a permanent place in Oregon history, not only by reason of the location where the first organization for a local government was held, but because the little town of Champoeg will grow with the expansion of the State's population and will be with us always.

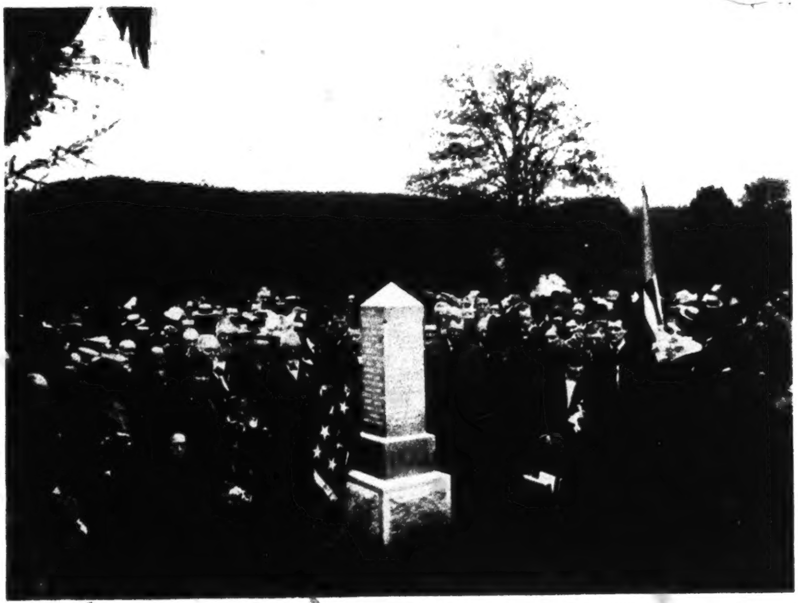
The spelling of the word has since settled down to plain "Champoeg," but the different ways of pronouncing and printing it in the early days may be easily accounted for. The fact is, the proper spelling of an Indian word can never be determined, for the reason that it belongs to a language that is spoken only. To attempt to express such a word in the letters of the English language that must be caught by the ear is futile. A "buck" Indian with his blankets drawn about him, the upper rim held on a level with his mouth, expressing his thoughts in guttural sounds, is not an inspiration—or would not be—to the short-hand reporter who wanted to make an accurate transcript of the orator's deliverance.

On the Pacific Coast there are thousands of Indian words which have been Americanized by their permanent adoption as the names of places, but their spelling has been settled by common usage only. Indeed, a language that has no written expression is but a degree superior in its intelligence to that of animals, and any extended discussion of the question is wholly profitless.

By way of a slight digression, it may be here remarked that the gibberish employed by many of our most noted actors and singers is little more intelligible than the grunts and "huh" of the blanketed Indians. Much complaint is heard of the small audiences which, in the United States, usually greet operatic companies that "perform" in foreign languages, rendering beautiful and famous compositions in German, French and Italian, when the average man has a very natural desire to understand the accompanying words and to get at least some idea of the meaning of the production. In order to appreciate intelligently the effort of the artist it is necessary that an audience should have some inkling as to whether the emotion portrayed by the singer is the result of unrequited love, the death of a near relative, or, mayhap, the excessive demonstration of joy over a wedding, prospective or otherwise.

But all this is left to mere conjecture when the words employed are Greek to the listeners, who are wondering why it was not all avoided in the first place, since it has caused so much difficulty and misunderstanding. It leaves the astonished auditor to speculate as to whether the singer is controlled by fear, joy or rage, and obliges those of the assemblage who are Americans to watch their neighbors of foreign extraction to get the cue before they can summon the proper emotion for the occasion.

But while this is true, did you ever consider that we are practically in the same dilemma when we attend church and attempt to follow the choir in the rendition of the words accompanying the songs? As a rule, not one word in a dozen can be distinguished, and as to "following" the sentiment which it is assumed they are conveying, it is out of the question. We do not mean to say that the singing by our church choirs is not highly appreciated, for, with due deference to the productions of our able and eloquent pastors, the singing is one of the very best features of the average church service, but it leaves much to the imagination—except, of course, the splendid harmonies, the rich crescendoes and diminuendoes, the high C's and pretty hats, which, happily, do not succeed in fully eclipsing the faces of the



DEDICATING CHAMPOEG MONUMENT, MAY 2, 1901, F. X. MATTHIEU HOLDING THE FLAG

Facing Page 200

female singers, beautiful and otherwise. But as for the song itself, it might as well be rendered in Italian, since the congregation must rely altogether upon the trusted singers to execute that only which it is proper for churchgoers to hear.

The truth is that we accept many things in this life on faith, after all. The frenzied actor who, rushing out on the stage, pours forth a torrent of incoherent words at the rate of seven hundred a minute, simply stupefies his audience; and the situation is not a whit relieved by the assurance that he is raving in English, for a fit thrown in French would probably be more appropriate, and certainly as intelligible.

This tendency toward the use of gibberish, with the assumption that it fully gratifies the desires of an expectant public, is apparently one of the settled features of our civilization. The brakeman pokes his head into the rear door of his car and shouts to the passengers that the next station will be "Scat-Zip," and the average person has no more idea what the next station will really be than if the said brakeman were an Alaskan totem pole. And an interesting phase of the brakeman's stunt is that he appears to be satisfied that he has performed a duty imposed upon him by his superiors, and the question whether or not the passengers have received any information seems to be a side issue wholly unworthy of consideration.

So it does not matter so much, after all, whether we sing in German, French or Italian, or whether we understand it at all, or spell it Champoeg or Champooick, since most of the things done and attempted in this life leave us with a guess coming anyway.

CHAPTER XXVII

General Joseph Lane became the first Governor of the new Territory of Oregon by Presidential appointment, his commission being dated August 18, 1848. He was a resident of Indiana, had served with distinction in the Mexican War and also a term in the Legislature of the Hoosier State. He was born in Buncombe County, North Carolina, December 14, 1801.

He came to Oregon during the winter of 1848, traveling by way of New Mexico, Arizona and California, and arrived at Oregon City, the territorial capital, March 2, having pulled an oar part of the time en route from Astoria. On March 3 he wrote and issued his proclamation, and on March 4, the last day of President Polk's administration, was sworn in and assumed his new duties.

From that day until his retirement from his short service in the United States Senate on March 4, 1861, no man was better known or had wider influence in the Territory than he. In fact, there was no time that he was not holding an important public position, either by Presidential appointment or by the suffrage of the people. Whatever "Jo" Lane wanted was his for the asking.

On June 18, 1850, he resigned his position as Governor, assuming that he had been superseded by the appointment of a Whig, since General Taylor had been elected in November, 1848, and it was not a part of General Lane's make-up to be caught napping. But for once his anticipations were ill-founded and there was an interim during which the secretary of the Territory acted as the Governor.

On June 2, 1851, General Lane was elected as the delegate to Congress. After serving one term he was again appointed Governor by President Pierce, but after qualifying and serving for three days, resigned to become again the Democratic candidate for Congress. He was elected and was continued in that position until his election as one of the first United States Senators under the State Constitution. He served in this position from February 14, 1859, until March 4. During the summer of 1860 he had been nominated by the pro-slavery wing of the Democratic party for Vice-president, as the running mate with Breckinridge, but was defeated. After the expiration of his term in the Senate he retired to his farm in the Umpqua valley, which had been his home during all his residence in Oregon, and there died April 19, 1881, aged eighty years.

I saw General Lane at the State Fair grounds at Salem during the Pioneer Meeting, in 1879, where, upon the invitation of the people who were present, he delivered a short address. I remember that even at his advanced age he exhibited that same nervous spirit which had characterized him through life, whether leading a charge in the mountains of Mexico or planning a convention of delegates.

I am disposed to incorpate here an extract from an address by Colonel Nesmith, in which he gives a most interesting account of a meeting with the Rogue River Indians at the close of the war with them in 1853, the purpose being to agree upon terms of peace. It not only throws an interesting side-light upon the character of General Lane, but presents another instance of the dangers which the early settlers encountered in the transformation of Oregon into a peaceful and prosperous State. Colonel Nesmith said in his address:

> The accession of Captain Smith's company, with my own, gave General Lane a force sufficient to cope with the enemy, then supposed to be about seven hundred strong. The encampment of the Indians was still on the side of the mountain of which Table Rock was the summit, and at night we could plainly see their camp-fires, while they could look directly upon

us. The whole command was willing and anxious to fight, but General Lane had pledged the Indians that an effort should be made to treat for peace. Superintendent Palmer and Agent Culver were upon the ground. The armistice had not yet expired and the 10th was the time fixed for the council.

On the morning of that day General Lane sent for me and desired me to go with him to the council ground, inside the Indian encampment, to act as interpreter, as I was master of the Chinook jargon. I asked the General upon what terms and where we were to meet the Indians. He replied that the agreement was that the meeting was to take place within the encampment of the enemy, and that we should be accompanied by ten other men of his own selection, unarmed. Against those terms I protested, telling the General that I had traversed that country five years before and had fought those same Indians; that they were notoriously treacherous, and in early times had earned the name of "Rogues" by never permitting a white man to escape with his scalp when once within their power; that I knew them better than he did, and that it was criminal folly for eleven unarmed white men to place themselves voluntarily within the power of seven hundred well-armed hostile Indians, within their own encampment.

I reminded him that I was a soldier in command of a company of cavalry, and was ready to obey his orders to lead my men into action or to discharge any soldierly duty, no part of which, however, was to go into the enemy's camp as an unarmed interpreter.

The General listened to my protest and replied that he had fixed the terms of meeting the Indians and would keep his word, and that if I was afraid to go I could remain behind. When he put it upon that ground I replied that I thought I was as little acquainted with fear as he was, and that I would accompany him to what I feared would be our slaughter.

Early on the morning of September 10, 1853, we mounted our horses and set out in the direction of the Indian encampment. Our party consisted of General Joseph Lane, Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs, Samuel P. Culver, Indian agent, Captain A. J. Smith, and several others. After riding a couple of miles across the level valley we came to the foot of the mountains, where it was too steep for horses to ascend. We dismounted, hitched our horses, and after scrambling up for a half a mile over huge rocks and through brush, found ourselves within the Indian stronghold, just under the perpendicular cliff of Table Rock, surrounded by seven hundred fierce and well-armed hostile savages, arrayed in all their gorgeous war-paint and feathers.

Captain Smith had drawn out his company of dragoons and left them in line on the plain below. It was a bright, beautiful morning and the Rogue River valley lay at our feet like a panorama; the exact line of dragoons, sitting statue-like on their horses, with their white belts and burnished scabbards and carbines, looked as if engraved upon a picture, while a few paces in our rear the huge perpendicular wall of Table Rock towered frowningly many hundred feet above.

The business of the treaty commenced at once. Long speeches were made by General Lane and Superintendent Palmer, which had to be translated twice. When an Indian spoke the Rogue River tongue it was translated by an Indian interpreter into Chinook for me, when I translated it into English. When Lane or Palmer spoke the process was reversed. This double translation of long speeches made the labor tedious and it was late in the afternoon when the treaty was completed and signed.

In the meantime, an episode occurred which came near terminating the treaty, as well as the representation of one of the "high contracting" parties in a sudden and tragic manner. About the middle of the afternoon a young Indian came running into camp stark naked and with the perspiration running from every pore. After making a brief harangue he threw himself upon the ground, apparently exhausted. As his speech had created a great tumult amongst his tribe, General Lane told me to inquire of the Indian interpreter the cause of the commotion. The Indian responded that a company of white men on Applegate Creek, under the command of Captain Owen, had that morning captured an Indian known as Jim Taylor, tied him to a tree and shot him to death. The hubbub and confusion among the Indians at once became intense and murder gleamed from each savage eye. The Indian interpreter told me that the Indians were threatening to tie us up to trees and serve us as Owen's men had served Jim Taylor. I saw some Indians gathering up lasso ropes, while others drew the skin covers from their guns and wiping-sticks from their muzzles. There appeared to be a strong probability that our party would be subjected to a sudden volley.

I explained as briefly as I could what the interpreter had communicated to me, and in order to keep our people from huddling together and thus making a better target for the savages I used a few English words not likely to be understood by the Indian interpreter, such as "disperse" and "segregate." In fact, we kept so close to the savages and so far separated from one another that any firing must have been nearly as fatal to the Indians as to the whites.

While I admit I thought my time had come and hurriedly thought of wife and children, I noticed nothing but coolness among my companions. General Lane sat on a log with one arm bandaged in a sling, the lines about his mouth rigidly compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed fire. He asked brief questions and gave sententious answers to what little the Indians said to us. Captain Smith, who was prematurely gray-haired and was afflicted with snappy eyes, leaned upon his cavalry saber and looked anxiously down upon his well-formed line of dragoons in the valley below. His eyes snapped more vigorously than usual and muttered words escaped from under the white mustache of the old dragoon that did not sound like prayers. His squadron looked beautiful, but, alas! they could render us no service.

I sat down on a log close by old Chief Joe, and having a sharp hunting knife under my shirt kept one hand near the handle, determined that there should be one Indian made "good" about the time the firing commenced.

But in a few moments General Lane stood up and began to speak very slowly and distinctly. He said:

"Owens, who has violated the armistice and killed Jim Taylor, is a bad man. He is not one of my soldiers. When I catch him he shall be punished. I promised in good faith to come into your camp with ten other unarmed men to secure peace. Myself and men are placed within your power; I do not believe you are such cowardly dogs as to take advantage of our unarmed condition. I know that you have the power to murder us and can do so as quickly as you please; but what good will our blood do you? Our murder will anger our friends and your tribe will be hunted from the earth. Let us proceed with out treaty, and instead of having war have lasting peace." Much more was said in this strain by the General, all rather defiant and nothing of a begging character. The excitement gradually subsided after Lane promised to give a fair compensation for the defunct Jim Taylor in shirts and blankets.

The treaty of September 10, 1853, was completed and signed, and peace restored for the next two years. Our party wended its way down the rocks to where our horses were tied and mounted. Old A. J. Smith galloped up to his squadron and gave a brief order. The bugle sounded a note or two and the squadron wheeled and trotted off to camp. As General Lane and party rode across the valley, we looked up and saw the rays of the setting sun gilding the summit of Table Rock. I drew a long breath and remarked to the General that the next time he wanted to go into a hostile camp unarmed he must hunt up some one besides myself to act as his interpreter. With a benignant smile he remarked: "Bless you, sir, luck is better than science."

On account of his extreme sympathy with the South through the war General Lane was bitterly hated by many of our people during that period. His advocacy of slavery had divided the Democratic party in Oregon for several years before the affair at Fort Sumter, which resulted in his downfall politically. One of his most influential opponents in his own party was Colonel Nesmith himself, his successor in the United States Senate, but long before he died former animosities were forgotten and he and Nesmith were the same cordial friends as of yore.

Lane was a born general and politician, at home either in the field of diplomacy or where shot and shell were laying their victims low. It was said at the time he secured the passage of the enabling act which admitted Oregon into the Union that the representation of the extent of our population, notoriously below the legal requirement, was so "manipulated" by him, having in view his election to the Senate as a consequence, that his constituents, although rejoicing in his triumph, were ashamed to look one another in the face for a full year afterward. I distinctly remember hearing my father and his neighbors discussing the wonderful feat and denouncing Lane, whom they disliked, since they had "split" with him on the slavery question.

His opponents used to enjoy relating the following story at his expense, to illustrate his vein of diplomacy in the political realm.

He was returning to his home in the Umpqua valley, after an absence of a year in Congress, when he stopped at a house but three miles from his own to exchange greetings—for he was a candidate for re-election. Mrs. Smith was at home, and in the course of conversation told him of a new variety of cucumbers she had raised the year before, giving him a handful to take home for his own planting. With that engaging politeness which he always exhibited, especially toward the women, he accepted them and thanked her profusely, after again inquiring after the welfare of the men folks, who were out in the field.

When he arrived within a mile of home, passing another neighbor's house, he stopped to show his good will and the great esteem in which he held the family—for there were three voters who belonged there—and as he started away he said: "By the way, Mrs. Jones, here is a package of cucumber seeds which I brought all the way from Washington for you folks, and they are said to be the best variety known and remarkable for the great amount they yield."

Mrs. Jones accepted them with expressed pleasure, saying: "Well, I declare, if these seeds aren't done up in a piece of calico just like that dress Polly Smith had last summer!"

But the old General, who was solicitously inquiring about Tom and Ben, pretended not to hear the remark about the singular coincidence.

CHAPTER XXVIII

One morning in the spring of 1859, when our home was in Silverton, twelve miles east of Salem, as I was playing in a thicket of hazel bushes back of the barn in company with the Wolfard children—we were trying to locate the nest of some wrens which were flying about and filling the air with their musical chattering—we heard a cannon booming in the direction of Salem. Perhaps I should have said *the* cannon, for I have understood since that there was but one in Salem at that time. At once I ran into the house and in an excited manner inquired of my mother why the cannon was being fired, for at other times we had heard it at Salem and had learned that it always meant the happening of some event out of the ordinary.

My mother replied that Oregon had been admitted to the Union, and that hereafter it would not be a territory but a state. As I remember it now, I understood what the difference was, in a vague sort of way, having been studying the matter in my geography lessons, but I do not recall that I had any knowledge of the effort to effect the change. I remember very well, however, that immediately I asked my mother what the new name of the Territory would be—seeming to have the notion that the transition of a territory into a state had something of a nature of a matrimonial affair, in which the bride comes through with an entirely new name. And I also recall distinctly the feeling of disappointment I felt when I was told that its name would not be changed at all. I resumed my quest for the nest of the elusive wrens in a decidedly despondent frame of mind—of temporary duration, however—over the evidence I had had that the birth of a state was an event without significance and entirely void of interest.

The Constitutional Convention had met in Salem on August 17, 1857, in accordance with the provisions of an act of the territorial Legislature, passed on the twelfth day of the preceding December, authorizing a convention to be held. It was a body of remarkable men—all in their intellectual and physical prime, full of laudable purposes and the determination to accomplish them. When the Convention was called to order, A. L. Lovejoy, one of the founders of Portland, was elected temporary president, on motion of Mathew P. Deady, who himself was afterwards made the permanent president.

Mr. Deady was afterwards appointed United States District Judge for the State of Oregon and for twenty years occupied that exalted and responsible position—until his death, indeed—acquiring a reputation for a profound knowledge of the law and distinguished by the upright discharge of the onerous duties resting upon him.

The next motion was made by Lafayette Grover for the choice of a secretary. Mr. Grover's career, notable because of the many high positions he afterward held in the new State, has already been noticed in these pages.

The third motion was made by Hon. Reuben P. Boise, providing for the appointment of a credentials committee. Mr. Boise lived to be ninety years of age, serving the people of Oregon almost continuously for fifty years in either the Circuit or Supreme Court, and only retired when he was past eighty-five years of age, full of honors and bearing the esteem of all our people.

The fourth motion was made by Hon. George H. Williams, referring to the allotment of seats. Judge Williams afterwards served the people in the United States Senate, and for four years afterwards was Attorney General of the United States in the Cabinet of President Grant. He lived to be eighty-seven years of age and passed away in 1910. During the last twenty years of his life he was universally known as "Oregon's grand old man."

The fifth motion was made by Hon. James K. Kelly, a lawyer of great learning, who afterward served a term in the United States Senate and lived to a ripe old age. He was at one time a member of the State Senate, declined an appointment as United States District Attorney, offered him by Attorney General Jeremiah S. Black, and was afterward Chief Justice of the Oregon Supreme Court.

These five motions having been made and disposed of by the Convention, that body adjourned until the following morning. It was an official gathering of sixty men whose pioneer methods were in evidence at all stages of their proceedings. It was soon resolved that the daily sessions should begin at eight o'clock in the morning, and this resolution was carried out to the letter.

Before the first week had elapsed the question of reporting the proceedings of the Convention came up for consideration. The expense of it was a stumbling-block, for, be it remembered, it was but ten years previous that the territorial Legislature had refused to appropriate money for the purpose of building a jail, for the reason that the "state of the finances would not permit it."

A committee was appointed to confer with a competent reporter as to the expense of such work, which, by Hon. Delazon Smith, chairman, reported as follows:

> Mr. Pearne proposed to your committee that he would report speeches and other proceedings of this body one-third of the time of its sittings for the period of thirty days for the sum of three hundred dollars. To the application of your committee Mr. Malone returned the following answer in writing: Both Mr. Pearne and Mr. Malone, if employed by the Convention to report its proceedings, expect and agree to look for their compensation to the sources specified in the resolution under which your committee was appointed.

This report was adopted, when David Logan, afterward three times the Republican candidate for Congress, but on each occasion defeated by a very small margin, offered this substitute:

> Resolved, That it is inexpedient to have the proceedings of this Convention reported at the expense of either the Territory or the State.
>
> Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to employ competent persons to report the proceedings and debates of this Convention;
>
> *Provided,* Said reporters shall receive no compensation except such as may be paid by the Federal Government or by the individual members of the Convention;
>
> *And provided further,* That in case such expense is paid by the members of the Convention, each member shall pay in proportion to the amount or bulk reported for him, to be estimated by the reporter and approved by the Convention.

Mr. Smith then withdrew his motion and Mr. Logan his proposed substitute; but it should be said of this last proposition by Mr. Logan that, if adopted and enforced in some Oregon Legislatures I have known, many members would have emerged from their experience hopelessly bankrupt—no matter what the condition of their personal exchequers.

How the question was settled is not given in the proceedings. It has always been a matter of deep regret that the debates in that distinguished body were not reported, if not in full, at least in some measure, for in after years matters of far-reaching importance have been the source of disturbing differences between the people and of vexation in the courts because of the lack of any definite information as to the intention of the framers of the Constitution concerning them.

For instance, the question of salaries of State officers has caused discussion, since the Constitution plainly says that the Governor "shall have a salary of one thousand five hundred dollars per annum"; but for the past twenty years that officer has been allowed more than twice that sum by indirection, the method pursued being to allow him additional amounts for his services as a member of different boards, whose duties are plainly a part of his constitutional obligations as the chief executive officer of the State.

Most of the other State officers, including the members of the Supreme Court, were subject to this provision, but the amount was so glaringly insufficient that an easy construction of the clause has been to the effect that it meant the Governor should have *at least* one thousand five hundred dollars a year. He should have that much, said the Constitution, and, by inference, as much more as the Legislature might see proper to allow.

Recently, however, the entire matter of salaries has been adjusted by the enactment of a "Flat Salary Law," by the terms of which the question has finally been placed beyond the pale of cavil.

Taken as a whole, however, the Constitution formed by the Fathers of Oregon in 1857 has stood the test well. There has never been a constitutional convention held since, and it was not amended in any particular for more than forty years, though several attempts to do so were made. Until recent years the people have shown a sort of reverence for the old instrument that in some instances has been quite remarkable. Even to-day it contains a clause which prohibits free negroes living in the State, and this requirement was so palpably absurd since the Civil War amendments to the Federal Constitution were adopted, that a proposition was made about ten years ago to rescind this survival of the days of slavery; but the people refused by an overwhelming majority to abolish the free negro clause. It stands to-day, notwithstanding the broad scope of the "Oregon System" in the matter of "doing things" to the Constitution of the State.

The only record of the proceedings of the Oregon Constitutional Convention in existence, or which was ever made, consists of a small pamphlet of one hundred pages, containing but a bare recital of the motions made and their purport. The opinions of the men who were its framers are seldom given, even in brief. It is recorded, however, that when the Convention tried for several days, without success, to settle satisfactorily the matter of salaries, Mr. Watkins, of Josephine County, offered this resolution:

> Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention, twelve dollars and fifty cents is an ample salary for the Governor, provided that after the good old schoolmaster fashion, he boards around, and that the committee of the whole be instructed so to report.

But the effort of Mr. Watkins in the interest of public economy was defeated and the question was submitted for further consideration.

The Convention adjourned *sine die* on the afternoon of Setember 18, having been in session just thirty days. The delegates constituted a body of especially able and level-headed men, many of them lacking education, but endowed with a remarkable sense of justice and moved by a sincere desire to give their posterity an organic law which should successfully stand whatever strain might be put upon it in years to come.

After the lapse of nearly fifty-four years, as these lines are written—May 31, 1911—William H. Packwood, a member of that body from Curry County, now a resident of Baker City, alone survives.

CHAPTER XXIX

My parents were married at the home of my mother on Howell's prairie, seven miles east of Salem, on October 14, 1848. My father was one month past twenty years of age and my mother lacked a month of being fifteen. But the reader should not be too free in his denunciation of such a proceeding, for, really, my mother was getting along in years—approaching the period of old maidhood, in fact—when compared with many of the girls who married in Oregon in those days.

It was not unusual for a girl to enter the married state at the age of twelve, and I recall one instance where the parents of a girl of ten years consented to her marriage to a man ten years her senior (!) and the ceremony was duly celebrated. Congress had passed the Donation Land Act in September, 1850, by the terms of which every man and his wife were permitted to "take up" a mile square of land—six hundred and forty acres—and it was this incentive which induced so many youthful marriages. In the case to which I have referred, an agreement was made by the groom to permit the wife to remain with her parents until she had arrived at the age of womanhood, say twelve years; but the fact was he took her home with him within a year after the marriage—and "they lived together happily ever afterward." Indeed, many of their children were my schoolmates in after years.

Immediately after their marriage my parents settled on a claim just across the Willamette River from Champoeg, where my father worked much of the time during the next two years at cutting logs and rafting them down the river to Oregon City. When the Donation Land Act was passed, however, he decided to take advantage of it. He at once went to the Waldo Hills, in Marion County, and located a claim two miles southeast of the homestead of Daniel Waldo, the first settler anywhere in that section, after whom that famous part of Oregon was named.

Here my father proceeded to build a small house, in which, four months afterward, my eyes first saw the light of day. Not in any region of the United States is there a more beautiful country than the Waldo Hills. Diversified with rolling, scattering groves of oak, ash, fir and other timber, with abundant streams of running water for every farm, fertile soil adapted to the production of nearly every article of food known to this zone, with the Cascade Mountains on the east and the Coast Range on the west forming the horizon in either direction, and the great peaks, Hood, Ranier, Adams and Jefferson always in view, "The Hills" never fail to charm the visitor and furnish a picture enchanting to those fortunate enough to reside there.

This is a good time and place to say a few words about Daniel Waldo, one of the best known of the very early Oregon pioneers, and a man of great force of character. He was born in Indiana, but when barely of age, moved down to Missouri, where he engaged in the sawmill business for a few years. There he married and soon afterward went to southwestern Missouri, to what was popularly known as the "Platte Purchase," where he engaged in stock raising and general farming.

He had left Indiana on account of the prevalence of the fever and ague, but he discovered, after acquiring a splendid tract of two thousand four hundred acres in the Platte Purchase, that the dread scourge flourished in that section with an effect equally deadly. After suffering from the debilitating ravages of this most relentless enemy of humankind, the winter of 1842 arrived, bringing with it an active discussion of the opportunities offered in far-away Oregon for rich lands and a more salubrious climate. The advisability of going to Oregon in the spring had been considered by the family and the decision made to join the company which was about to form for the great westward journey.

One day in January, 1843, Mr. Waldo, upon his return from the little store where the neighbors were accustomed to congregate occasionally, announced to his wife that he had about decided to abandon his intention of going to Oregon—that they had been discussing the matter at the store—that there were no roads out that way, no bridges, on which to cross the rivers, hostile Indians were on every hand, ready to murder them—in short, most of the boys had about decided to postpone the trip for a few years, at least, until the prospects were more encouraging, etc.

To all of this Mrs. Waldo listened without offering any interruption, the while washing the supper dishes. When he had finished, and assumed that he had dismissed the case, his wife poured out the dishwater, and while she dried the pan with a cloth, using more speed and vigor than usual, she said:

"Well, Dan Waldo, if you want to stay here another summer and shake your liver out with the fever and ague, you can do it; but in the spring I am going to take the children and go to Oregon, Indians or no Indians. They can't be any worse than the chills and fever!"

The result was that the matter of going to Oregon was "compromised" between husband and wife and the trip was pulled off according to schedule.

In the company of the Applegates, who were their neighbors in Missouri, the Waldos made the trip to the Willamette valley in the summer of 1843, being members of the first train that ever brought wagons across the Cascade Mountains. Upon his arrival Mr. Waldo at once proceeded to the Mission below Salem, for in those days there was no other place to go. He had brought with him about one hundred head of cows—a fortune in itself at that time—and was in search of grazing and farming lands.

The Mission was on a river bottom, a location which suggested fever, chills and quinine to Mrs. Waldo, and, not understanding that the ague is not known in Oregon in any altitude, the thought of locating there was rejected at once. But it was a large country, with almost the earth to choose from. The next morning after his arrival Waldo, seeing through the smoky atmosphere a low range of hills off to the eastward, after his breakfast mounted a horse and rode in that direction. For the first three miles he traveled over a level prairie, but after that he rode into the foothills, where a land which suggested the "flowing of milk and honey" was spread out before him. He rode on until, by a singular coincidence, near where the town of Aumsville now stands, he found a man named Burroughs whom he had known in Missouri, living in a tent and trapping beaver. After a little talk, Burroughs told Waldo that a few miles to the north there was a location in the midst of a natural amphitheatre, with a spring of water coming to the surface at the root of a huge fir tree, with mighty oaks near by, and thousands of acres of rolling land stretching in every direction, covered everywhere with native grass, knee high. And to this they went, Waldo deciding at once that it was the very place for which he had been searching since he was a boy.

In the summer of 1844 Mr. Waldo built the log house which served as his home until 1853, when he built the substantial frame structure which is a well-preserved farmhouse to-day. This log house, however, still stands just as it was built sixty-seven years ago. Not long since I stood within its sacred walls and, with uncovered head, listened in imagination to the voices of the past. Around the hospitable fireplace—of which the generous aperture in the logs still remains as a mute reminder—Nesmith and Applegate, Minto and Burnett, and scores of others had often gathered for the discussion of the problems of an incipient civil government.

Like many another pioneer of the early '40's, the old log house is settling to the earth; but with the true loyalty of a native son, Judge John B. Waldo several years ago placed under its eaves strong fir posts, eight inches in diameter, so that after two generations of faithful duty the venerable fir logs, taken from the forest sixty-seven years ago, are literally going on crutches, supported by a younger generation of their own kind.

Standing on the dirt floor, leaning wearily against one of the walls, is the old front door, which has not seen active duty for over fifty-eight years, but whose latch-string was always found hanging on the outside. The nails used in its construction were hand-made, and their huge, battered heads still bear the marks of the son of Vulcan who forged them. He fully earned his wages, no matter what his charge.

The old house, protected from the winter storms by a separate roof and sides, is now used for an implement shed. When I was there last, lying on the ground at the feet, so to speak, of the latest improved twine-binder, was an old wooden-axle wagon-hub, with broken spokes of different lengths projecting in every direction, which had rolled its weary way, two thousand miles, from Missouri to Oregon, in 1843. There it rests, with its "lynch-pin" attachment, a helpless, discarded outcast, jeered at by a gorgeous array of steel binders, rotary pulverizers and gang-plows—an eloquent reminder to the younger generation of the world's rapid progress.

In the summer of 1845 a log schoolhouse was built near the Waldo home and school was taught in it during the following winter by a man named Vernon, who soon afterward went to California and was never heard of in Oregon again. This was probably the first public school ever taught in Oregon and was composed chiefly of the children of Daniel Waldo and William Taylor.

Even in those early days the customs of civilization were becoming well established in the young community. A man whose sons are to-day well-known citizens of Marion County lodged a complaint against a neighbor, charging him with acquiring possession of a mutton, yet alive, without the knowledge or consent of its rightful owner. The case was tried before Dan Waldo, who was, by common consent, the acting squire for the neighborhood, his jurisdiction extending from the Pacific Ocean to the Rocky Mountains—and then some, if desired—and the oppposing attorneys were James W. Nesmith and Peter H. Burnett. My informant was a boy then, but he remembers seeing the jury retire behind the house, in the absence of a room in which to assemble, and, while seated on some logs by the woodpile, each whittled a formidable heap of shavings while the merits of the case were discussed according to "the law and the evidence."

Dan Waldo was a member of the last Legislative Committee which met before the organization of the provisional government. It held its sessions "at the house of Mr. Hathaway," in Oregon City, in June, and again in December, 1844. Among his seven colleagues were numbered Peter H. Burnett, M. M. McCarver, A. L. Lovejoy and Robert Newell—all men of sterling character, in whose integrity no man failed to place the fullest confidence, and fitted by nature as well as by experience to accomplish great things.

Mr. Waldo at an early day engaged in many branches of business which had for their object not only his own financial gain, but the development of the country. Chief among them was the Willamette Woolen Mills Company which, established at Salem in 1857, was the first business of its kind in the Northwest. The last few years of his life were spent in Salem, where he died about 1880, after a painful and lingering illness. He lives in the memory of Oregonians as one of the best and most enterprising of her early pioneers, a splendid type of the frontiersman. His youngest son, John B. Waldo, served one term of six years as a member of the Oregon Supreme Court and two years as its Chief Justice. Another son, William, still lives in Salem, a bachelor, is eighty years of age and has served the people as president of the State Senate and as Judge of Marion County. He was a boy of twelve years when his father crossed the plains, and well remembers that when the family started with their teams and cattle from the Old Mission to the Hills on that October morning in 1843, the little prairie now known as Willson Avenue, extending from the magnificent Marion County courthouse to the State Capitol, was a field of oats, yet uncut, while its owner, L. H. Judson, whose house stood where Reed's Opera House was afterward built, was "tramping" out wheat with cattle in a pen made for that purpose.

The Waldo wagon was the first that ever "rolled a wheel" anywhere in Oregon east of Salem, and one of the first that ever came to the Willamette valley. The Waldo homestead, consisting of a thousand acres, is now the property of the daughter and only child of Judge John B. Waldo, whose death occurred three years ago. With the passing of William, the family name will become extinct in Oregon, save as it is imperishably linked with the beautiful chain of hills in whose bosom Daniel Waldo settled when his nearest neighbor was eight miles distant and there was no public schoolhouse nearer than the Missouri River!

CHAPTER XXX

Most of us can, I presume, recall without difficulty the first deep impression made upon the memory. Nothing is clearer to my recollection to-day than that event in my own life, though I remember absolutely nothing of what occurred the day before.

Architecture in those days differed somewhat from the style in vogue at present, and especially was ventilation based on a system generous in the extreme. Certainly the fathers were what would be termed "fresh air fiends" in these days, without intending, however, to pay especial attention to hygienic laws. The first thing my father did on his Donation Land Claim was to build a house ten by twelve feet, with a kitchen extension two sizes smaller. In the floor of the kitchen, the possibilities of ventilation between the puncheon boards of which it was made were so ample that my sister, who was two years younger than I and just able to crawl, acquired the very annoying habit of dropping our spoon through one of those cracks at least once every day. We had a knife and fork also, but they were regarded as dangerous weapons and were kept on a shelf beyond our reach.

To make diurnal visits under that floor and rescue that spoon was exacted from me at the tender age of three years, and it is the first thing that I can remember. The space was about six inches above the ground, as I recall it, and at least eight feet square, but it was perfectly dark and my youthful imagination peopled it with all the hideous monsters known to zoology, geology or mythology.

But my mother was inexorable, my sister, even at that tender age, maintained the reputation of her sex for persistency, and the exploration of that dark cavern was as regularly my delegated task as was the coming of the noonday hour.

Another of my very early recollections is that my father had a band of sheep which he occasionally salted on the hillside, and that at his call they would appear from every direction, coming at a full gallop and filling the air with such a terrific bleating that I thought it meant certain death to him unless he should run for cover, which to my surprise he never did. His escape with his life always seemed to me little short of miraculous.

Another event which occurred while we lived on the Hills farm was the appearance at times of Waldo's cattle—perhaps a hundred head or more—coming in a run in search of water, which was to be found in a small stream near by. To my childish imagination there seemed to be at least ten thousand of them. There were few fences in the country then and the cattle would sometimes divide into two herds as they swept by the house, bent, as I thought, upon the destruction of the earth itself. Their occasional appearance, as they rushed down the hillside, must have been the greatest dread of my life, since to escape it I would have consented willingly to crawl under the kitchen floor after the family spoon.

How mysterious are the opening years of a child's life anyway! A baby knows less at its birth than any other young animal. It only knows enough to breathe. It only knows what it sees and hears, and grows in usefulness through the advancing years by reason of its natural tendency to imitate. A child born of American parents if put with a Chinese family at birth, and permitted to hear no language save Chinese, would begin talking like a Chinese baby and would have no more idea of the English language than if its parents had been Esquimaux. And all these wonderful unfoldings from the Land of Nowhere cause many more hours of serious conjecture in the minds of very young children than we are apt to realize, unless, recurring to our own experiences, we go back to the very beginnings of memory and recall the things that first made an indelible impression upon it,—for memory does not begin with life; it is an after-growth and, indeed, a miracle.

Strange as it may appear, I distinctly remember being very unhappy one afternoon when, although I was but four years old at the time, I was left alone in our little house. Of course I do not recall how it happened, but the one thing I have never forgotten was that we had a clock—a tall one, with a long pendulum which ticked very slowly. Doubtless my mother had exacted my promise not to go away while she went to a neighbor's house for an hour or two; but under no circumstances would I have ventured out of doors anyway, with Waldo's cattle likely to come rushing over the hills at any minute, and those wild animals huddling, in a starving condition, under the kitchen floor. I was very miserable. I wondered why anybody had been born, how long it had been since the beginning of things, and the very stillness of the house was appalling and oppressive. There was no sound anywhere of anything except the ticking of the clock and the apparently far-away buzzing of some house flies, circling about the ceiling immediately above my head. The stillness was so very pronounced that each alternate tick of the clock produced a faint ringing sound, which died away gradually as its successor came in its place.

This, combined with the buzzing of the flies in musical but lonesome cadence, joined to my apparent desertion and the hopeless solitude, produced within me a feeling that I had then lived about long enough, though I do not think I had at that time ever heard of such a thing as death.

In the succeeding years I have met with my share of disappointments and discouragements—along with my share, also, of happy days and appreciated successes—but I have never felt an hour of lonesomeness which caused me such real distress as that particular summer afternoon in 1855, and the impression it made on my mind was so very deep that to this day there is nothing which is more likely to produce within me the feeling of absolute loneliness—that, perhaps, friends are not only not very plentiful, but still less dependable—than to sit in a room by myself on a warm, drowsy day, where there is no sound save the ticking of a clock and the humming of the flies in an unvaried monotone.

In the fall of 1855 my father sold his six hundred and forty acres of land and moved to Silverton, a new town just springing into existence about seven miles away. I am not sure what he received for his land, but I think it was a yoke of oxen, a pair of tongs and a quarter of beef. I know it was regarded as a good trade in those days, for there was more unoccupied good land in the country than anything else. (The same tract of land, now divided into several splendid farms, is easily worth one hundred dollars an acre.) But men cannot foresee the result of these moves on life's checker-board, and it is probably best, else everybody would soon be rich and the human race would die of starvation through the lack of sufficient labor to produce enough food to sustain life.

To-day Silverton is one of the most thriving towns in Oregon, having a population of about two thousand. When my father moved there in 1855, however, it contained but one house, and that was on wheels, or log rollers, having just arrived from the town of Milford, two miles above, on Silver Creek—and when that house started away, it being a small mercantile establishment owned by Ai Coolidge, Milford was entirely depopulated and has been ever since.

It was in Silverton that I attended my first school. The "master" was Paul Crandall, a pioneer of the earlier days, at one time well known over the State. Another teacher was F. O. McCown, afterward a prominent attorney in Oregon City, who died several years ago.

In Silverton my father engaged in the nursery business and for several years supplied the farmers of the surrounding country with most of the apple, pear and plum trees which formed the first orchards of the Willamette valley. In connection with this he started quite a pretentious poultry industry in 1859 and hauled the "finished product" to Portland, fifty miles away, which was the only market of any consequence in the country. To deliver the poultry he constructed a doubled-decked coop the size of a wagon-bed, in which he could take several dozen chickens at one trip. In the fall of that year he made the journey several times, each requiring five days, and as I had importuned him unceasingly to allow me to go with him—~~for to~~ see Portland in all the magnificence with which his accounts had invested it was the highest aspiration of my life—toward the last of October, after a particularly persistent appeal, he allowed me to accompany him. The cup of my joy was full to overflowing. Only a few things, however, especially impressed themselves upon my mind, the first being our arrival at Aurora, then universally called "Dutchtown," about five o'clock in the afternoon, where we were to camp for the night. We unhitched the team on the banks of Pudding River, and while my father attended to its wants, I dragged a lot of dry sticks from some near-by brush and we soon started a camp-fire. And how delighted I was! What a pity little things cannot give as much pleasure in after years as they do in childhood. We fried ham and eggs over the fire and made some coffee, and the delicious odor arising from the three articles of food—always good at any time, in any country—I have never forgotten. It was a memorable evening—for it was thirty miles from home, and I was going farther!

The next morning, after traveling an hour or so, we came to the Willamette River, which we crossed at Boone's Ferry, a well-known pioneer landmark, quite as old as the first settlements and yet bearing the same name—and in use. The Willamette River I had heard of since my first attention to things I had not seen, and here it was—and here *I* was! As we drove into the boat, but little larger than the wagon and team, I wondered if it was possible ever to reach the other side —so far away was it—but a look into my father's face inspired me with confidence that all was well, so I began to enjoy the novel situation. I had never before seen a stream larger than Silver Creek, where we crossed it on the covered bridge that Homer Davenport has made famous, and I fell into a deep consideration of the possibility of the Pacific Ocean being any larger than the Willamette, while I wondered how the boat could cross the river by hanging to a rope which stretched from bank to bank.

That afternoon we came up over the divide, just south of Portland, and I had my first glimpse of the great city. Singularly enough, I do not recall any of the circumstances connected with the stay there, but the appearance of the city as we first came in sight of it is as plain to me now as it was at the time. I distinctly remember that at frequent intervals there were very tall fir trees growing on the bank of the river, so close to the water's edge that many of them were leaning out from the land, and I wondered why they did not fall. I also remember that on the rear end of a building which projected over the water was the sign, "S. Arrigoni," in very large letters, and that father said, when I called his attention to the phenomenon, that there was where we would get our supper, and that he was the man who would buy the chickens. I also remember passing the territorial penitentiary, just south of the town, and I was duly impressed by means of a little fatherly moralizing that it was not a good place to be—that bad boys, as a rule, made bad men, and that bad men were sent there to live and were not allowed to have much to eat, nor to get away. Sometimes they were shot, and that served them right. I listened to my father's detailed description of the awful place, coincided fully in his conclusions, and gave him a verbal guarantee on the spot that I would so gauge my conduct that there would be nothing doing in that line in my case—or words to that effect.

The return home was without particular interest, but for about a month afterward I was the hero of Silverton among my little chums, who, by the way, appeared to have lost much of their prestige in my estimation. Since they had never been in Portland, I wondered what they found in life worth striving for anyway! By degrees, however, I resumed my normal place in the little world in which I moved and I was once more on a level with the Brown and Wolfard and Dudley and Barger and other children in my "set."

CHAPTER XXXI

In the spring of 1861 my father sold his place in Silverton to Ai Coolidge, who owned it and made it his home until his death, less than one year ago; it is still owned by his daughter. This was a great event in my life, at the time, one full of joyful anticipations but tinged, withal, with a pang of sorrow—a small sorrow it must have been, but I was a small boy, and it was as difficult to bear as if it had been a larger disappointment to be borne by a full-grown man.

This change of residence cruelly severed the ties I had formed with the children of Silverton, among whom was a pretty little miss of eleven summers, with rosy cheeks, curly brown hair and killing eyes. This little creature had completely won my heart, and in the midst of it all I was about to be ruthlessly transplanted to what seemed to me a land of exile! It was at the very time of the firing on Fort Sumter and the different States were not only "dissevered, discordant and belligerent," but the land was being "drenched in fraternal blood." I can remember how men were troubled and excited, but I could not understand that there was any cause for sorrow, when, so far as I knew, none of them had recently been separated, as I was about to be, from the only object on earth that could give any interest to life.

We were to start about ten o'clock, and as it was not far to the schoolhouse, I stole away, picked one of the prettiest wild rosebuds that I could find, and intercepted the little beauty—who shyly confessed herself a little disturbed at the turn of affairs—and with immeasurable sorrow, tempted by my joy in meeting her, gave her the rosebud and tearfully hurried away. I had just reached the tender age of ten years, and had no doubt I was undergoing extreme anguish; but so great were my recuperative powers that within three weeks my bereavement was forgotten and I was again basking in sunshine and roses. The last I heard of my youthful charmer she was living on a sheep ranch in Idaho, the mother of eleven children, and was doing as well, perhaps better, than if my father had remained in Silverton.

In 1854 W. K. Smith, a druggist and to-day a well-known capitalist of Portland, had the only store in his line of business in Salem. He had then been there one year and was making so much money that an opposition company was formed, of which the late General C. A. Reed was the leading member. They erected a two-story frame building on the east side of Commercial Street and at the north end of the bridge which crosses South Mill Creek, or "Battle Creek." Within one year, however, the new firm sold its stock to W. K. Smith, building and all. Smith's store had been located one block west of this point, where, indeed, all the first buildings erected in that part of Salem were located. As the town grew toward Commercial Street, he concluded to move his storeroom around on a lot he owned immediately opposite where the Willamette (now the Marion) Hotel has been for the last thirty-five years. By the time he had reached the west side of Commercial Street, however, the men in charge had broken every available rope in Marion County. Smith made a trip to Portland after a chain, but not finding one sufficiently strong, he bought the lot on which he had met defeat and rested from his labors permanently. He was selling goods en route, however, and after buying out the opposition, transferred the stock to his own store.

This two-story house which was built for Reed is standing to-day, and is still occupied, being among the oldest in Salem. It was into this house—the upper story—that we moved upon reaching Salem, the first floor being occupied by B. M. DuRelle, owner of the steam sawmill in Salem, which was entirely washed away in the following December. The first night in Salem I staid with my Grandfather Eoff in the old Bennett House, as he was a member of the jury and was spending the week there.

Although I had been born near Salem and had reached the age of ten years I had never been there; the trip to Portland had been such a concession to my ambition that I had not had the courage to mention my longings to see the State capital. But here we were, and to remain permanently. My heart was satisfied, and the boundless opportunities for sightseeing occupied all my waking hours, which at this time were about eighteen out of the twenty-four. The next Sunday my sister and I were sent to the Methodist Sunday-school. My mother was a member of the Christian Church, but the Methodists had the largest school and it was convenient. I had never before been to Sunday-school, since Silverton had not yet reached the stage of development which demanded such an institution.

I well remember that David Rutledge was the Methodist pastor at that time and Thomas H. Crawford, yet living and until recently the secretary of the Board of Regents for the Oregon Agricultural College, was the superintendent. The latter led in the singing, which I thought was as near perfection as could be expected this side of the New Jerusalem, of which I had heard some accounts more or less satisfactory even then. There was a sort of drill in the singing of the principal song, and though it is exactly fifty years this month since that practice, so impressed was I with the splendor of the surroundings and the novelty of the delightful experience, that I have never forgotten the words of the first verse, which were:

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

It was great. We went home, after becoming members of the children's class, with a lesson of ten verses, which we were to commit to memory for recital on the next Sunday. Before night of that same day we had them all down "pat," and recited them at home at least twenty-five times every day during the ensuing week. The first of these verses was: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." The lesson was somewhere in St. John, I remember, but have forgotten the chapter. (It would, perhaps, be a good exercise for the reader to look it up.)

That summer, as already observed, I attended the Central School and my father built a home on Commercial Street nearly opposite where the Willamette Hotel now stands. In the fall he bought the apples, on the trees, in the orchard belonging to George H. Jones, one of the pioneer settlers in Salem, and, by the way, it was one of the first orchards planted in the State. Associated with him in this enterprise was Samuel Headrick, soon afterward elected sheriff of Marion County, and a son of a well-known pioneer family on Howell's prairie. They gathered the apples, packed them and shipped them to the San Francisco market. They made some money out of the undertaking, but my clearest impression of it all was that perhaps no more disagreeable work can be devised than gathering apples on such wet, foggy mornings in November as are sometimes known in the Willamette valley—especially if you are a ten-year-old boy, compelled to engage in it, and with other "stunts" in view, as I had, offering a far more attractive outlook.

Some time in the early spring of 1862 my father went to the mines in British Columbia, drifting from there into eastern Oregon and Idaho, and my mother, with my brother and sister, went to California to live. She and my father never saw each other afterward, though they both lived to be seventy-five years of age. It is not a subject to be discussed here, save as it is necessary to refer to it in explanation of the conditions by which I was often confronted. It is sufficient to say that one was no more to blame than the other, and that there was nothing which could not have been removed by the exercise of a little diplomacy—but they were far apart, and no serious attempt at reconciliation was made. It was a great misfortune for them both and it fell heavily on me, as I was but eleven years of age at the time and, with neither home nor parents within a thousand miles, was thrown entirely on my own resources.

I lived with my Grandfather Eoff on his farm, seven miles east of Salem, from the spring of 1862 until September of the following year, when my father returned to the Willamette valley and made arrangements, as I have already said, for me to enter the Willamette University. I had then not seen him for more than eighteen months, nor had I seen my mother for a year. Indeed, I did not see her again until the summer of 1885, twenty-three years later, when she made a visit to my home in the Waldo Hills, though we maintained a correspondence during all that time.

Like a great majority of miners, my father had not succeeded very well and consequently could not afford to pay for my board; as a result I was to do "chores" and render assistance in various ways to offset my "keep." By dint of much maneuvering I managed to remain in school until the spring of 1865, eighteen months, when I was compelled to abandon further efforts in that direction and to go to work for a living—at fourteen years of age.

I began my school experience in September, 1863, by boarding at the home of Sam Headrick, just mentioned, a very close friend of my father. It was a very agreeable place to stay, but he made a change in his housekeeping affairs in the spring of 1864, having been elected sheriff of Marion County, and I was thrown upon my own resources. By the assistance of Daniel Jones, another Silverton friend, I found a place in a restaurant conducted on Commercial Street by a man named Chase. Mr. Jones, who had a tailor shop, allowed me to sleep on and under two pairs of blankets under the counter of his shop, but I had no sooner become settled in my new position—and my blankets—than Chase failed in business and his establishment was closed.

Upon this sudden change in affairs I thought I had reached the end of my rope in my effort to continue in school, and was seriously considering the necessity of returning to the country and working for my grandfather when "Walt" Smith, a merchant who had a few years before worked for my uncle Ralph Geer on his farm in the Hills, offered me a place in his home until I could find another. By this time I was attending school in Professor L. J. Powell's department, and to him I told my troubles, adding that I feared I would have to abandon altogether my struggle for an education. To this he seriously objected, saying that I could come to his home and work for my board until I could secure a permanent place. This I did, remaining until the middle of the winter of 1864, when his wife became ill and I was compelled to move again.

Luckily, at this point Mr. Jones, to whom I went with all my disappointments, said he felt certain he could find me a good home with George Beale, who kept a saloon on the corner where the Willamette Hotel now stands, as he had heard him say he wished he could get a boy to do the chores around the house, being away much of the time.

This proved an ideal place to live. There was little to do and there were no children. But, alack and alas! I had been there but a couple of months when he was arrested on a charge of murder, found guilty, and paid the penalty on the gallows.

Balked again in my pursuit of knowledge, I decided I would call it a bad job all around and go to work. And why not? The fates seemed against me at every turn. Every time I found a place to stay, the man of the house either failed in business, changed his vocation, moved away or was hanged; so I hied myself to the country, rolled up my sleeves and worked a full year for my board and clothes at the home of my cousin Cal Geer, in the Waldo Hills. At the end of the year I agreed to work four months for another cousin, L. B. Geer, for a four-year-old mare valued at one hundred dollars.

When this contract was fulfilled in the fall of 1866, my father had concluded to get married again and to locate in the Cove, a most attractive place on the east side of the Grand Ronde valley, which was then beginning to be settled. Having decided to enter the nursery business, he wrote to me of his plans, matrimonial and otherwise, and requested me to make arrangements to live with him. He wanted me to secure a large quantity of apple and pear seeds, as well as roots for grafting. After having employed a month at this task, just before Christmas, 1866, I bade farewell to boyhood scenes and friends and, with an enormous trunk full of fruit seeds and roots, left for my new home in a new country in eastern Oregon.

It will be well to devote a page or two to that trip from Salem to Grand Ronde valley in 1866 as affording a lesson to those who are too prone to conclude that "the old times" are the best times, and that the condition of mankind is now less conducive to comfort than formerly. Let us see how it is by contrast.

I left Salem one morning before daylight on a steamboat for Portland, and it required all day and until after dark to reach that city. The only other way to make the journey was by stage, which required fully as much time and cost more. The next morning I started for The Dalles by boat and did not reach that place until dark. The third day, long before daylight, I boarded a portage railroad that ran to Celilo, some fifteen miles up the river, at which place we arrived while it was yet dark. Here we boarded a waiting steamboat and traveled all day to reach the Umatilla Landing and there we remained all night. The fourth day, starting long before it was light, we reached by stage what was called the Twelve Mile House before breakfast. It was bitterly cold and by the time we reached the station my feet were nearly frozen. My good Aunt Mary Geer had given me several extra pairs of new socks which she herself had knit, insisting that when I began my stage journey in "that dreadfully cold country" I should put on two pairs of them. This I did that morning at the Landing, and it was all I could do to pull my boots on over them. Of course, the result of this was that the cold was doubled in its effect and by the time we had traveled half the distance to the station I was in danger of having frozen feet. The driver declared it impossible to take off my boots in that sort of a storm, so I endured my misery until we arrived at the inn. Here it was not long until I had stripped my feet to one pair of socks, and my first lesson in dressing for cold weather was learned.

We crossed the Umatilla River where the city of Pendleton now stands, but there was nothing there then but a stage station and a toll-bridge. At sundown we reached Warm Springs, since known as Bingham Springs (I believe it is the same place). The next morning we passed over the Blue Mountains, through Summerville, and soon after noon reached Hendershott's Point, my destination, December 23.

As will be seen, this trip occupied nearly five days and parts of two nights and was attended with much discomfort, besides costing fully three times as much as the fare now charged in a luxurious Pullman coach. One can leave Salem, in these "degenerate" days, in the afternoon and arrive at La Grande within twelve hours from Portland!

"Do the world move?" It *do*—and in the right direction. Though at times, it is conceded, the progress is somewhat slow, it is getting there all the time!

CHAPTER XXXII

It so happened that I lived in Salem during the precise period of the Civil War, and I was old enough fully to understand its meaning and to appreciate the nature of the struggle. Boys of my age were as enthusiastic over the contest as were the men, and as anxious for the success of the side they espoused. Of course the sympathy of the people of Oregon was overwhelmingly for the Union, but there was quite a large and outspoken percentage which hoped for the success of the South. Indeed, public expressions of sympathy for the Southern army resulted in many personal encounters on the streets of Salem, and it was seldom that the voicing of such sentiments was not challenged on the spot. There was one man in Salem, in particular, who had several fistic encounters on the street—several of which I saw—because of his shouting, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!"

Soon after the commencement of hostilities between the two sections a local militia company was organized in Salem known as the "Marion Rifles," officered by prominent men in business and public life. It was splendidly equipped and was on duty whenever there was any occasion for a demonstration justifying its appearance. It was especially unpopular with the Southern sympathizers and always drew from them expressions of contempt. Most of the boys with whom I associated belonged to it, but they were older than I and therefore eligible for membership. In the summer of 1864 I grew very anxious to become a member of the "Rifles." Being only thirteen years old I was too young to be accepted, but as I was larger than many of the members who were several years my senior, my size served to annul the impediment and I was admitted.

The armory was in the second story of the Moores building, situated on the northwest corner of Commercial and State streets. It continued to be used until the summer of 1910, when it was demolished to make room for the first steel, five-story structure to adorn the capital city.

During the fall of 1864 those who were opposed to the war and were especially hostile toward President Lincoln—and they were in sufficient numbers to create a great deal of noise—frequently boasted that they would interfere with the orderly process of the election in November. Indeed, it was greatly feared that there would be a riot, as those who were openly giving sympathy to the Southerners threatened that there "would be something doing" on election day. It was thought by a great many people that there would be rioting even during the night preceding the election. This seems strange at this distant day, but it will be recalled easily by the older members of the community who were here then that at one time in the early stages of the war there was a well-grounded fear that an attempt would be made to effect the secession of the Pacific Coast States. Of course this rash step was never undertaken, but the sentiment which caused the apprehension was active until the very last days of the Southern Confederacy.

This situation created grave anxiety in Salem during the days immediately preceding the election in 1864, and it was this unrest which decided the officers of the Marion Rifles to prepare for any possible emergency. On the night before the election the company met in response to a special call in the armory, and after discussing the situation made all the arrangements in detail for meeting and suppressing any outbreak on the part of those who had threatened to interfere with the election.

In the process of the discussion it was agreed that it would be dangerous to meet in the armory, in case of trouble in the night, as it would afford a trap in which we might be cornered and even captured. It was agreed, therefore, that in case we had to assemble, a designated officer, who remained up all night, was to hurry to the Methodist church and give a certain number of taps with its bell, which would be the signal for the members of the company to gather immediately at the church for orders.

Every member took to his home that night his musket and a belt full of ammunition, prepared for the worst. At that time I was living in the family of Prof. L. J. Powell, whose house stood on the northeast corner of State and Twelfth streets (the house still stands on a lot fifty feet to the north and is owned and occupied by Gideon Steiner). Here, on a chair by my bed, I laid my belt of cartridges, with the musket leaning against the wall, expecting to hear the familiar sound of the old church bell at any hour; but no call came and the election "passed off quietly," as elections are wont to do. This was the beginning and ending of my military service.

There were a great many boys attending the University who were too young to join the Marion Rifles and who were handicapped by their size as well as their age; but this did not serve to lessen their ardor or to diminish their admiration for anything that smelled of war. These boys formed a company of their own and manufactured their guns out of any old board they could find that was an inch thick and long enough to look like a musket. From a board like this a boy would "carve out" a gun that had all the outlines of a rifle or shotgun, and with this outfit would march around with distended chest and erect bearing, only regretting that his gun didn't carry a deadly bullet and that he was not confronted by some man on mischief bent. Thus equipped, about fifty University boys formed a military company and, with a full list of officers, employed much of their leisure time in maneuvering on the University campus. In a little while they understood the manual of arms in all its ordinary requirements, and often would march up and down the principal streets of Salem.

I remember, however, that this was too tame for some of the boys. They wanted to enjoy the smell of real blood. It was too much make-believe to answer their cravings for gore. Among the students of that age there were three, and three only, who were openly for McClellan, and they were regarded by the "army" boys as enemies of their country and fit subjects for severe punishment. One of the favorite practices of the company was a double-quick march, terminating in "charge bayonets." This last, usually given as the bell rang for the school session, was a great favorite with the boys. As the three "dissenters" did not belong to the company, it was thought the proper thing to regard them as the enemy, and it was a common proceeding to surround them in the double-quick march toward the building and shove them around in great form with the ends of the "muskets." This they took in good part—it was good diplomacy to do so—and all usually ended well.

But Sam Driver, a son of Rev. I. D. Driver, one of the ablest preachers the Methodist Church has ever known on the Pacific Coast, was not satisfied with so tame a proceeding. Ferociously anxious to go on the war-path, it occurred to him one evening after he went home that he would improve on his gun. Accordingly, he took a ten-penny nail, filed the small end to a sharp point, inserted the other end by some means firmly into the "muzzle" of his gun and took it to school next morning. The company had its usual drill before school hours, and when the bell rang the charge was made on the imaginary enemy in double-quick. Usually at this point in the drill the three opponents of good government managed to disappear, but this particular morning Lafe Williams, who had several times invited and justified the infliction of the severest form of physical punishment by declaring his preference for McClellan for President, was caught in the sweep of the march. Sam Driver made a "bee" line for him. To reach him before he escaped it was necessary to leave his place in the ranks; but this he did, and with his latest "improved" musket began to push the enemy along vigorously. He was literally "wild-eyed," imagining that he was prodding the Southern Confederacy, incarnate in Lafe Williams. But he overdid the matter decidedly. His bayonet, and his use of it, proved his undoing. Lafe was larger than Sam, and after about six prods of the ten-penny nail he turned on his charging adversary with a belligerent expression, reinforced with a pair of "dukes," that instantly changed the entire trend of events. The first pass Sam was sent sprawling, and the pummeling he got in the next two minutes was complete in its every detail. Nothing was lacking, especially from the standpoint of the erstwhile soldier.

The fact was, the boys, to whom Sam had shown his latest model of firearm when he first arrived at school, did not approve of his threat to use it on one of the "secesh" boys, as he called them, and when Lafe finally "went for him, thar and then," the outcome was in perfect harmony with the wishes of the majority. Sam's face showed the results of his "Bull Run" charge for a week and he didn't drill any more with the boys for a month—and he enjoyed his furlough very much, indeed.

Sam Driver's father lived in Eugene, and in order that the son might attend the great Methodist school he had come to Salem and was making his home with the family of Rev. Gustavus Hines. He and I became very chummy during my attendance at the University, but when I left it in the spring of '65 I did not see him again for twenty years. Occasionally I heard of him, and in about 1875 I learned that he was an ordained preacher in the Methodist Church. Afterwards I heard that he was the presiding elder of a district in Idaho. It all sounded like a fairy dream that he could, with his overcharged electrical battery, attain and maintain the necessary poise for a minister of the Gospel.

One wintry morning in 1885, I think it was, I found myself in the town of Union, unable to start for Salem on account of delayed trains. It was Sunday, and not until the church bells began to ring did I recall that Sam Driver, my old college chum, was located in that very town as the local Methodist preacher. I had not intended to go to church, but at this thought I at once changed my plans and decided to hear Sam preach. The very idea seemed ludicrous. Not that he had been a bad boy, for he really had many good qualities, but his temperament seemed the very opposite of that which one looks for, and rightly, in a man who follows that profession.

And I was embarrassed, too, at the thought of appearing before him while in the pulpit, for I imagined that if in the midst of his discourse, he should suddenly recognize me, after a separation of twenty years, it might prove disconcerting to him. So I entered the church and took a seat where the huge stove-drum was in a direct line with the pulpit. Sam was standing near the platform, but with his back toward the congregation, engaged in conversation. But I knew his back—the dear old boy!—broad-shouldered and erect. He soon entered the pulpit, announced the song and led in the singing. After this he began his prayer, and the way he importuned the Throne of Grace for mercy toward all sinners fairly jarred the walls of the building.

When he began his sermon I shrank down in my seat so that I could see him through the space between the stove and its drum—so much afraid was I that a recognition of me would shatter his composure. But this did not happen and he preached a really good sermon. All the while my thoughts were not uninterruptedly centered on either the text or his deductions from it, for memory was busy recalling Lafe Williams' charge and dozens of other incidents of the old days when Sam's principal characteristic seemed to be a tendency to torment somebody or something.

After the sermon, as he came down the aisle shaking hands right and left, he approached me. As I extended my hand he instantly saw I was a stranger, and almost as quickly recognized me. Then with both hands he grasped one of mine and held it like a vise for several minutes, asking me meanwhile a thousand questions. I went home with him for luncheon and we had a most splendid visit. I went away on the evening train and never saw him again. After experiencing different sorts of vicissitudes he died a few years ago in California.

Among the public men I have known in Oregon none has had the dynamic force and ready fighting qualities, coupled with great ability, that characterized Rev. I. D. Driver, Sam's father. He was disputatious to a wonderful degree on theological questions and had profoundly studied them, with all their related problems. He was elected to the State Senate from Lane County in 1896 and was a member of that body in the famous "Hold-up" session in 1897—also in the extra session called by Governor Lord in October, 1898, and in the regular session in the following January. In the role of legislator Mr. Driver was a positive force, but did not take front rank as in his ministerial work.

Frequently, however, some Senator ran afoul of him and uniformly received as good as he sent, frequently getting some "boot" in the exchange. One day in February, 1899, I dropped into the Senate for a moment, just in time to hear the best part of a debate between Driver and a Multnomah Senator, when the latter, piqued at a hot remark by the Senator from Lane, reproached him for losing his temper, though a minister of the Gospel.

Not only as "quick as a flash," but a trifle quicker, Driver shouted: "I'd have you know that I began getting mad a long time before I began preaching,—it's the oldest privilege I've got!"

Mr. Driver was born in Ohio in 1824 and came to Oregon in 1853. He was married to Miss Rebecca Crumley in 1848, to Miss Mary Hardenbrook in 1852, to Miss Leanna Iles in 1867, to Miss Anna Northnip in 1875 and to Miss Mary E. Williams in 1877. His first four wives died, and three of them are buried in Lee Mission Cemetery, near Salem, side by side, with one tombstone doing service for them all. The story it narrates is not only unique but mutely pathetic. Beside them now rests the form of the husband, who died some three years ago, well past eighty, but vigorous mentally and ready to the last for a discussion of religious questions. Only a few months before his death, in the course of a luncheon which he and I took together in Portland, he related many interesting incidents of his early ministry in Oregon.

CHAPTER XXXIII

There is no truer statement than that we are all victims of circumstances—"Man proposes but God disposes." It is all very well to say that the real live man makes his own circumstances, but in most cases he does not. The very circumstance he appears to make was possible for him on account of some favorable condition with which he had nothing whatever to do. An event which in itself amounts to little will change the entire career of a man or woman, and it will always be so. It may not be Fate—probably is not—but random happenings which apparently are not based upon any plan necessarily lead to others, and the result is the endless variety of changes and combinations which makes up the daily life of mankind.

For instance, the creation of Union County, by detaching it from Baker in 1864, was the cause of my living in that part of Oregon for ten years of my life. Under the provision of the act authorizing it, the Governor appointed the first set of officers and Governor Gibbs selected my father's brother, Isaiah, as its first sheriff. At that time my father had become discouraged in his mining enterprises and was ready to accept the proffered position of deputy sheriff. He at once went to La Grande, the county-seat, and took a position in the sheriff's office. The sheriff himself lived in the little town of Oro Dell, situated where the Grand Ronde River rushes out of the Blue Mountains and starts on its sluggish journey across that most beautiful valley on the Pacific Coast, using one hundred and ten miles of its length in reaching a point opposite, only twenty miles away.

At that time Oro Dell was a town of some pretensions, W. J. Snodgrass, lately deceased, having a grist-mill there then, as well as a mercantile establishment carrying a large stock of goods. Here, also, was where the overland stage line emerged into the valley, as the famous Meacham toll road, over which all the immense freight traffic for the Idaho mines from western Oregon was carried from Umatilla Landing, ran this way. But with the development of the country Oro Dell was absorbed by La Grande, which to-day is one of the best towns in eastern Oregon, extending to and including the buildings of its former rival.

Doing the housework for the sheriff's family at that time was a young woman who had come recently from Missouri, Miss Eliza Duncan, whose father had been obliged to leave that State in the spring of 1864 on account of his espousal of the side of the Union in the unpleasantness then distracting our unhappy country. Miss Duncan was a comely woman, thirty years of age. My father was a widower and boarded with the sheriff's family, Naturally, the two single persons became acquainted. By the middle of the summer of 1866 some plans had been perfected between them, strange to relate, which led to a wedding on October 14. This led to my locating in the Grand Ronde valley, as already mentioned, in the following December—all on account of the notion of some people in 1864 that Union County should be created, and because Governor Gibbs was a personal friend of Uncle Isaiah. Otherwise, I might have,—but I didn't!

The ten years spent in the Cove, Union County, were delightful years. I was at the right age to enjoy life—between fifteen and twenty-five—was in the best of health and, like all other persons at that age, had most of my life, at least in prospect, before me. It was a new section, however, and we were confronted with all the difficulties and inconveniences which always accompany the first years of a country's settlement. In 1866 much of the flour used in the Grand Ronde valley was freighted from Walla Walla, though two or three local grist-mills had already been erected and the famous Mt. Fanny

Mills, of the Cove, built by S. G. French and Henry & Hailey, were in process of construction.

Much of the valley was yet unfenced and, indeed, most of the fertile land which constitutes that garden-spot, the Cove, was out in the commons. Nothing was produced but wheat and barley, aside from the stock-growing industry, which was the chief reliance for local revenue. By degrees the beauty and unusual natural advantages of the section attracted the attention of outsiders; it became densely populated and to-day is one of the most prosperous parts of the Pacific Coast. Indeed, I believe that the Grand Ronde valley is one of the best and most fertile bodies of land to be found anywhere, since all its acres can be put to profitable use and the climate is favorable to the growth of a marvelous variety of products which reach a perfect state of maturity.

When I arrived at the Cove in 1866 there was a store and hotel at Hendershott's Point, a stage station where the high range of hills which begins several miles to the east and which separates the Cove from the valley proper toward Union, through a gradual lessening of altitude dwindles to a point and is lost in the level valley itself. The store was owned by the firm of Frank & Bamburger and was doing an immense business, while the hotel was conducted by James Hendershott, at that time one of the best known men in the State. He had moved there from Salem in 1862, but had previously lived in Josephine County, of which he was at one time sheriff. He was elected to the lower House of the State Legislature from Union County in 1866 and to the State Senate in 1868. He was afterward register of the State Land Office at Union and was for several years a very influential lobbyist at the different sessions of the Legislature. He was a man of most generous impulses, extremely hospitable, always public-spirited and aided much in developing the agricultural and horticultural resources of the Grand Ronde valley. When nineteen years of age he married Miss Harriet Vincent, in Iowa. Mrs. Hendershott is now living at the age of eighty years, with her only child, Mrs. Minerva Eaton, wife of John Eaton, one of the State tax commissioners. Mr. Hendershott died in 1899 at the age of seventy years.

I will relate one incident that happened in the Cove in the winter of 1868 which well illustrates the nature of "Jim" Hendershott. At that time the population was so sparse that no one church could afford to maintain a separate organization and building, so there was organized what was called the "Union" Sunday-school in the Cove, and to it people of all beliefs and all shades of belief, as well as many of no belief, came from every part of the valley. J. R. Kellogg, a well-to-do farmer living but two miles from La Grande, twenty miles from the Cove, was chosen superintendent, and as he was a singing-school teacher as well it was considered a very fortunate thing that his services could be secured. He had served in the Union army during the war and was a splendid fifer, having acted in that capacity in his company in the South. In almost every public event, of whatever kind, which took place in the Grand Ronde valley for thirty years, J. R. Kellogg participated, and with an accompanying drum could be heard and seen marching along the principal street, in his element while arousing the cheers of the multitude.

Mr. Kellogg never missed that summer in his attendance at the Cove Sunday-school. He was always cheerful and his optimism was contagious. The last time I saw him was in the summer of 1905, at a public gathering in Newport, where he was taking a vacation. Being called upon for a song by those who knew his capabilities, he responded by singing that old ballad, "For Uncle Sam Is Rich Enough to Give Us All a Farm." And he did it well for a man eighty years of age. The next year he passed to that land of which he sang during a long lifetime.

People came to that Sunday-school from all directions and it was the most popular institution the valley had ever known. No discussion of denominational subjects was permitted—only "Christ and Him crucified." W. T.

Wright, then a young, unmarried man living in Union, where he still resides, was a regular attendant. He belonged to the choir which led the congregation, but was suspected of having an attraction there (it usually appeared in a calico dress and pretty sunbonnet), aside from his devotion to the faith.

As a rule, families brought their luncheon in huge baskets and when the Sunday-school was over everybody repaired to some convenient, shady spot where a meal fit for the gods was served, those not provided with their own luncheon being invited to partake of their neighbors'. Nobody went hungry and no meals were paid for. At three o'clock the singing-school was opened in "Dixie" schoolhouse, where all public meetings were held, and for two hours all the old-time hymns and glee songs were rendered by everybody present in a manner which left nothing to be desired in point of—lung power and enthusiasm. And perhaps those crude efforts were more uplifting than much of the music furnished by the church choirs of to-day, paid for at so much per.

There was a Bible class in the Sunday-school composed of a dozen of the older men in the community—one man being a Universalist, another an avowed agnostic, several Methodists, Baptists and United Brethren. Here all phases of religion were discussed freely and no feelings hurt. This unusual association, which made for good fellowship and neighborly amity, often is recalled by those now surviving, though after forty-five years the list is small.

In all this "Jim" Hendershott was in his element. Although he did not belong to any Church, he was deeply religious when under the influence of religious excitement, and when the "invitation song" was being sung at a camp-meeting—of which there were many during those years in the Cove—his voice could be heard above any other, and he really seemed to feel sincerely the effect of his surroundings—but he never joined the Church.

One Sunday afternoon in the fall of 1868 the matter of providing funds for the Sunday-school was under consideration. It was finally decided to give an entertainment at the close of the season—for that kind of a Sunday-school did not and could not thrive in bad weather. It was estimated that the sum of twenty dollars was wanted and voluntary contributions were called for, it being stated that if all the men present, or if even most of them, would give fifty cents each the necessary amount could easily be raised.

This was at a time when partisan feeling between political parties was well defined, for Appomattox then was but three years past. Between Hendershott, a leading Democrat, and Mc. Rees, the most prominent Republican of the place, there was much good-natured rivalry. Both were most generous in the matter of giving money toward any public enterprise. When contributions were called for Rees was the first on his feet, announcing that he would give as much as any one man present. Hendershott immediately arose and said he would give twenty dollars,—as much, it was thought, to embarrass Rees as for any other purpose, and thinking no doubt that the result would be a proposition on the part of the latter to compromise. But Rees at once produced his money and gave it to the chairman, Hendershott, always game, following his example.

This, of course, created great laughter. It was finally proposed that they cut their donations in half, but neither would listen to it, so they paid all the expenses of the entertainment—and enjoyed the experience immensely.

That summer Uncle Dan Elledge, a well-known and popular Christian minister of the old school, a man who thought Alexander Campbell the greatest man since Christ, but who resented calling his denomination "Campbellites," carried on a protracted meeting with great success. Uncle Dan was a man of great energy and natural ability; everybody liked him and everybody went to hear him preach. As Dixie schoolhouse would not hold half of his ordinary congregation, he would stand on the outside of the building, in the shade of an umbrella, and "dispense" the Gospel without money and without price. At this meeting Hendershott was always present—so was everybody else—and was the leader in the singing. He was great at "starting" a song in church. I can now hear him, by the aid of memory's ear, leading one of his favorite songs:

This world is beautiful and bright,
Oh, scarce one cloud has dimmed my sky;
And yet no gloomy shades of night
Are gathering 'round me, though I die.

Not a very cheerful song, it is true, but it was thought especially appropriate in those days for the awakening of the indifferent sinner.

As the interest in the meeting increased, it was thought best to have evening services, to help to maintain the fervor aroused during the afternoons. Everybody being in favor of the proposition, the question of providing lights was presented. Tallow candles were in general use then and several offered to contribute a certain number each night. It was decided, however, that it would require a great many to light the room sufficiently, and another effort was made to increase the donations. At this juncture Hendershott, who had hitherto remained silent, arose and said:

"Well, I am not a member of this church, but I have enjoyed Uncle Dan's preaching and I want the evening meetings. To have a successful time we want this room well lighted, and tallow candles, no matter how many you get, will not answer the purpose. The more you get of 'em the less you can see. I will buy a box of sperm candles and present them to the congregation as my contribution. Besides, Uncle Dan Elledge is *not a tallow candle preacher!*"

After life's fitful fever, James Hendershott sleeps well on the beautiful hillside in the Cove cemetery, overlooking that splendid panorama of rural homes, lovely gardens and fruitful orchards, the literal fulfillment of the prophecy of the immigrants of 1847—a veritable Land of Promise.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Presidential campaign of 1868, the first after the close of the Civil War, was a very exciting one throughout the country, with General Grant as the Republican candidate and ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, his opponent. Public interest was intense in the Cove and party feeling ran very high. Democrats and Republicans alike were profoundly distrustful of the honesty of those differing from them in politics and certainly had little faith in their good citizenship. In the Cove the Republicans were outnumbered four to one by the Democrats, who—it was a popular thing to say, and it had some truth in it—had belonged to "Pap" Price's army in Missouri and had largely overrun the Grand Ronde valley.

At that time there had never been a paper printed in Oregon east of the Blue Mountains, but the Democrats had made arrangements to start one in La Grande about the first of May in order more successfully to spread the gospel of Democracy. E. S. McComas, the county clerk, —a good writer and sound in his Democracy,—had been engaged to do the editorial writing for the new "organ."

The Republicans, not to be outdone, by a little hustling and much sacrifice on the part of a few, succeeded in obtaining a sum of money sufficiently large to purchase a press of their own, upon which they announced they would print a Republican paper in "the near future." George Coggan, a merchant and stockman, and M. Baker, at that time the leading lawyer in eastern Oregon, constituted the firm which furnished the financial backing for the paper.

By some delay in the matter of freight delivery, the Democrats were unable to issue the first number of their paper, the *Democratic Sentinel*, until its Republican rival, the *Blue Mountain Times,* had presented itself and taken the prize as the first newspaper venture in eastern Oregon. This was very humiliating to the Democrats, but they made the fur fly in great style a few weeks afterward.

There had been a debating society in the Cove during the previous winter in whose proceedings I had ventured to take some part, and political questions had not only not been tabooed, but were preferred as subjects for discussion. Before the campaign opened we had disposed of the long-mooted question as to whether fire was more destructive than water, and were, therefore, in good trim to grapple with any debatable problem that appeared to be aching for a definite solution.

To add to the troubles of the Republicans, the Democrats had a habit of inviting W. W. Baker, of La Grande, to come over occasionally and address the people on "the political issues of the day," and Baker had a way that was particularly exasperating to the Republicans—who, by the way, always went to hear him—in that he was sarcastic, somewhat abusive and was a fluent talker. And, then, he was a Democrat. But the establishment of a paper gave us abundant opportunity for setting forth the iniquities of Democracy and they were not neglected. In the general discussion participated in by those who were active in both parties, and that included nearly the entire body politic, it appeared to me—I was then just past seventeen years of age—that the Republicans were not accomplishing enough. More should be said and it should be said in a better and more effective way. I was disappointed, and felt that I ought to come to the rescue of my beloved party and all that it stood for as the bulwark of Liberty in this country and the hope of free institutions—or words to that effect.

I was in this apprehensive state of mind when, providentially for the party and the country, the *Blue Mountain Times* appeared and the opportunity was given me to remedy the shortcomings of my fellow Republicans and to show up the Democratic party as its wickedness richly deserved. The second number of the paper had been printed, but it fell far short of that spirit of destruction of the opposition which should have characterized it. There were so many things left unsaid which should have been said, in the first two issues, and the editorials were so shamefully tame and tolerant of a monstrous evil, that my decision was soon formed. I would write a communication to the *Times* that would open the eyes of the public to the dangers which would certainly follow the success of the Democratic party—and it was a crisis when any unnecessary delay might prove disastrous. I would show up the enemy in print!

The second issue of the *Times* had been printed on Saturday, April 25, and had been received at the Cove. The next day my father and mother went on a visit, to be gone the entire day. While they were getting ready for the trip it suddenly occurred to me that, since I was to be alone for several hours, I would employ the time in writing my communication in defense of Republicanism and the country. The opportunity was propitious and the motif lofty, while there could be no doubt as to its effect. I would warm it to 'em!

As soon as I was left alone, therefore, securing the family pen and pad of paper, I sat down and began the work. It proved very agreeable, for I could clearly see the enemy falling behind the breastworks as I fired charge after charge of unanswerable logic. I had no pity, since there was no excuse for the existence of the Democratic party anyway. Having completed my broadside, I read it over, pronounced it good and put it away, for not for the world would I have had my father know what I had done. I didn't know what degree of excellence was required in a newspaper communication and, therefore, had some misgivings as to its acceptance. I read it over several times and with each succeeding perusal it seemed to lose some of its biting sarcasm. I began to wonder why I had not made it more scathing. But there was no time for revision and it must stand on its merits—or demerits.

Those were great days in the Cove. As there was no post-office, all the mail intended for its people was sent to Union and by common consent "Jim" Hendershott was authorized to carry it both ways. Outgoing letters were left at the home of S. D. Cowles, and while Hendershott's trips to Union might be, and usually were, irregular at the first of the week, he never failed to bring the mail down on Saturday afternoon. Early on Monday morning, after writing my communication, I went down to the residence of Mr. Cowles and deposited it in the receiving box, while nobody was looking, and hied myself away.

The ensuing week was a very trying one for me. I was in constant torture lest my letter should not be printed, and at the same time suffering distressing pangs lest it should. By Thursday I had completely lost my appetite and was heartily wishing I had never entered the newspaper business. I could not understand why I had not let well enough alone—why I hadn't left the defense of the Republican party to others, to those who liked a fight. My father noticed my gradual wasting away and questioned me closely; on Saturday he suggested that a doctor be sent for, but I assured him that it was only a temporary attack and would most certainly disappear that day.

After dinner I went, as usual, for the mail. It was the custom on Saturday for the people within a radius of several miles to assemble at the Dixie schoolhouse and wait for the arrival of Hendershott. S. D. Cowles, a splendid old fellow who was afterwards postmaster at the Cove for ten years, always took the mail out of the sack and called out the names, while the eager crowd stood around and reached for the letters and papers as their names were called. On that particular afternoon Hendershott was late and I praised the Lord for it—the delay deferred for a time my knowledge of the fate of my effort and I felt better. But I didn't mix with the people, an unnatural thing on my part, and I am sure that I must have looked guilty—of something. If there had been any officers there looking for suspects, I should have been arrested without any inquiry. A countenance such as I carried that day, if it at all reflected my inward feelings, would send a man to jail, notwithstanding the most vigorous protestations of innocence.

When Hendershott arrived, I took my place in the outer circle of the crowd, and when Mr. Cowles picked up the package containing the *Times* I leaned against a window-sill and prepared myself for the worst—still undecided whether I wished the letter printed or not. When my father's name was called I was unable to respond or to reach forth my hand, but a man standing near, recognizing me, placed the paper in my hands and I at once hurried out of the house.

Having escaped, I did not know which way to go, seeing that the goods were on me, as it were. Finally, I went behind the schoolhouse and with trembling hands opened the paper—and there was my letter, graphically portending the fall of the Democratic party!

I didn't stop to read it. My first consideration was to get away, for I assumed that within a few minutes every man there would have read that scathing arraignment of the only menace to the progress of the Republic and would at once suspect me as being its wicked author. The first thing for me to do was to place myself beyond the reach of the infuriated mob.

So I hurried up the hill toward home, but after I had reached a place of probable safety I could no longer repress my longing to see how my production looked and to know what it sounded like. I therefore seated myself in a corner of old man Martin's fence and read the letter through. This relieved me somewhat, and I proceeded on my way until I fell the victim of an overweening desire to read it again, when I sat on a rock by Sam Colwell's fence and gave it a second perusal! This satisfied me until I reached home, when I handed the paper over to my father. He at once saw the communication from the Cove, read it, pronounced it a good thing, and wondered "who in Sam Patch wrote it."

He had me read it aloud, asking my opinion as to who its author could be. We suggested several well-known men as the guilty parties, but finally gave it up as a riddle too difficult for us to solve.

This, my first effort in the field of newspaper writing, which occupied the leading place on the editorial page of the *Blue Mountain Times,* issued May 2, 1869, was a full column and was signed "Ram Pant," printed in capital letters. The general tenor of the letter may be inferred from the *nom de plume* which I selected.

Having crossed the Rubicon without any mishap, and having heard my production spoken of approvingly by my father, who was a fairly competent critic, it was astonishing how rapidly my health was restored. In two hours I was perfectly well, to all appearances, and as I asked for two helpings of every dish we had for supper that night, I was told by the head of the family that in justice to the cook I ought to have given some notice of such an abnormal development of appetite.

Having broken the ice successfully, I continued to send letters to the *Times* for several months without being suspected of their authorship, which, by the way, occasioned much speculation even among the Republicans. Of course, I told my father, as it was impossible to do the work without his knowledge. Having gained the necessary confidence to push forward, I soared into the realms of poetry, made incursions into the Bible, quoted from Shakespeare and did all sorts of foolish things, enjoying the experience immensely. I recall that later in the campaign I paid a great tribute to the Republican party as the savior of the country and the hope of posterity, closing with this declaration: "With General Grant elected President and the Republican party in full power, the country will be stronger than the bonds of Orion and benigner than the sweetest influences of the Pleiades." Of course I do not know what that means any more than I did then, but it sounded good and I supposed it would make the Democrats mad—which helped some.

But I met my Waterloo in September. In some way it was discovered that the "Ram Pant" letters were written by me—a seventeen-year-old boy with flaxen hair, of whom such a thing was never suspected. At once I was made the object of numerous attacks by different writers in the *Sentinel*, but none of them hurt until Judge E. C. Brainard, of Union, fired a "poem" at me. It consisted of a dozen verses of doggerel, written in a vein of caustic ridicule, of which he was a master, and to this I was never able to make a satisfactory reply. For several years I kept this production of his stowed away in a dark corner of an old trunk, from which it was brought forth at long intervals for inspection; but it has been lost, else I would take great pleasure in reproducing it here. After expressing his fear for my safety, if permitted to repeat my trips into the Pleiades unattended, he besought the Lord to

> Bring Soaplocks back to earth again,

and counselled a cessation of hostilities until

> Forest Cove, on oats and grass,
> Recruits her panting, Ram Pant ass.

I have since had many hard jolts in the political field, and time and again have felt the power of the solar plexus in newspaper controversies, but I never received a blow that cut deeper and hurt longer than that thrust of Brainard's at the time when I had concluded I had things my own way and that there was none to dispute. After that I was ashamed for anybody to see me, and my father said I had not put in so many days on the farm in any one month for a year as during that September!

In that first letter I dubbed W. W. Baker "Wonderful Wearisome," which I supposed would serve to eliminate him permanently from the list of public speakers, but it did not seem even to discourage him. In fact, he visited the Cove soon after that and addressed the people. I did not attend his meeting, as I knew he would severely arraign the writer of the letter and I feared my countenance would betray its authorship, but I learned afterward that he committed a flagrant violation of common politeness by making no reference to it whatever.

In after years I often regretted that I had not saved that first attempt at newspaper writing, but did not think it probable that a file of the *Times* had been kept even by its publishers. Jasper Stevens, of La Grande, was one of the first printers on the *Times,* and when I visited the old town in the summer of 1903, he and I were talking over the experiences of early days, when I expressed my regret that I had not saved as a curio that first literary production of mine, 'way back in 1868. He remembered it well, and suggested that it might be found in the attic of his home, where many bundles of the *Times* were in storage. A short search discovered several copies of the early numbers of the pioneer paper of the Blue Mountain region, and among them was that one which set forth the apprehensions entertained for the safety of the country by a "Ram Pant" writer whose home address was the Cove.

That merciless dissection of the Democratic party—considered the standing menace of good government and composed of real bad men—is now in the custody of George H. Himes, secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, along with the old hand-looms, primitive wagon-hubs, rusty Kentucky rifles and other junk, valuable only as curiosities of the past.

CHAPTER XXXV

The Union County pioneers in these latter years have their annual meetings, at which they take the same pleasure in recounting their early experiences and hardships as do those of western Oregon who crossed the Great Plains in the '40's. And, indeed, they should, for their privations, in a sense, were similar to those of their predecessors two decades before. In 1860 Union County was as near being in a "state of nature" as Marion County was twenty years before. It is true that it was possible to obtain the necessaries of life in those days, if one had the means, but the majority of the people were very poor; coming generally from the Mississippi Valley, they arrived with little money and had a full year to struggle before any returns could be expected.

I remember that for several years sugar and nails were selling for sixteen cents a pound—six pounds for a dollar being the fixed price. The result was, of course, that sugar was used very sparingly. The only fruits growing wild were gooseberries and elderberries. The exorbitant price of sugar made the cooking of gooseberries almost an impossibility, except to such scions of the rich as had drifted into the country, but elderberries were in great demand, especially during harvest time.

Let not the epicure elevate his nose at the mention of an elderberry pie, for I well remember that at those harvest dinners, where the men had appetites like a circular saw, the struggle for a piece of pie was worth seeing. The demand was greater than it was always possible to supply from the scattering bushes to be found, and there was no other pie to be had. Besides, a pie made from elderberries, liberally seasoned with spice, cinnamon, nutmeg, sugar, cream, butter, lemon, orange peel, cloves and sweet cider, well cooked and not too many berries used, makes a very good substitute for a better one, the only drawback being the number of seeds (unless one uses the berries sparingly) and the circumstance that they have a very insipid taste anyway.

In the mountains, however, huckleberries grew to perfection in many sections and parties were frequently formed for the purpose of making raids on this delicious fruit, joining the pleasure of an outing with the more practical result of securing food for the winter larder.

For two years after my marriage, in 1870, I bought what coal-oil I used of the local merchant and always carried it home in a quart bottle, the same bottle each time, and paid thirty-seven and one-half cents for it. This was at the rate of seven dollars and fifty cents for a five-gallon can! The fact was that coal-oil was so very expensive that we always did our reading by the light of pine knots, which were saved up for that purpose. In the winter of 1869-70 I read all of Josephus' works and the whole of the Old Testament by this sort of light, and, not expecting anything better, was quite content.

When company came to spend the evening, a requisition was made on the coal-oil bottle and the additional illumination of the house seemed like a bonfire. However, I can well remember that when we lived in Silverton we made all our candles from tallow, "run" in a set of molds which turned out a dozen at a time. I recall, also, the first sperm candles I ever saw. My father, on his return from one of those wonderful trips to Salem—it always seemed to me that he had been to and returned from fairyland—brought with him a box containing six dozen sperm candles. These were used only when we had company, and if one of them was employed to light the room during the progress of the evening meal, the novelty of the situation was sufficient to take away the appetite of my sister and myself, so intent were we in admiring the magnificent spectacle.

Indeed, if we had used sperm candles regularly, we would have been talked about by the whole neighborhood as scandalously extravagant and intolerably "stuck up!"

Conditions were so primitive in Union County for several years after I went there that very few men could afford to own a good wagon. A man came from Iowa in 1872, bringing with him a new Studebaker wagon, which excited the envy and admiration of every one. Practically all the wood used in the Cove for the first ten years after its settlement was hauled from the adjacent mountains by the use of the two hind wheels of a wagon. At that time dead pine trees were to be found standing in the woods everywhere and they made the very best of fuel. A man would take his two wheels, with a false tongue attached, go into the mountains when the snow was a foot deep, or any other sufficient depth, and by "skidding" one end of a log two feet through and sixty feet long on to the axle, easily pull it to his farm, no matter how far away it was, since the Grand Ronde valley is shaped like a basin and every farm in it is lower than the nearest timber line. In those days a man could easily secure enough wood of the best quality, by making a few trips to the mountains, a few miles distant, to answer all purposes for a year.

There were many farmers who did all their "teaming" on the two-wheeled affair I have described. I myself had been married several years and was the proud father of two children before I invested in a wagon of any kind. I had an opportunity to trade a horse for a wagon with four wheels (!). It had been driven across the plains the year before from Missouri, and had seen hard service there since the days of Tom Benton. The wheels were "dished," each after a plan of its own, and the tracks they left in the road so little resembled parallel lines that an attempt to follow them for a mile would produce an incurable case of cross-eyes. Nevertheless, the wheels would revolve and couldn't get off the axles, so the relic proved a mighty good servant and

I was extremely proud of it, although I remember that when I took my family to church the next Sunday after the memorable purchase I was ashamed to face the crowd, which always remains outdoors at a country church until the singing commences, in order that nothing may escape its observation. I knew my step upwards in the line of material progress would cause general comment, and from that I modestly shrank. I had made a "buckboard" out of two planks, each a foot wide, and upon these my wife and I sat with our feet dangling in the air, with our backs to each other—she holding the two babies and I driving the team. It was a distinct triumph over the distressing poverty which had until then hampered me, and after I had once faced my neighbors, I found it easier to appear in company with a vehicle having four wheels in evidence.

The first summer I was in the Cove, 1867, my father "hired me out" to a Mr. McLaughlin, who owned a sawmill on Mill Creek, two miles away. We had moved on a piece of land consisting of forty acres, perfectly new, and had obtained the lumber for a very cheap house from Mr. McLaughlin, agreeing to pay for the greater part of it as we could. It was partly to discharge this obligation that I became his helper for a couple of months. It was the only sawmill within a distance of ten miles and the only one of its kind on the Pacific Coast—I should hope. It was driven by an "overshot" wheel twenty-four feet in diameter and thirty inches in width, which required three minutes to make one revolution, and the machinery was so geared up that every time the wheel revolved once the sash-saw would be raised and lowered at least ten times. The cog gearing was made of fir blocks and would wear out after one week's service, necessitating the replacing of one every hour or two, while the only belt was the one reaching to the drum to which the sash was attached. This belt, made of cow skins, with the hair still on one side, would stretch to such an extent that when we were not making a new block for a cog we were taking up the slack. We made a new one one day which measured forty feet. The first afternoon we used it we cut out a surplus foot four times, and by the time it was worn out—it lasted a week—we had fifty feet of surplus hide and still forty feet of belt. There was no waste material about the mill anywhere!

My special task in this work was to "offbear" the mill's output, to do which, however, was not difficult. The logs were delivered on a hillside just above the mill by a team of oxen, and we could easily saw one every half-day. When we wanted a new log, we cleared the mill of all obstructions and removed the "chunk" which retained the "boom" on the hillside. This done, the log would surrender to the law of gravitation and with great velocity roll into the mill, usually taking its place on the carriage without assistance. In fact the speed made by the logs in this operation was the only rapid motion ever seen about the mill, and was an event to which we looked forward twice a day with great interest.

But the one feature about that mill which I enjoyed to the full was the progress of the carriage, as it pushed the log into that saw. It was a constant struggle as to which would surrender. Sometimes the saw would give up, and as the carriage endeavored to proceed against the dead saw, the mill would shake and tremble for a moment and all motion would cease, while the water would pour over the stationary wheel until the extra force would cause the belt to slip, when the wheel would turn half over, empty out its buckets and again come to a standstill. Sometimes a cog in the carriage gearing would break while the saw was savagely eating its way through a pine knot and, having no resistance, the remaining machinery would virtually run away with itself until the excited "foreman" succeeded in shutting off the water. Oh, there were times when things were exciting in that old mill!

But when everything was running smoothly it was great fun. Having "set" the log and started the works going, there was a good long rest in store until the saw reached the further end. There was nothing unseemly about the gait of the carriage. It was deliberate a part of the time. With the screws turned, the "dogs" firmly driven in and the water turned on, as soon as the big wheel became filled, the picnic began. Mr. McLaughlin was a devoted reader of the *Weekly Oregonian*, and after he had satisfied himself that the belt was not going to slip on that trip, he would settle himself on the log and begin reading one of Mr. Scott's editorials, for which he had great admiration. Sitting on a gunny sack filled with straw, which he used as a cushion, his happiest moments I am sure were those which found him deeply buried in the columns of the *Oregonian*, the music of the saw, mingling with the splash of the pouring water, indicating to his subconscious mind that all was well, that the gait he was traveling was not transcending the speed limit, and that sometime before dinner there would be another contribution to the world's lumber supply.

Of course, in a mill of this character, it was utterly impossible to saw lumber accurately. Nearly all planks which were intended to be an inch thick were two inches at one end and a half inch at the other—often a mere feather in the middle. For this reason the house we built was a foot wider at one end than at the other and was narrower in the middle than at either, and for the same reason we had great difficulty in making a roof that would force the water to run from its comb to the eaves.

One day a cottonwood log was brought in from the woods and Mr. McLaughlin concluded that, as it was soft material, it would be a good thing to saw it up into thin stuff, a half-inch thick, to be used probably for making boxes of some sort. This was done, or rather, attempted. On account of the uncertain "cut" of the saw, it usually used up an inch of material as it went hammering its way through a log, and to get a half-inch board from this process was not only a fearful waste of raw material, but the precise result to be obtained was a matter for the wildest conjecture. However, we sawed up that cottonwood log, three feet in diameter, got seven thin boards—and a wagon-load of sawdust. I stacked them out in the sun in a loose pile to season, and within three days they had warped themselves out of the lumber yard and were found in a neighbor's corral, a mile down the creek!

In 1870 Mr. McLaughlin sold his mill and moved to the Willamette valley, settling on the Abiqua, near Silverton, where he died soon afterward. Two years ago, when on a visit to the Cove, I sauntered across to the old mill site, but there's no sign anywhere that there was ever a mill there—that the hum and buzz of a great manufacturing establishment ever disturbed the local quiet by its sporadic efforts to supply the local market with local produce. All was changed and there was in the place of the old mill a pretty garden in front of a cozy cottage, with two children playing where the logs used to rumble down the hillside.

And while I sat on an old pine stump which had been bereft of its top, doubtless in answer to the demands of McLaughlin's mill, and indulged in a half-hour's reverie of my own, I remembered that I was some forty years older than I had been "once upon a time."

CHAPTER XXXVI

Perhaps in no county in Oregon has there been more bitterness injected into political contests or more lasting enmities caused by their outcome than in Union. And the origin of most of them lay in the county-seat contest, which began in 1872. In the session of the Legislature two years before, Hon. James Hendershott, then State Senator, secured the passage of a law providing for a vote on the re-location of the county-seat. It was the beginning of a contest longer drawn out and provoking more animosity than any other in the history of Oregon.

Upon the creation of Union County in 1864 by setting off the northern part of Baker, the county seat was located at La Grande, which is on the extreme western edge of the Grand Ronde valley, and therefore far from the center of population. But it was the largest town in the valley, was on the line of the stage coaches from Umatilla Landing to the Idaho mines, and was for that reason selected. But within a few years the town of Union, on the opposite side of the valley, which was also on the stage line and centrally located in a magnificent agricultural section, becoming ambitious, began clamoring for a vote on the re-location of the county-seat. The unrest and aspirations of Union became contagious and the outcome of the agitation was the enactment of the enabling law referred to, which provided that at the Presidential election in November of that year a vote should be taken on the proposition, and that five towns, La Grande, Union, Cove, Island City and Summerville, should be candidates for the coming honor. If no one of these secured a majority of all the votes cast, a subsequent election should be held at which the two highest contestants should have a final tryout.

The outcome of the election gave La Grande the highest vote, but it was less than a majority. An interesting question here arose, however, as to which aspirant should be the second contestant. In the earlier days Cove was officially designated "Forest Cove," but its name had been changed by the Post-Office Department to "Cove" in order to prevent the frequent miscarriage of letters in the mails resulting from the similarity of the names "Forest Cove" and "Forest Grove."

But the change had not become familiar to some of the early settlers when the county-seat vote was taken, and in the returns there were six votes for "Forest Cove." It happened that the vote between the Cove and Union was so close that the counting of these six votes for Cove would put that town in the second place; but if they were counted separately, it would give Union the privilege of contesting with La Grande. Naturally it gave rise to much feeling, for it was soon discovered that all the Wilkinson family in High Valley, old settlers and numbering six voters, had inadvertently voted for "Forest" Cove. In the wrangle which at once arose between Union and Cove, the former, of course, insisted upon its rights according to a strict construction of the returns, but Cove proposed to contend for those six votes, which were admittedly intended for itself though technically cast for another locality.

A meeting was held by the citizens of Cove to consider what was best to do and I was chosen to take up the legal phase of the matter with Hon. James H. Lasater, of Walla Walla, all the lawyers of Union County at that time residing in La Grande. I had attended school under Mr. Lasater in Silverton when but nine years old, and had known him later quite intimately. He counseled an acquiescence in the returns as shown on their face, stating that the outcome of the suit would be uncertain, and that it would certainly be expensive, so the matter was dropped and the second election gave the decision to Union. Had those six votes for "Forest" Cove been counted for Cove, it would have put that place in the contest against La Grande, and it would without doubt have been chosen the county-seat. This would have surely affected materially the political history of Union County, as well as the public careers of many of its prominent citizens, for in the forty years following men have been voted up and voted down and voted out with a beautiful disregard for fitness or political affiliation—the all-important question being as to their stand on the fight between Union and La Grande. For thirty-five years it raged with relentless fury, and after the first steps were taken 'way back in the early days, boys were born, grew to manhood, became candidates for office and were slaughtered, whether Republicans or Democrats, sickened, died and passed to their reward—but the old fight kept up with unabated interest and with frequent stiletto thrusts, followed by telling results.

Southeast of the town of Union is what has long been known as the "Panhandle," a narrow strip of country which runs out into the Cornucopia Mountains, forty miles away, and which geographically belongs to Baker County, but its attachment to Union County upon its creation had given to Union its political strength, or, rather, its balance of power in the struggle for the retention of the county-seat. For years efforts were made to have it joined to Baker County, as most of the people, when obliged to go to Union on business of any kind, went to Baker City, left their teams there and went to Union by train. It was held that, since a trip to Union necessitated going through Baker, they might as well belong to that county and save this extra travel.

But the change was always stubbornly resisted by Union, for obvious reasons. At the legislative session of 1901, however, a bill for that purpose was passed after a most bitter contest. It was fathered by Senator William Smith, of Baker, and the opposition was led by Senator Wade, of Union. It had passed the House without being seriously contested, it being the intention of the Union people to center their efforts upon killing the measure in the Senate. On the morning of the day upon which it had been made a special order, Senator Smith came into my office and said he had heard that I intended to do what I could to defeat the "Panhandle" bill in the Senate. I assured him that such report was entirely unfounded; that I intended to keep my hands off the contest, it being a local measure, and that the winning side might rest assured that no executive veto would interfere with the result of the final vote. Senator Smith went away saying that that was all he asked.

Within an hour Senator Wade entered my office in a somewhat excited state of mind and said the report had reached him that I intended to assist the Baker County people in their effort to wrest the "Panhandle" from his county, upon which I gave him the same assurance I had extended to Senator Smith—which was perfectly satisfactory to him.

After a debate which consumed much of the forenoon, the vote was taken and Baker County won the "Panhandle." Personally, I regretted the result, since I had been so closely connected with the people of Union in my boyhood days, but it was not a case where there would be any justification for interference and I permitted the law to stand.

A strong effort was made, however, by the people of Union to induce me to veto the measure, and they secured a large petition—signed, it was said, by many citizens of the Panhandle—but as my stand had been taken and assurance given to the contrary, it was impossible to comply with their request.

Six years after this episode I was a candidate before the people under the direct primary law for the Republican nomination for Governor, and came within some two hundred and fifty votes of winning it. A more complete scanning of the vote cast after the different counties were heard from by precincts disclosed the interesting, as well as significant, fact that of the two precincts in the town of Union, the Republicans had cast about one hundred and fifty votes, and but three of them had been given to me! Always before, when a candidate, I had received practically the unanimous support of the Union Republicans, which, if accorded me on the occasion referred to, would have given me the nomination for Governor.

Immediately after the passage of the "Panhandle" bill a vote was taken upon the re-location of the county-seat in Union County, and La Grande won it from Union by quite a decided majority. So far as I can see, that solar plexus I received at the hands of Union was the last exhibition of the bitterness which had been raging in that county for thirty-five years as to the location of the county-seat.

Union is a beautiful little city, in the midst of one of the best agricultural sections in the West, has a splendid water power, vast timber resources, a fine lot of people of the substantial pioneer stock and is progressing rapidly in its development—even without the county capital, and the rest from an eternal wrangle which it is enjoying hath its compensations which are not to be despised.

But a county-seat contest is surely noted for its vitality. It has a faculty of staying "put." It usually has nine lives, and one never knows when it is loaded.

CHAPTER XXXVII

In the spring of 1874, when the State campaign opened, there appeared to be more activity in political circles than usual. The Republicans of Union County were early in the field and, though in a hopeless minority on a straight vote, always had that buoyant feeling that alone keeps life in minorities. Two years before that Samuel Hannah, a prominent merchant in Union, had defeated James Hendershott for re-election to the State Senate. It was on a local issue, however, involving the re-location of the overland stage line over the Summerville route—really a forerunner of the county-seat contest—but Hannah was a Republican and his party took to itself all the glory of a purely partisan victory.

Sam Hannah was a man of high character, had close connections with the people of Union County, which gave him a strong prestige, and had the advantage over Hendershott of never having been in political life—a lever which many good men have discovered is worth a great many votes in a political campaign. Often an admittedly third-rate man will receive more votes for a public position than his opponent, if the latter has occupied an important office where he has been obliged to disappoint a dozen or two people in the selection of an incumbent for some position carrying a salary of three hundred per annum.

Incidentally this reminds me of a remark once made to me by the late Senator John H. Mitchell, to the effect that in his extended experience in disposing of public patronage he had discovered that when you have a good appointment at your disposal there will be, on an average, ten aspirants for the job. In the performance of your duty you are obliged to select one of the ten, with the result that you have probably made nine enemies and one—ingrate!

However, Sam Hannah had every qualification for his position in the State Senate and discharged his duties in a very acceptable manner. For ten years or more he filled a large place in the affairs of Union County and died at his home in Union in the early '80's. His election marked the first break of the Republicans of Union County into the solid ranks of the Democracy. They had never been able to obtain any position, high or low, and the discovery that the thing was possible came as a revelation where no hope had been entertained. At that time one of the most outspoken Republicans in the Grand Ronde valley was John W. Norval of Summerville. For several years there had been but three Republicans in Summerville precinct, but at each recurring primary meeting they always "assembled" and sent their delegate up to La Grange to attend the Republican county convention. Norval was the delegate. With the regularity of a good clock, these three men met every two years in the Summerville schoolhouse and organized by the election of Norval as chairman and the second man as secretary; the third would take the floor and make the necessary motions. And it was no ordinary affair for those three men who, through good report and bad, held the citadel against the foes of good government, for the primaries came only every two years and the occasion was always used for the passage of a string of resolutions denouncing the Democratic party, which was longer and more comprehensive than an average national platform of either of the parties. Usually these resolutions would recite the origin of parties, show how, by degrees, the principles of the Republican party had become necessary to the preservation of the national life and the progress of mankind, vow eternal devotion to the glorious tenets of the "grand old party," and close by promising the unanimous support of the Republicans of Summerville precinct to the tickets to be nominated. Incidentally, Lincoln and Grant were mentioned frequently in the body of the pronunciamento.

Norval was an able man and the conditions then prevailing in political life were conducive to intensity of feeling. I do not recall that there was any criticism from any Republican quarter of his radicalism, but, rather, envy of his ability in that direction.

The election of a State Senator by the Republicans of Union County in 1872 served to inspire hope in the bosoms of several budding politicians that the miracle might be repeated. The result was that there was an unusual scramble for nominations in the county convention, which met in La Grande. Among those who were anxious to trust their fortunes to the electorate were Norval and myself. I do not now remember whether Norval was nominated, but it was conceded that the east side of the valley should have one representative on the ticket for the Legislature, but in the convention a man named Ross, living in the Eagle Creek country, defeated me by one vote and was successful at the ensuing June election. His colleague was Dunham Wright, a Democrat who had been a member of the previous Legislature.

The State campaign of 1874 was given an unusually spicy flavor by the Independent movement, which put a full ticket in the field as a protest against the regular Republicans. Its chief interest centered in the three-cornered congressional contest, the Republicans having nominated Richard Williams of Portland, the Democrats George A. La Dow of Umatilla and the Independents T. W. Davenport of Marion. Williams at that time was one of the best-known lawyers in the State, as he is to-day; Davenport was a farmer, living in the Waldo Hills, who had served several terms in the Legislature, was a man of unquestionable ability, but never in harmony with any organization whose numerical strength was sufficient to enable it to accomplish its avowed purposes. Davenport was always on the side of the opposition, no matter what the subject or occasion, and was gifted enough to defend his attitude with a degree of plausibility that was surprising.

In the campaign of 1874 he and Williams made a joint canvass of the State, addressing the audiences by dividing time, and it proved perhaps the most memorable in the political history of Oregon. Williams was no less resourceful as a campaigner than as a lawyer, but he was put on his mettle, as he freely admits, in this forensic encounter with Davenport, whose defense for his eccentric course in politics rested on the general idea embraced in Emerson's declaration that "consistency is the deadly enemy of progress," and that he would say just what he thought to-day, though it might give the lie to all he said yesterday.

Davenport's first wife (the mother of Homer), the daughter of Ralph C. Geer, was my first cousin. He was two years older than my father and I had known him intimately all my life. When the meeting with Williams and Davenport was held in La Grande, I went over from the Cove, and as it was Saturday, he returned with me to my home and remained over until Monday, when we went to Union where the next meeting was held. It was a treat to listen to such a war of words between two such antagonists as they were. It was all good natured—on the surface—but there was a deadly undercurrent of sarcasm, ridicule, cutting repartee and irony. Of these, of course, irony hurt the most. It were well if we all followed the sage advice of an old woman who observed this fact: "People should never ironize!"

At La Grande Davenport had referred to a severe criticism by Williams of one of his actions when a member of the Legislature in 1868, and inquired why he (Williams) had supported him for re-election in 1870 if he considered him so grossly culpable. As Williams, in his reply at La Grande, paid no attention to Davenport's inquiry, at Union Davenport insistently repeated his demand for an answer, his courage seeming to be reinforced by Williams' attitude. He said:

"I should like Mr. Williams to tell this audience, here and now, in my presence, why he supported me for ëlection in 1870 if my record in 1868 was so open to nsure."

Mr. Williams was sitting on the platform and there as no escape. But as Davenport paused and turned ward him, he arose, walked to the front of the stage nd, standing by the side of Davenport, said:

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I confess that I had not tended to explain this matter, rather preferring to ass it by; but as Mr. Davenport has insisted upon it, may as well say that I supported him for reëlection or the reason that, incredible as it may seem, his Democratic opponent was a meaner man than he was."

The effect of this retort was sufficient completely to nhorse Davenport, who had brought it upon himself, nd as Williams stood by his side a moment longer and ooked him in the face, while the entire audience shouted vith uproarious laughter, it presented one of the most udicrous scenes of a notable campaign.

George A. La Dow, the Democratic candidate, remained at his home at Weston, Umatilla County, while his battle was waged by his more pugnacious rivals. He was not known outside of his county, did not leave t during the campaign—and was elected. Williams and Davenport so divided the Republican vote that both were defeated, though each gave the other "a run for his money," and the people an intellectual treat of the first quality. La Dow died before taking his seat, and at a special election held in November, 1875, Lafayette Lane, of Douglas County, a Democrat, was chosen to fill the vacancy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

One of the very pleasant experiences of my life in eastern Oregon was a trip to the Wallowa valley and to the wonderfully beautiful lake of the same name, in August, 1875. That was several years before Wallowa County was created by slicing off the northern half of Union. At that time there were not more than a dozen settlers in all that territory which is now included in Wallowa County, and they had gone there in search of range, it not being considered at that time suitable for any other purpose. The fact is, at the beginning of its settlement it was thought that only those went to Wallowa who cared little for the advantages of civilization and were willing to bid farewell to their friends, if they had any, and embrace the life of a hermit.

But marvelous tales were borne to the Grand Ronde valley of the opportunities it offered for hunting big game—deer, elk and bear—while some of the fish stories told by Sam Van Order and his father, who had made the trip two or three times on packhorses, were accepted as "figments of the imagination," intended only to excite envy. But samples of the famous red fish, which they said abounded in the lake in almost incredible numbers, were brought out, and since "seeing is believing" they created an irresistible longing on the part of many of us to hie ourselves away to the land which produced such wonders.

Accordingly, a party consisting of S. G. French, O. P. Jaycox, Robert Eakin, Dr. J. W. Givens, Girard Cochran, Alex Cochran, Lee Vincent and myself, with Mrs. James Hendershott and Misses Allie Cochran, Ella Cochran, Josie Cochran and Nellie Condon—thirteen in number—left the Cove on the morning of August 16, 1875, bent on a two weeks' outing, the objective point being Wallowa Lake.

In the wagon we placed an old skiff—where it was obtained I never knew—and in this, as well as around it, was piled all the paraphernalia needed in a camping outfit for such a crowd. Six of the party took riding horses, and these were used, in turn, by all of us. The second day, at noon, we reached the Wallowa River at its junction with the Minem, where a toll bridge had just been completed by A. C. Smith, of the Cove. The second night we camped in the lower end of what is known as the "lower" Wallowa valley in a meadow owned by Mr. Bramlette, the first settler in that whole region. His hay had been cut and was in the cock—that is, it was in the latter condition when we arrived, but the next morning, alas, as we broke camp and drove away, about an acre of his meadow looked as though a cyclone had passed that way. We learned afterwards that the Wallowa valley is subject to violent winds and that haying time is no exception.

The third day we reached the lower end of Wallowa Lake and made our camp among a grove of magnificent cottonwoods. The location is not surpassed for beauty anywhere in the United States. Although thousands of of our people go abroad each year and spend millions of dollars in their quest for the scenic wonders of the world, the results are dwarfed in comparison with the lavish displays of Nature throughout the great Northwest.

In approaching Wallowa Lake one gets no hint that such a body of water, or indeed any body of water, is within a thousand miles until the road reaches the summit of a small ridge, not a hundred yards from the edge of this little inland gem. It is four miles in length and one mile wide, surrounded on three sides by heavily timbered mountains and modest foothills, which at that time were covered with a magnificent growth of eastern Oregon's famous bunch grass. The lake is fed by a dozen small streams which rush from the adjacent mountains in the greatest apparent glee in the enjoyment of their new-found liberty, only to be lost in the calm waters of the lake, whose depth in some places is known to be eight hundred feet.

The only outlet of this surpassingly beautiful body of water is at its extreme northwestern side and is known as the Wallowa River, which flows with great rapidity, but with gradual fall, through the entire length of the Wallowa valley, thirty miles in distance, only at that point to plunge into a narrow canyon, which it follows for ten miles. It then receives the waters of the Minem, which heads in the mountains immediately back of the Cove. Some ten miles below this junction the Wallowa is received into the Grand Ronde.

Our camp was located near the point where the river leaves the lake, or, rather, where the river is formed. As the tents were pitched and everything arranged by four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. French and Girard Cochran insisted that we should launch our skiff and proceed to the upper end of the lake, four miles away, and ascertain the particular percentage of truth there might be in the fish stories we had heard. The boat was, of course, a leaky tub, but we waited until the absorption of water by the dry boards had expanded the timber and reduced the cracks to their minimum size, and reached our destination without any mishap; but it required the ceaseless activity of Girard, bailing out the water with a milk pan as fast as it ran in, to keep us afloat.

Such astonishing results rewarded our efforts that from that day I have believed every fish story that has been told me. As we had no way to fasten the boat when we arrived, I proposed to sit in it to prevent its drifting away while my two companions started on a tour of investigation. None of the streams which feed the lake is deeper than one foot in August, and at that time of the day the fish were all in these streams. We had been told that no tackle was needed to catch them but only a club—that they were so thick in the water one could almost pick them up by wading in where it was little more than shoe-mouth deep. As my com-

WALLOWA LAKE AS IT APPEARED IN AUGUST, 1875

Facing Page 280

panions approached the bank of the stream, after landing, I saw them jump into the water and begin striking right and left. I had told them that I would not get my feet wet for all the fish we might catch, and this was my real reason for remaining in the boat.

But after two or three plunges one of the men made a grab under the water and threw upon the bank a speckled beauty at least twenty inches in length and as red as a well-matured beet. The next thing I knew—the next thing anybody knew—I was "in the midst" of my two companions, striking at the red fish with an oar which I had unconsciously taken as a weapon. After landing two or three in as many minutes, I looked for my associate anglers, only to see them sitting on the bank roaring with laughter as they recalled my insistence upon being permitted to sit in the boat while they waded into the water. They soon recovered sufficiently, however, to call my attention to the boat, which was slowly drifting away, and I was compelled to rush into the water nearly shoulder deep in order to rescue our craft.

The real truth is that at that time it is likely no body of water in the world of its size had such a large supply of fish of equal quality as had Wallowa Lake. The red fish has never been seen anywhere else and has for several years been entirely extinct. Its average length was about eighteen inches and it had the general appearance and flavor of the famous Chinook salmon of the Columbia River. This lake had been the favorite fishing resort for the Nez Percé Indians from time immemorial, and it was to retain possession of it and the valley surrounding it, that Chief Joseph made his stand against the white settlers in 1878.

The following days were spent in the enjoyment of the unequaled facilities which the place afforded for a happy camp life—hunting, fishing, boat-riding, reading, story-telling, attempts at singing, cooking and exploring the surrounding country. It was a most delightful week.

The second day after making our camp the entire party went to the head of the lake, some by water, the others taking the horses. There was a fair Indian trail around the eastern side, generally maintaining a grade some twenty feet above the edge of the water. When a half-mile away from the upper end of the lake, the surface of the water for several hundred feet from the mouths of the small supplying creeks toward the deeper water gave out a well-defined reddish cast, so many tens of thousands of these fish were there, swaying in schools, evidently feeding upon the deposits coming from the mountains. Of course this sounds incredible, but considering the nature of the story and the subject with which it deals I trust it will be accepted as the unvarnished truth—which it is.

The wonderful abundance of the fish and the ease with which they could be caught naturally suggested taking home with us a supply large enough, at least to corroborate our stories.

But, having been skeptics ourselves before making this trip, we had disregarded the advice of those who had been there ahead of us to provide barrels for packing, so we were at a loss how to proceed. A detachment of our party finally visited the home of a settler a few miles away and succeeded in securing two sugar barrels, which, as is generally known, are not made either for durability or for holding liquids.

But they were barrels, and with these and a small quantity of salt the entire party went to the head of the lake again, on the day before we intended to start home, on our last fishing trip. This was the process of catching them: Since all the small streams were filled with the desired game—if fish may be called game—two men would enter the water at a given point; two others were stationed fifty feet away, armed with sticks large enough to stun a fish, and as they approached each other the battle would rage fast and furiously, the net result usually being at least a dozen victims within five minutes, or even less time. We had with us a long-handled pitchfork, and as fast as the men would throw the fish ashore, two others would string them on this fork handle by running the end through one of their gills—pushing them close together until there were at least a dozen, leaving six inches of space at the end of the handle to rest on a man's shoulder. With the fork itself on the shoulder of the other man, the two would carry the load to the temporary camp under some cottonwood trees fifty yards away. When the end of the handle was dropped to the ground the fish would slip off in a second—and in a huge pile—presenting a beautiful prospect for the women folks, who, assisted by a man or two, were dressing and packing the fruits of the exciting raids.

Within less than two hours we had both barrels filled to the brim. We were only sorry we had not more, for the sport, while seemingly somewhat brutal, nevertheless was such as one would never find elsewhere; and as far as we knew then the results could not be accomplished by any other means. Besides, as there were many dead fish here and there along the banks we decided that we were only anticipating the ordinary course of nature anyway. In fact, many of those we caught were in the condition of a spawning salmon and were discarded.

However, on one of the creeks we discovered a method of catching these fish which had been employed by some one who had preceded us, perhaps by some Indians. Where the stream had been inclined to spread out over a rocky bar this inclination had been encouraged by the construction of a dam made by placing small logs crosswise of the current, the water being less than a foot deep, thus forcing it around the light obstruction and into the small boulders, which under the circumstances remained mostly uncovered. In other words, the stream was made so wide that there was not sufficient water in any one place to cover a red fish. With the creek so arranged, a couple of men would go fifty yards above this contrivance had cut off a lot of fish which had reached the stream by means of another, which separated from it above and took its own course to the lake. With the fish thus frightened, they would dash down the stream with lightning rapidity and, coming to this shallow water where it disappeared among the round and well-washed boulders, would "scoot" out on the shore, where all the angler had to do was to stoop over and pick them up.

Just to try our hands at this sort of fishing, we scared two "herds" of fish down onto this rocky bar and secured a dozen each time, putting them back in the water, however, to prevent needless waste of life.

The next day after this interesting and exciting episode we broke camp and started for home, the entire trip being declared by unanimous vote a gratifying success from every point of view. We left the old skiff in the lake, and since it was longer than the wagon bed,—I mean the boat, not the lake,—we had taken no "end gate" with us. When we started home, after loading our other goods and chattels, we placed the two barrels of fish, each weighing nearly a hundred pounds, in the extreme back of the wagon bed and secured them by tying a piece of baling rope across from side to side. We were somewhat afraid of this improvised "end gate," but as there was nothing else available we trusted to luck.

It has already been observed that at the time there were no roads in that section and the team was traveling across country, taking the general course of the compass for a guide. Robert Eakin and I were following the wagon on horseback at a distance of fifty yards, and had proceeded about six miles when, just as we were discussing the durability of that baling rope substitute, we saw both barrels fall to the ground as the wagon was crossing a shallow gulch. We at once hurried forward and the sight that met our gaze was one never to be forgotten. Those sugar barrels, with their slight hoops, had collapsed completely, and every vestige of them was buried beneath what appeared to be a ton of fish. Being exceedingly slippery, the contents of the barrels had spread over at least a square rod of ground—and were still spreading. By vigorous shouting we managed to call those back who were ahead, and with the entire crowd assembled around the crimson-colored mass there was a full half-hour spent in roars of unceasing laughter.

We tried to save a few of the fish to take home, but each time we picked one up, the disturbed pile would extend its boundaries in every direction until, when we finally resumed our journey, it covered the greater part of a half-acre of virgin prairie. This happened about where the town of Enterprise, the county seat of Wallowa County, stands to-day. We arrived at the Cove with about a dozen fish, which we presented to our friends as the *strongest* kind of evidence—having no brine and it being August—that we had actually been to the famous fishing grounds at Wallowa Lake.

I have felt some hesitation in relating this fishing experience in Wallowa County in the early days, since for some reason any description one may give in connection with this sort of pleasure is usually accepted as a product of the imagination, though, also, one is usually easily forgiven for his departure from the truth while telling a fish story. And, speaking of fishing experiences, I am reminded of a story related once upon a time by Justice Frank A. Moore, of the Oregon Supreme Court, to a small crowd of us in the corridor of the State Capitol. I am not certain whether he said he knew the man or not, but at any rate this was the story:

"An old fellow," said Judge Moore, "of a kindly disposition and with plenty of both money and time on his hands, came into possession of a beautiful live trout about a foot long, and while admiring it happened to recall that he had never heard of anybody trying to teach a fish tricks of any kind. He decided, therefore, that he would experiment with this unusually attractive and lively specimen.

"So he prepared a small vessel about a foot high and two feet across the top. This he filled with water and put his fish in it. It would swim around and around and the man would stand by and talk to it in a reassuring manner. It did not appear especially wild, and within three or four days it became quite gentle and would stick its head out of the water for food which he held in his hand.

"One day, while circling around the tub at a great rate, he gave an extra flop and fell out on the floor. The man, frightened, hurriedly picked him up and replaced him in the water. Discovering that he could escape in this manner, he did it again within a few minutes. This antic was repeated several times, until the man concluded he would leave him out of the water long enough for him to appreciate the necessity of being in it.

"To his surprise, however, the fish seemed rather to like his new surroundings and his natural disposition to wriggle soon taught him how to make progress across the floor, much as a snake would. At this demonstration of the apparent success of his experiment the man rejoiced. He was making a valuable discovery. In a few days the fish could get around the house with great ease, and as the doorstep was but little above the ground he soon learned to get out in the grass and took great pleasure in wriggling around through it while catching worms and bugs.

"One day, while he was thus enjoying his new sort of life, the man saw a cow come into his garden, which was just beyond a small stream that ran through the yard in front of the house. Hurrying across a footlog which spanned the creek, he was in the act of picking up a stone to throw at the cow when, to his surprise, he saw the fish following him, wriggling along the log. Fearful lest he should lose his pet, he rushed back to the log, 'but,' said the owner of the piscatorial freak, in telling of the strange incident, 'do you know that before I could reach him, he had fallen into the water, and before I could rescue him, I'll be d—d if that fish didn't drown before my very eyes! Why, I wouldn't have taken a thousand dollars for the derned cuss.'"

Notwithstanding all that has been ascertained as to the habits of fish by scientific investigation, it is plain that much is yet to be learned about them—as well as about the men who say they catch them!

Of the thirteen persons making that trip to the Wallowa country thirty-five years ago, all are living to-day with the exception of S. G. French and Girard Cochran. The girls have all married. Mrs. Hendershott is now past eighty years of age and in good health; Eakin is on the Supreme Bench of the State; Dr. Givens has for fifteen years been superintendent of the Idaho Insane Asylum; Jaycox is a prominent merchant in Walla Walla; Alex Cochran is a blacksmith in Union; Vincent, I have heard, is in the Philippines, and this writer is engaged in the pleasant pastime of telling how it all happened.

CHAPTER XXXIX

I have referred to the construction of the Mt. Fanny Mill in the Cove during the summer and winter of 1866, with S. G. French and Henry & Hailey as owners. Mr. French, a wealthy member of an old New Jersey family, came West in 1862 because of failing health. Drifting to the Cove, the picturesqueness of the locality at once appealed to him and he settled there, acquiring a large body of highly fertile land. He at once stocked it with horses and cattle and until his death, twenty years later, was one of the wealthiest men in Union County and one of the most valuable as a contributing factor to its material progress. A devout Episcopalian, he built and endowed a church at the Cove, furnished a rectory, secured a minister from the East and established a school. His health continued to fail by degrees, however, and he passed away in the '80's bearing the respect and esteem of all the people in the Grand Ronde valley.

As his partners in the building of the Mt. Fanny Mills he associated himself with two men from Missouri, brothers-in-law to each other—Dave Henry and "Old Man Hailey." They were very illiterate men, but had a small fortune which they had amassed by the practice of the greatest frugality (frugality is a very charitable word to use in this connection as to their habits). They had been slaveholders in Missouri and had brought with them to Oregon two or three negro women who were their housekeepers.

As an instance as to how they probably made their fortune it may be noted that in the summer of 1869 Mr. Henry wanted a milk-house built near his house on the bank of Mill Creek, where the road crossed it leading to the mill. He asked me one day if I would like to undertake the job, explaining the size and plan he desired, and I told him I could accommodate him. I made out the bill of lumber and told him the number of pounds of nails it would probably require.

"But," said he, "can't you make a house like that without nails?"

"Not very well," I replied. "How could I build it without nails?"

"Take a brace and bit and use pins to hold it together—wooden pins," he said. "I have built many a hog-pen in Missouri with pins. There is no use of wasting money on these jerkwater storekeepers who charge sixteen cents a pound for nails when pins will do as well."

"But," I remonstrated, "it will take me twice or three times as long to make it with pins as with nails, and it will cost more than to pay even sixteen cents a pound for nails."

"Can't you bore holes and make pins?" he inquired with increased brusqueness.

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I'll get the lumber here to-morrow and you come next day and go to work. You will at least earn your money, and these jerkwater counter-jumpers only get deeper into your pocket all the time."

Accordingly, I made his milk-house without a nail, and while it never shone very conspicuously as an architectural attraction, it stood there for many years—gradually showing its independence of the laws of symmetry. But the pins held the contrary walls together long after the plain evidences of their disagreement were visible at a distance of a half-mile.

A few years afterward Henry & Hailey sold out all their holdings in the Grand Ronde valley and moved away, nobody ever seemed to know where. Mr. French bought their half-interest in the mill, as it was evident there was no congeniality between himself and his partners.

The beautiful peak on the summit of the mountain range east of the Cove is called "Mt. Fanny" in honor of Mrs. Fanny McDaniels, one of the first women to settle in the Cove—in 1862—and the first white woman to reach its summit, which she did in June, 1863.

Like most other early settlements on the Pacific Coast, the Cove had for its pioneers an unusually active and public-spirited set of men. Among them I desire to mention M. B. Rees, Fred Shoemaker, L. R. Bloom, A. C. Smith, Fred Mitchell, James Cochran, James Hendershott, F. W. Duncan, Thomas Babington, Samuel D. Cowles, E. P. McDaniels, Otho Eckersley, John Phy, Dunham Wright, Ed Payne, and a score of others deserving of notice, constituting a working force seldom equalled in any community new or old. All these men were there and actively engaged in business when I went, and though I was but a boy fifteen years of age, they welcomed me, each in his way, with cordiality. To many of them I shall always owe a debt of gratitude for the help and encouragement they extended. As in most new communities, there were debating schools, spelling schools, singing schools, writing schools, dancing schools, entertainments and other social attractions that often, in the winter, occupied every night in the week.

Those were the years when the Idaho mines, Rocky Bar, Owyhee, Bannock, Silver City, Mormon Basin and many others, were in their prime as producers, and men who spent their summers there would come to Grand Ronde valley for the winter. Many of these were young men who had an abundance of money with which to gratify their inclination for social pleasures, and from the time of their arrival, usually in November, until the snows were sufficiently melted for mining in the spring, generally the first of April, "things were doing" in a social way in the Cove. If there had been ten nights in the week, all would have been used in "passing the time away." Money was no object. Preachers, "fiddlers," dancing teachers, etc., received for their pay practically as much as they asked. There was more snow in those days than now, it seems, and sleigh-riding was one of the favorite pleasures. I remember one winter when there were six weeks of sleigh-riding, without a semblance of a thaw, and as there were no regular "cutters," the ingenuity of men and boys was taxed to the utmost in the construction of sleighs, sleds, "bobs" and other freaks that would slide over the snow and hold up from one to twenty-five people.

Of course it was not always smooth sleighing. They were frequently breaking down on account of the rough condition of the roads, and the horses used were practically all "cayuses" secured from the Indians, or their progeny of the first generation—in either of which cases the spirit of the Evil One was always in control. They were noted for their habit of running away without provocation, or suddenly taking a notion to "go across lots" with the utmost indifference to the wishes of those whom they were supposed to be serving.

I remember that in the spring of 1867, when the "boys" had departed for the mines after a most strenuous winter of good sleighing, for five miles square in the Cove the fence corners, ridges, gulches, cross-roads and byways were so strewn with wrecked sleighs (and their namesakes) that several families got together their next winter's firewood by gathering up the debris. It looked as though an Iowa cyclone had been taking liberties with a million-dollar lumber yard.

In the fall of 1867 the older residents and permanent settlers of the Cove organized a debating society which tackled without the slightest hesitation the discussion of many of the great questions then engrossing the attention of the country, and it is not straining the fact very much—not more, indeed, than facts are accustomed to being strained—to say that several of the speakers had as clear a view of what was best to be done, and expressed themselves quite as well, as many members of Congress —and that is not conferring upon them any special encomium either.

Of these men M. B. Rees was perhaps the best informed. He was especially well read in political and religious matters and was a good speaker. His one prominent characteristic was his fondness for disputing and his impatience of opposition. Having formed his conclusion as to a subject, he thought that every other man who had access to the same source of information should know enough to arrive at the same decision. And this, after all, does not differ very much from the position of most of us, after we have been dissected intellectually by competent authorities.

Rees was very critical as to the proper use and pronunciation of words, and never hesitated to pounce upon an offender at the time the crime was committed. I found this a great help to me, as it was to others, though many took offense at his tendency without realizing its actual benefit. He and I were seldom in conversation five minutes without having recourse to the dictionary, and the encounter generally served to steer us permanently from the question originally under consideration.

When, after ten years, I returned to the Willamette valley I wrote Rees a letter, and as a postscript inquired how he and the dictionary were getting along since I had come away. In his reply, after writing of other matters, he said:

"As to the dictionary, after wrestling with it for fifteen years and always yielding to its arbitrary notions, I have decided that since nine times out of ten the d— thing differs from me, I will have nothing more to do with it."

M. B. Rees is still living on his fine farm in the Cove, which has been his home for nearly fifty years, and is enjoying life at the age of eighty as a sage and philosopher should.

Another leading citizen of the Cove in the early '60's was A. C. Smith, a man of very positive character, a leading Democrat, who was usually pitted against Rees in all public meetings where any sort of discussion was in order, though they were always intimate personal friends. Smith owned one of the best hay farms in the

Grand Ronde valley, there being one body of two hundred acres of natural hay that yielded four hundred tons every year without any labor whatever, aside from cutting and stacking. This land overflowed every winter and spring, remaining quite soft until not long before the cutting season. One day in May, 1869, a cayuse pony, worth ten dollars, having found a weak place in the fence surrounding this magnificent meadow, was seen wending its way here and there, each track leaving a hole a foot deep and playing havoc with the smoothness of its surface. Seeing the condition of things, and knowing that any effort to chase the intruder out by pursuing him with a horse (and any other method was out of the question) would only make matters worse, Smith took his Winchester rifle, rested it across the fence and began "pumping" at the offender some four hundred yards distant, with the result that the fourth shot laid him low. Smith explained that he saw no reason for destroying fifty dollars' worth of hay in order to get a ten-dollar cayuse out of his meadow!

Long years ago he sold his Cove farm and for thirty years has lived in Wallowa County, where he has combined farming with the practice of the law, his admission to the bar having taken place some years after his residence in the Cove.

In the days to which I have been referring there was no lawyer either in the Cove or in Union, ten miles away. As there were many local difficulties which could not be settled without some recourse to outside parties, the justice of the peace had much to do and Smith and I were often called upon to present the case to the court from the respective viewpoints of the plaintiff and defendant. This situation, agreeable to us, continued until one day in the spring of 1875 it was announced that a young lawyer had located in Union. The very next case which came before the Cove justice of the peace, one of the parties employed this newcomer, and as the other was afraid to trust his side of the difficulty to either

Smith or myself, as against the real thing in the law, he brought a lawyer from La Grande and the Cove barristers were henceforth out of business.

The new Union attorney was Robert Eakin, of Eugene, who not only won his first case, but afterward was Circuit Judge of that district for many years and is now Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court. I have always thought it quite an honor to have laid the foundation for such a successful career as Judge Eakin's has since proved.

A. C. Smith was a pioneer in the Wallowa valley and built the first bridge across the Wallowa River in about 1874, when there were but few settlers in that magnificent section. In the early days in the Cove he was very friendly to the Indians and I have frequently seen several hundred camped near his farm while on their way from Umatilla to Snake and Wallowa rivers on their annual hunting and camping expeditions. He could talk their tongue, no matter what the tribe, and as he usually wore moccasins and white canvas trousers, his unique appearance appealed to the red men and he could make almost any sort of a potlatch bargain with them, to the satisfaction, if not profit, of both parties concerned.

Of the men who were important factors in the Cove life forty-five years ago all have passed into the land of shadows except M. B. Rees, Randall Robinson, Otho Eckersley, E. P. McDaniels and one or two others. That beautiful little locality, about a township in area, nestling upon the foothills which slope toward La Grande and the Grand Ronde valley proper, has changed, not only in the personnel of its people but in its business life. It was formerly devoted exclusively to the production of wheat, barley, hay and stock, but in later years intensified farming has been adopted, and the farms of two hundred acres have been, with a few exceptions, divided into small orchards and gardens. Cherries and apples are made a specialty and are grown to a marvelous state of perfection.

A thousand recollections, mostly very pleasant, cluster around the place for me, and the mention of its name never fails to produce a reverie that recalls the experiences attending the transition of boyhood into manhood —the "heyday of youth" into the more serious aspects of life, with its growing responsibilities—and the people, scattered everywhere, who were my associates in the days of "auld lang syne."

CHAPTER XL

The campaign of 1876 will take its place in the history of the United States as the most exciting, in the nature of its final settlement, the country has known, to date, at least. Only by the narrowest margin was an actual revolution averted, which good fortune was due to the horse sense of the American people, to their real capacity for self-government. Many questions arose for settlement which had never been presented before, for which there was no precedent, and indeed for which there was little excuse. Through a chance circumstance the personnel of the Electoral Commission was Republican in its character, and all its findings were for that reason favorable to that party. If the Commission had been democratic in its majority, its decisions would have made Tilden President of the United States, for they voted as solidly as did the Republicans—partisanship ruling every move made by every member. When possible, most men see things as they wish them to look, not as they really are—unless we take the other end of the question and say that the aspect of most objects is determined largely by the coloring our own vision furnishes. The world is bright to one man and dark to another on the same day—though the world really presented but one picture on that day!

Very few Republicans are to-day especially proud of the way Hayes was seated; yet there seemed to be no other action possible in that fearful crisis and they only did what the Democrats would doubtless have done had conditions been reversed. And it is said, anyway, that all's well that ends well.

Locally, in Union County, in 1876, the Republicans nominated John W. Norval and myself for Representatives in the Legislature and W. J. Snodgrass, of La

Grande, for State Senator. We made such campaign as we could in the face of adverse conditions, but of course came out of the contest snowed under by the normal Democratic majority in that county, at that time about three hundred. Norval continued an active force in Union County politics until 1888, when he was successful in his campaign for a seat in the State Senate, serving through the sessions of 1889 and 1891. I was a member of the House from Marion County in both these sessions, the latter year serving as Speaker. So, "after many years," my old comrade and I met in the legislative halls and exchanged many enjoyable reminiscences of the early struggles in Union County. The time arrived when Norval had some assistance in his local battles and his reward had come. His home was about two miles from the railroad station on the line running from La Grande to Elgin. One day, not long after the expiration of his service in the State Senate, he was walking across country to catch a train, and, hearing it in the distance, ran for a half mile. He reached the station just as the train did, but was so exhausted that he sat down on a pile of lumber and died within five minutes from heart failure.

J. W. Norval was a good man, endowed with many splendid qualities, and his name will always be recalled by the pioneers of Union County with a high regard for his active work as one of the founders of that little empire which nestles so cozily in the heart of the Blue Mountain Range.

After the campaign of 1876 W. J. Snodgrass was several times a candidate for State Senator and once or twice attempted to secure the Republican nomination for State Treasurer, but never was successful. For several years he was in the mercantile business in Okonogan, near the British Columbia line, but afterward returned to his old home in La Grande, where he died in the year 1910, after forty years of great activity in business and political life in the Grand Ronde valley.

In the fall of 1876 I received an urgent request from my mother's people in the Willamette valley to return to the scenes of my childhood and settle down among them. To look the situation over, I went to that section after an absence of ten years, and notwithstanding the ties I had formed in the Grand Ronde valley, the land of my birth looked good to me and I decided to make the change the ensuing spring. I made this trip immediately after the Presidential election in November. The Hayes-Tilden difficulty had already taken form, and as we met the stages while en route to Umatilla Landing I would anxiously inquire of the driver the latest news. At Portland I stopped at the St. Charles Hotel, then the leading hostelry in the city—George Coggan, formerly of La Grande, was the proprietor—and I recall the excitement prevailing among the people who assembled to learn the latest news from Washington and to discuss the alarming situation.

I returned home within two weeks, sold my farm and stock in the Cove and was prepared to leave for the Waldo Hills when the weather would be suitable for the trip overland in the spring.

On May 26, 1877, therefore, with a four-horse team, a wagon—with four wheels and a "bed"—a wife and four children, one a step-daughter, I drove from the little town of Cove, never to make it my home again. On June 16, 1870, I had married Mrs. Nancy Batte, a young widow with a little girl, and in the subsequent years there had been two girls and a boy added to the family, the latter being but four months old at the time of our departure. About fifty people had assembled to "see us off." It was a sad parting, since the country was yet new enough to have retained the pioneer spirit and the families were all closely bound together in neighborly ties such as are never formed in older countries.

I shall never forget that day in May. It was no indication of weakness that there were few, if any, dry eyes as the last handshakes were given and the wheels began to roll toward western Oregon. It was an ideal day in the Cove. The morning sun had come across the old mountain which for thousands of years had stood guard over the changes in the beautiful valley, and birds everywhere were giving forth their silver melody, as if to mock the sadness of the occasion; the old mill was grinding away just across the creek, utterly oblivious of the fact that it had been my first bedroom in Grand Ronde valley, and that I regretted leaving it almost as much as the people themselves. Then there was the "Morrison" church, which I had painted as my contribution toward its building, and in which, as an officer in the local Grange, I had partaken of many of its famous "fourth degree" dinners, attended dances long to be remembered and had led in the singing at occasional revivals held within its walls. "Dad" Russell was pounding away on the anvil in his shop, but he had already been to see us; "Johnny" Clark, from his shop, waved us his farewell; "Uncle" Cowles, pipe in mouth, had come to wish us well, and a group of school-children—bless their hearts!—whose teacher I had been the previous winter but one, came along on their way to school and stopped to say good-by.

And the old "Dixie" schoolhouse—I was to be a frequenter of social gatherings within its walls no more. How the old times filled my memory as I recalled the debates we had had there; the singing schools, with the different teachers who had since gone their way; the writing school, where L. J. Rouse taught us the principles of the "Spencerian" system and other "practical foolishness"; the Union Sunday-school, with its summer Sunday afternoons; the day-school I had taught there, and how the children had "turned me out" on the day before Christmas, at the noon hour, for a joke, and how I returned the joke by going home and leaving them to dismiss the school as they saw fit—all these incidents came to my mind while bidding farewell to the place, as well as to the people. A last glance at "Dixie" brought to view, in imagination, "Jack" Gallagher and Lambert, two of the earlier teachers there; Revs. Koger, Booth and

Lewis, three Baptist preachers who believed in foreordination and predestination, and earnestly urged all sinners to accept their faith in order that they might be saved—regardless of predestination, it is presumed; and "Uncle" Dan Elledge, popular and jolly Christian minister who had no doubt that he was preaching the Gospel "according to the faith once delivered to the saints."

Finally, however, we were on our way and that night camped on the Grand Ronde River, a few miles above Oro Dell. As we made the turn around a point which gave us the last glimpse of the old home, I stopped the team while we discussed the situation with saddened hearts, and wondered if we should ever regret the move, when we should ever see the familiar scenes again, if ever, and why we had not "let well enough alone," anyway. There was no joy in the camp that night.

I did not see the Cove again for six years, when I made a visit there and had a wonderfully cordial reception, remaining two weeks. In the succeeding years I returned nearly every year, sometimes oftener, until the death of my father. One day in August, 1903, while standing in the doorway of my home in Salem, I received a long-distance call telling me of his sudden illness and that he had requested that I come at once. As I had been to his home on a visit two months before, on which occasion he and I had spent three days in calling at the homes of many of the old friends, this request of his was alarming. It was Saturday afternoon, but I took a train for Portland and reached the Cove on Sunday afternoon at one o'clock, only to find my father unconscious. An effort was made to arouse him by the announcement of my arrival, but without success. When asked if he knew what was said, he gave a slight nod of his head, but no other evidence of consciousness. He passed away within an hour, at the age of seventy-five years.

In his delirium he frequently inquired if I had arrived —even within a half-hour after the message was sent— and asked that I should write his obituary notice in case

hould not survive to make the request in person.
I did, publishing it in the *Oregonian*, giving an out-
of his life, as detailed in a preceding chapter, and
ng with these two paragraphs:

> In 1866, Union County having been recently estab-
> hed, he served for a few months as deputy sheriff,
> d, being attracted by the marvelous beauty of the
> rand Ronde valley, decided to locate there perma-
> ntly and again engage in horticultural pursuits. He
> rried his decision into effect and for thirty-seven and
> e-half years, exactly half his lifetime, he cultivated
> e of the most successful and best-kept fruit farms in
> stern Oregon. He was actively in the harness when
> e summons came announcing that his work was done.
> e lived a very active life and died with the highest
> spect of everybody.
>
> A short time before his demise, when asked if he
> anted anything, he replied, "Only death," and when
> ked if he was ready to die, he said he had always
> een ready. Just before losing consciousness for the
> st time he asked if I had arrived, and his last earthly
> quest was that I should write his obituary. This I
> ave done, lovingly as a son, and on these closing lines
> y pen lingers, as, sitting under the whispering pines,
> ust above the old home, whose branches sheltered me
> o many times during my boyhood days, and con-
> ronted on every hand by the countless familiar ob-
> ects which were my companions and his during the
> truggles of my early manhood, I bid my father good-
> y until we meet in that "house not made with hands,
> ternal in the heavens."

may be pardoned for adding that my father and I
e more like two brothers than parent and child, and
ny people not intimately acquainted with us or the
nily supposed we were brothers. My first wife was
younger sister to his second wife, thus making us
thers-in-law, and the children of the two sisters, as
ll as their parents, were frequently puzzled to figure
the precise relationship which they bore to one

another. My father was the uncle to my children, as well as their grandfather, and their aunt, who was my stepmother, was their grandmother! Also, my wife was not only the aunt of my father's children—by his second wife—but was their sister-in-law, as well. My little stepdaughter came nearer than any other member of either family to a plain title, and even she was the neice of her sister's grandfather and her mother was her grandmother's sister! Yet the two families "got along" splendidly!

My father was one of the jolliest of men, counted the best of companions and his home was always a popular resort, even for young people, or perhaps I should say especially for young people. I have been to the Cove but once since his death, as the old place seems not the same without him. His remains are resting in the cemetery on the hillside overlooking the beautiful little section which he chose for himself in middle life, by the side of the wife who preceded him by two years.

CHAPTER XLI

No doubt most men, in looking back over their varied experiences, can select a few events which appear to mark distinctly the dividing line between what might properly be called epochs in their lives. Some unforeseen happening will often serve to change the entire trend of one's life and its purposes—if it had any.

This I can truly say of my removal from eastern Oregon to my old home in the Willamette valley in 1877. My mother's uncle and his wife being well advanced in years and childless, had made me an offer, in land, to come and live near them during the remainder of their lives and look after them in their declining years. This, together with my attachment to the Willamette valley, caused me to accept the proposition and, in a sense, to begin a new life along different lines and amid strange surroundings.

We made the trip from the Grand Ronde valley to Waldo Hills overland, with the exception of the distance between The Dalles and Portland, which was covered by a Columbia River steamer. I was just past twenty-six years of age, had a family of a wife and four children, and was bound for a land which none of them had ever seen and where my own success was yet to be determined. I am free to confess that I was filled with a mixed feeling of concern, regret, hope, courage and a goodly supply of optimism. The second day from "civilization" we were compelled to remain four days in the heart of the Blue Mountains on account of a most severe rain-storm and the illness of my wife, being obliged to send to La Grande for medicine by the stage-drivers who passed twice a day. The sixth day we reached Pendleton and camped in the suburbs of that little city. The next morning I discovered that three of my four horses were missing. They had slipped their hobbles in some way and had of course taken the back track for the Grand Ronde valley. My wife had been very sick all the previous night and the baby, four months old, had cried unceasingly from dark until two o'clock in the morning, which necessitated my holding him, walking the floor of the tent and occasionally endeavoring to lull him to sleep by rocking him in a low four-posted, rawhide-bottom chair. Between acts, or rather during acts, I administered as best I could to the wants of his suffering mother. A little while before daylight, everything else having failed to quiet the child, she suggested that maybe he was thirsty. During the six preceding hours I had given him every kind of medicine the two druggists in the town had ever heard of as being good for infantile complaints, but without results—at least desirable results.

The thought was absolutely new to me, but acting upon the suggestion I procured a tin-cup of water and offered it to the little fellow. Upon his first sight of it he made such a frantic grab for its contents that it was worth a small fortune to see him. He drank it all and wanted more; but this was withheld. Within less than five minutes he was in a deep sleep which lasted for full four hours.

Some men are so blasted stupid, anyway—ever notice it?

The next morning my wife was very ill and could eat nothing we had in our stores; she only wanted some potatoes. So I went down on Main Street and asked the proprietor of the only grocery store if he had any. He replied that he had not. I at once pointed out to him a sack standing in front of the store, but he said they were not for sale. After I had explained the situation to him, however, he gave me permission to take all the potatoes I wanted—even the entire sack. I took a dozen and offered him the price of them, but he replied that he had none for sale! His name was Lot Livermore, and he is one of the best-known pioneers of Umatilla County to-day. He has altogether served twenty years as postmaster of Pendleton and is as "white" a man as lives in the State of Oregon.

After breakfast I saddled the only horse which had not played "hookey," engaged a woman who lived close by to attend to the wants of the family, and started for the Grand Ronde valley, not expecting to find the truant horses before reaching their old home, ninety miles away. But good luck was mine, for before traveling ten miles I met some of my old neighbors on their way to the "Landing" for freight. They had seen my horses, knew them, guessed the situation and were leading them behind their wagons. It was a most cheering sight when I recognized my three runaways reluctantly retracing their steps, for it was the only really encouraging incident that had happened since the beginning of the trip.

The remainder of this journey was without special interest. The route, much of the way, was along the identical road made by the immigrants who created the "Oregon trail" in the early '40's and some of the camping places were the same as those used by my parents just thirty years before. To this day many sections of the Oregon trail through eastern Oregon are used by the people, and the light soil, blown by the winds of seventy years, has drifted away, leaving two parallel trenches with a ridge between so high that the axles of the wagons often drag on its surface. Indeed, in some places, as you descend the hillsides into the gulches, the alkali soil has been blown out of the old road until it is only usable by horsemen, whose heads are often below the surface of the surrounding country.

In 1877 the boundless advantages of the bunch grass range of eastern Oregon were just beginning to be appreciated and the first large herds of cattle and sheep were commencing to make their mark on the almost unlimited stretches of this succulent grass. I remember that in traveling from Pendleton to Heppner, a distance of some sixty miles, we drove through extensive sections of grass which stood two feet high, and not a head of stock had molested it since it began its growth in the early spring. As we approached the streams, however, which are some ten miles apart, there were evidences of stock here and there; the grass began to be shorter, and as we neared the creeks there was literally none at all. The fact was that my horses were compelled to do without grass as we passed through this part of the magnificent eastern Oregon range, except as we made some dry camps at the noon hour.

Since then the immense herds of cattle, horses and sheep which have made large fortunes for thousands of men have practically exterminated the bunch grass, which for succulent qualities and its great vitality on dry uplands has not been equalled by any other kind of forage plant, native or imported. Indeed, there are many people who believe the transformation of these boundless ranges into farm lands devoted to the production of grain has been an industrial mistake, since much of it is, of necessity, subject to dry seasons and the output often unsatisfactory in consequence. When given a rest from pasturage for two years the bunch grass will reappear, strange as it may seem. Traveling in eastern Oregon, one frequently sees a fence running over a high mountain, on one side of which the grass, newly grown—or, it may be, drying up in the early fall—shows plainly for twenty miles away, while on the opposite side of the fence, where the land has been closely pastured, the hills are perfectly bare and as brown as a city street.

Many an eastern Oregon grain-raiser of to-day often sits on the front porch of his home and sighs for the halcyon days of King Bunch Grass. Much of that country, however, is splendidly adapted to the production of grain of all kinds, and without doubt the section in Umatilla County, consisting of twenty miles square with Athena as a probable center, has a record as the best wheat producing land in the world.

Incidentally, though a digression, it will be interesting to describe briefly the process of harvesting wheat in this section. While living in Pendleton, during the threshing season in 1907 George Perringer, one of the "wheat kings" of Umatilla County, invited me one day to accompany him to his farm, twenty miles away—in his automobile. Many of the big farmers of Umatilla County live in Pendleton and occupy some of the finest homes there.

Perringer had about three thousand acres of wheat that year and there were three "combined harvesters" working at once. Two of them had thirty horses each furnishing the motive power, while the third was drawn by a steam engine of one hundred and ten horse-power. To this we drove in our machine and I was invited to ride once around a five-hundred-acre field which it was transforming from standing grain that averaged fifty bushels to the acre into the sacked product.

A "combined harvester" is, as its name implies, a huge header with a threshing machine attachment. The "elevator" dumps the wheat directly into the cylinder of the thresher, and a platform carries three men. One of these is the sacker; the other two sew the sacks and pile them on a broad plank which, when it receives a sufficient weight—about thirty bushels—automatically uptilts, slides the sacks off in a pile, and adjusts itself immediately to receive the next sack.

The sickle of this machine was twenty-four feet long and the amount of headed wheat it gathered in and dumped into the cylinder was almost appalling—so voracious and monsterlike did the process appear. The man who handled the sacked wheat had a job that kept him "on the jump," while the two men who were sewing sacks had not an idle moment.

The drive-wheels of the engine were eight feet in height, with a tire twenty-four inches in width. Necessarily, there is more waste in harvesting with this method than with the ordinary binders, but where the business is pursued on such a gigantic scale as in Umatilla County and other sections of eastern Oregon it would be impossible to gather in the crops without the combined harvester.

Perringer sold a *part* of his crop the following fall to Balfour, Guthrie & Co., of Portland, and received his pay in one check for $72,000, a fac-simile of which was printed in the Portland papers—and there are several other Umatilla farmers who are in Perringer's class. In that year the yield of wheat in that county was estimated at six millions of bushels.

CHAPTER XLII

We arrived at the home of Grandfather Eoff, whose farm—on which I was born—of eight hundred acres was situated both in the Waldo Hills and on Howell Prairie on June 8. I took possession of my farm of three hundred and twenty acres adjoining this on the first of the succeeding October, and for the next twenty years was engaged solely in the endless work which such a farm—or, indeed, any farm—entails. I had no rest from ceaseless toil except during the four terms I served in the State Legislature, of forty days each, and the time devoted to public speaking in various parts of the State between 1892 and 1898.

I can truthfully say that for a long time I had no clearly defined ambition to occupy public positions. It was developed as the result of circumstances which I had no hand in shaping. Early in life I found myself possessed of a liking for newspaper writing, for the pleasure I found in controversies involving the discussion of public questions; and as they usually appeared to be welcomed by the papers and appreciated by their readers, I rather cultivated the tendency during my farm life. Indeed, I found in it the only diversion from really hard work, and without some mental rest or occupation to vary the daily grind of farm labor, the life one leads there is not so different from that of the horses one drives every day and for whose physical necessities he provides. The man whose occupation requires all his daylight hours and whose duties call for the constant bending of the back, the crooking of the elbows and straining of the arms, really leads a life which differs so little outwardly from that of the work-mule that the distinction is hardly worth considering. And this is not an unfaithful picture of the lives of hundreds of thousands of farmers throughout even these United States, not to mention those less favorably situated in other parts of the world.

So, as I have intimated, I found some relaxation after the daily routine—hauling rails, building fences, splitting wood in the timber, plowing, sowing grain, harvesting it, haying, clearing land, digging oak "grubs" and postholes, making gardens, hauling and spreading manure, cultivating potato fields, pruning orchards, killing hogs and kindred stunts—in spending my evenings writing for the newspapers. Often, while plowing, I have thought out the substance of an article for publication and, having constructed and reconstructed a sentence until I was satisfied with its arrangement, have stopped the team and, sitting on the plow beam, jotted it down on a paper which I carried with me for that purpose. This process would be repeated many times, then late some evening, while the family slept, I would devote two or three hours to the actual writing of the letter.

The first five years I lived on the Waldo Hills farm there was no post-office nearer than Salem, eight miles away, and it was the custom to watch for some neighbor passing along the road on his way to that town and hail him with a request to bring out our mail. I had a neighbor whose family lived in Salem, where his children were enjoying the advantages of better schooling, and he went each Saturday to spend Sunday with them, returning to the farm late on the afternoon of that day. He regularly brought the mail for every family living along the road, and "Lew" Griffith's return home was watched for eagerly on every Sunday afternoon for a number of years. At this writing he still lives on his large farm at the age of eighty-three years, but has been helpless by reason of a paralytic stroke for the past ten years. Through it all, however, he has shown remarkable patience and fortitude and has the sympathy of the unusually large circle of friends and acquaintances among whom he has lived for more than sixty years.

In about 1882, however, what was known as the "narrow gauge" railroad was built from Woodburn, on the main line of the Southern Pacific on French Prairie, to Springfield, in Lane County, passing through the Waldo Hills within two miles of my farm. A station was built at what had been known as "Stipp's schoolhouse" since my earliest recollection. It was called Macleay, after Donald Macleay, of Portland, who was prominently connected with the "Scotch Company" which gave the necessary financial backing to the railroad enterprise. Afterward, Mr. Macleay donated a large sum toward the erection of a fine schoolhouse for the town, named in his honor, with which, and an additional sum supplied by the people of that school district, was erected an edifice which for many years was the finest in the State outside the incorporated towns.

And with this innovation passed a landmark which holds a cherished place in the memory of hundreds of people now scattered all over the Pacific Coast; for "Stipp's schoolhouse" was known far and near in the days when all the people of Oregon were yet pioneers. Elder John Stipp owned a farm near by and was a "Hard Shell" Baptist of the most impervious kind—most probably he belonged to the family of Noah—and his sermons were as long in their delivery as they were dull and obscure. But this latter characteristic in no wise diminished the appreciation of his hearers of his theological pronunciamentoes, for he was "called of God" and the finite mind was not expected to be able to comprehend the revelations of the Infinite. The more incoherent the deliveries of Elder Stipp, the greater the evidence of their divine origin and the resultant awe which they produced. His portrayal of foreordination and predestination, interwoven with official assurance that infants a span long are burnt through all eternity in a lake of fire and brimstone because they are not members of the "elect," was accepted without question by most of his congregation, and for many years he was regarded as one of the ablest preachers in his denomination in all that region.

Soon after my return to the Waldo Hills in 1877 Elder Stipp, who had then lived in Clackamas County for several years, visited his old neighborhood and preached a sermon one Sunday morning in the schoolhouse that had just replaced the one named after him, erected in 1850, and his congregation included all the old-timers within a radius of ten miles. All greeted the grizzled warrior in the army of the Lord with that warmth which is characteristic of the pioneers, and the old man, then showing plainly the ravages of cruel Time, held his audience for two hours while he delved into the mysteries of revelation and demonstrated that the second coming of Christ was then overdue, that it is inconceivable how even the mercy of God can save such sinners as the best of us are, that, in effect, a smile under any circumstances is an evidence of frivolity and that an exhibition of mirth of any character indicates a lack of that seriousness which should mark the deportment of those who expect ultimately to "vie around the eternal Throne," etc.

On this occasion Elder Stipp's delivery had taken on an additional degree of "hesitation," compared with which his former style was a frisky gallop among his confused verbs and nouns. He always began his sentences in a modulated tone, with a gradual rise until a satisfactory pitch had been reached, when there was a partial lessening of force and a lowering of tone for a few words; but the rising scale was soon resumed and followed until his whole effort was centered on some particular word near the end, when there was a partial verbal collapse which became complete when the period was reached. There was a rhythm permeating his tones after he had talked for fifteen minutes, with a sliding scale of diminuendoes and crescendoes as graceful and regular as a well-rendered modern two-step, and if one was not careful, he would find himself involuntarily keeping time to these variations with a swaying of the head and body. Sometimes half the congregation were so affected. He had practiced this method of delivery for so long that it had become an art, and where the matter of his sermon did not convert, the melody of the musical scale was perfectly irresistible. Now you could detect a familiar bar in "Nearer My God to Thee" for a dozen words, as he described the gold which is used in paving the streets of the New Jerusalem; a minute later a section of "On Jordan's Stormy Banks" would be recognized for an instant, as it was called into service to emphasize the horrors of perdition—and was gone before there was time for a salutation!

But Elder Stipp, good old soul, has passed away, as has the old schoolhouse, his style of preaching, and, for the most part, the creed he propounded for a full half-century to those who sincerely thought he was "contending for the faith once delivered to the saints."

In following this reminiscent vein, however, I have drifted away from the consideration of the fact that with the building of the "narrow gauge" railroad a post-office was established at Macleay, and with it came a daily mail service. This was, of course, a marked improvement, though it necessitated a trip of two miles each way on the part of some member of the family. In our case we usually decided at the noon meal which one should make the trip for the mail during the afternoon, for by this time many of us felt obliged to take a daily paper and the mail must be obtained every day. This condition obtained during the other fifteen years of my residence on the farm, and I reckon that, between all the members of my family, in that time we traveled some thousands of miles on foot—for there was a deep canyon to cross and by the road the distance would have been fully doubled.

Within a year after I moved to Salem, however, the rural free delivery system was inaugurated and the mail was delivered at the farm every day before noon. At the same time a telephone line was erected through that neighborhood, and so two of the rural inconveniences with which I wrestled for twenty years, were removed.

But, Mr. Reader, have you observed how untrue is the assumption that the introduction of the rural mail delivery and the telephone has increased the sociability in farming communities? This is a common statement in the average newspaper—that the isolation which has heretofore made country life so unpleasant has been removed by these two agencies. But quite the reverse is true.

One day in 1902 I rode from Salem to my farm on a bicycle, and at the dinner table asked Simeral if Tom Jones was showing any more gray hairs than when I had seen him last a few months before. He replied that he hadn't seen him for two months, he guessed.

"Haven't seen him for two months?" I gasped. "Why, have you had a falling out?"

"Oh, no," he laughingly answered, "but you know we have 'phones now and when I want to talk to him I simply 'call him up,' and that is all there is to it. He is well, though, for I was talking to him this morning about whether the gourds are bad in his wheat this summer."

Tom Jones was my nearest neighbor, and during the twenty years I lived on the farm there was rarely a day that I did not see him, either at his home or mine.

And I discovered that Simeral had not been to Macleay for a month. He had no business there, as his mail was delivered at the house, and not while he waited, either. He had seen none of the neighbors in that direction since the Christmas entertainment, six months before, but the amount of information everybody possessed about everybody else was astonishing. Every family within a radius of ten miles was on a "party line," and when two people were indulging in local gossip it was usual for every family between Salem and Silver Creek Falls and from Silverton to Sublimity, to have a receiver down—learning the latest. This is the rule, and is in part justified by the fact that the ordinary conversation in the country lasts from one to two hours, so, if one wants to be "next" on the line, he must needs be in position to start his claim at the drop he hat. And even then he is frequently left in the rtion of his right!

ne day, merely as an experiment, a Macleay man ed up a neighbor, according to a previous underding, and told him that a well-known citizen of the lity had sustained a dislocated knee joint through an dent occasioned by a runaway team, though nothing the kind had happened. Within the next hour the ne at the home of the supposedly injured man was t red-hot by calls from every part of eastern Marion nty inquiring as to the exact extent of his hurt!

nd when everybody was compelled to go to Macleay his mail, one would usually find from ten to twenty there waiting for the arrival of the train from tland and the stage from Salem. At such times re was an enjoyable hour or two of sociability which mitted the discussion of current topics, local, State national, religious, political and agricultural. But re is nothing of the sort now. There is nothing to to Macleay for! Uncle Sam brings your mail to door free of charge, and if you desire to talk to nan living there you can take down your receiver—some other fellow has not already brought his own use—and have it out with him, while in the former s you would be getting ready to saddle your horse a half-day's journey.

All of which goes to show that in these days things so handy that you can put in all your waking hours work, while your neighbors are doing the same. Did ask if I regret the change? Oh, no, indeed, I was rely stating a fact. Let the improvements come, and en the airships are perfected we can sail away to blue Mediterranean for a little vacation, giving out information as to the time of our departure or our urn—if, indeed, we do return.

CHAPTER XXLIII

When the State campaign of 1880 opened in the spring of that year I was nominated by the Republicans of Marion County as a candidate for the lower house in the Legislature. Under the apportionment then existing that county was allowed six members and I was the youngest of the delegation. I had been employing the three years preceding in writing for the papers at somewhat regular intervals and was quite well known locally, so, when the time came for selecting available material for the Legislature I succumbed to the "solicitation of my many friends" and "permitted the use of my name" in the county convention. The slate went through without much damage and after a joint canvass of the county with the Democratic candidates the entire Republican ticket was elected—since the county was under the control of that party by at least six hundred majority.

In those days the sessions of the Legislature were held in September, according to the terms of the State Constitution, though it was permissible to change the date by law, which has since been done. On the morning of September 13, I went to Salem to begin my legislative experience. Upon arriving at the State House I found that the Republican caucus for the selection of officers was already at work. I was directed to the committee room where this important function was being attended to and upon timidly rapping at the door was greeted by a cheery looking man with hair and full beard which were even then snowy white. Upon my giving my name, with the information that I was a House member from Marion County, he greeted me with a degree of cordiality which was flattering to me, indeed, for a moment; for I assumed, of course, that my fame had preceded me, though, up to that moment I was not aware that I had any. But my suppressed pleasure was short-lived, for the man at once informed me that his name was Z. F. Moody, that he was a member from Wasco County and that he was a candidate before the caucus for Speaker. He also presented me with a card which set forth the same fact in black and white.

A few moments later the vote was taken for Speaker and Mr. Moody was elected. Of course I voted for him. I had thus taken the first degree in practical politics and it appeared to be a very smooth game—everything was pleasant!

Mr. Moody was elected when the House met in its first business session and he made a model officer—always fair, always courteous and always "on the job."

It was during this session that the bill was passed which finally provided for the care of the insane by the State. Until then, all the insane and feeble-minded persons in the State had been cared for by private persons under the contract system—for many years the work having been done by Drs. Hawthorne and Loryea, of Portland—and all efforts to break up this system had been unsuccessful. The contracts had been let at exorbitant figures and the contractors were amassing fortunes from a business which it was held the State could attend to as well, and at the same time save the people thousands of dollars annually.

For years it had been publicly charged that a "sack" was always provided to be used in preventing an "asylum bill" from being enacted, and, whether true or not, the attempt had at each session come to naught. It was under these circumstances that the Marion County delegation in the session of 1880 decided to center its every effort toward the passage of a law appropriating money for the purpose of erecting an asylum building at Salem. We had agreed to sacrifice everything else in the matter of new legislation, if necessary, in return for assistance in support of our "pet measure." The bill was prepared and was introduced by Hon. Tilmon Ford, the chairman of our delegation.

At once, for the reason already intimated, our asylum bill was the target for all kinds of attack. Prominent men were in the lobby pulling all the strings at their command, and as many members as possible were "lined up" in opposition to the proposed interference with the established order of things. It was soon discovered that we had a fight on our hands with the chances against us; but we also soon learned that, very fortunately, Speaker Moody was in favor of the erection of an asylum building and that he could be depended upon at all times. To this circumstance our final success was to be attributed, though the question had not been mentioned in the contest for the Speakership. In that matter we simply had been lucky.

This was one of the most bitterly contested struggles in the history of Oregon Legislatures, since the breaking up of a monopoly which furnished rich pabulum for its beneficiaries was not to be accomplished without meeting with fierce resistance. The friends of the measure at once called a caucus and met every night until success crowned their efforts. Every member was asked to look after as many members among his special friends as could be persuaded to join us and to keep things moving.

The two members from Union County, my old home in eastern Oregon, were Terry Tuttle and J. W. Blevans. They were friends of mine and I at once turned my attention to them, impressing upon them the necessity of the State taking charge of its unfortunates, not only in the interest of humanity, but in pursuance of a wise, economical policy. They at once agreed with me and attended our caucus meetings.

But I had a brother-in-law, Dunham Wright, who was a member of the Senate from the same county, and who had already served several terms in the House. By reason of this experience he was "wise" to some things, and having met with several defeats for his special eastern Oregon measures, had imbibed a very healthy dislike for anything that savored of western Oregon gin. When he discovered, therefore, after a couple weeks, that his House colleagues were attending the lum caucus, he promptly upbraided them for their rtsightedness, assuring them that in so easily agree- to a measure which meant the expenditure of several ndred thousand dollars in Salem, without first exact- support in return for eastern Oregon measures, they re throwing away their influence and, in a sense, raying the interests of their constituents, etc.

They both came to me without delay and explained eir dilemma, adding that under the circumstances they uld be compelled to withdraw from the asylum caucus. this I seriously demurred, impressing upon them the nger to their reputations should they take such a step.

“Don't you know,” I said, “it is currently reported ound the State House that there is a large sum of oney here to be used liberally for the purpose of defeat- g the asylum bill, and that if, after you have been eeting with us and declaring yourselves in favor of its ssage, you suddenly change base and join the other de, there are those who will put two and two together d make four—maybe five, or six?”

This presentation of the situation had its desired fect and they promised to attend at least one other aucus meeting on that night and look into the matter little further.

I at once reported the threatened loss of the two sup- orters of our measure to several friends and when the aucus met I carried out a scheme—which we had agreed pon—by moving, as soon as it was called to order, that Ion. Terry Tuttle, of Union County, be elected chair- nan to serve during the evening, the regular chairman, *trangely enough,* being absent. The motion was carried vith a great show of enthusiasm and Mr. Tuttle was scorted to the chair. Of course this proceeding so rominently identified him with the asylum movement hat it was thereafter impossible for him to desert us vithout arousing suspicion as to his integrity, though in his case such distrust would have been wholly unfounded.

The effect of this ruse was to hold Tuttle and Blevans in line for our bill, and it finally passed the House with but one vote more than the constitutional requirement. It might have been an instance of legislative log-rolling—it was, perhaps—but it was entirely legitimate and was wholly in the interest of good legislation. Mr. Tuttle was for several terms superintendent of schools for Union County and was a splendid type of the western pioneer. He owned a fine farm near Summerville, twenty-five miles from where I lived when I was a citizen of that county. In the winter of 1874 I painted his house, inside and out, boarding with him for a week. It was at the time when all the lanes in that part of the Grand Ronde valley had drifted so full of snow that they were entirely abandoned for neighborhood travel. Mr. Tuttle died a few years ago when well past eighty years of age.

"Jeff" Blevans, soon after his legislative experience, moved into Wallowa County, where he still lives. He had been a school-teacher in his earlier days and had taken on what may be called the pedagogic habit of conversation. He was very precise in his use of language and somewhat pompous in his style of expression. One morning, about the middle of the session, he arose when the House was called to order and asked of the Speaker that he might be excused for the day, as he desired to visit some friends across the river in Polk County. Partly as a joke, I asked if he really intended to go to Polk County or if, as had been the case with many members, he only wanted to attend to other matters around town. He replied that he was going to be away from the city all day and wanted to be marked legally absent. He was, therefore, excused for the day and the fact entered upon the minutes.

Just before noon, however, after the roll had been called on the passage of a bill and before the result had een announced, Blevans arose from his seat and asked hat his name be called. I had not noticed his presence ntil I heard his familiar voice, and, in pursuance of ome fun, I objected to the granting of his request, since was certain the records would show that the gentleman rom Union was at that moment over in Polk County.

"But," said Blevans, "when I reached the river bank I found that the Dallas stage was already crossing on the ferry and I was left. Therefore, I am here and want very much to vote on this measure, as it is my bill."

Without looking at Blevans, whose seat was immediately behind mine, I insisted to the Speaker that he was not present, as the House would distinctly recall that he had been excused, that he had promised to stay away until the next morning, and that in all disputed legislative questions the record itself was final —and I appealed to the record! This confused Blevans to a greater degree than I had supposed possible, and while the House was roaring with laughter over his discomfiture, the clerk read the minutes which declared that he was undoubtedly in Polk County. Upon this showing I insisted that outsiders had no right to vote on measures in the House, that it was not within our province to change the minutes unless they were manifestly wrong, and that they were not correct not even Mr. Blevans would contend!

Blevans finally succumbed and made no further effort for recognition. He said his bill had passed, he had learned, that he really had some business he could attend to during the afternoon anyway, and that he would, with pleasure, make his actions conform strictly with the record—and he did, quite turning the tables on those of us who had decided to abandon further opposition and admit him to the fold at once.

The Legislature of 1880 organized by the election of Z. F. Moody, Speaker; C. B. Moores, chief clerk; J. W. Strange, assistant clerk; E. C. Hadaway, sergeant at arms, and T. A. Bacon, doorkeeper. Soon after these officers were installed, the peculiar combination of their names appealed to me as being altogether out of the ordinary and in a few minutes I rose in my place and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I trust our Democratic friends will not be Moody any Moore, nor think it Strange that the Republicans Hadaway of saving their Bacon in the organization of the House."

The suddenness of this announcement at once had a most depressing effect upon the members, but as soon as they had regained their normal bearing I found myself in the midst of a near-mob which was considering the propriety of introducing a resolution of expulsion; but my friends, for I had a few yet remaining, pleaded my youthfulness and lack of experience in my defense and the affair was permitted to blow over without further trouble. But it was a narrow escape.

CHAPTER XLIV

The most active member of the House in the session of 1880 in opposition to the passage of the asylum bill was A. J. Lawrence, of Baker County. He was a lawyer of some ability, a fair speaker, always in evidence, wore a flannel shirt with the collar unfastened, his hair showing the effect of an independence of combs and brushes for probably the preceding five years, and was constitutionally opposed to every bill that appeared to have any prospect of enactment. He frankly said that he wanted to make a record for preventing as much legislation as possible—an ambition not to be particularly censured when directed in some channels.

Lawrence also loved the flowing bowl, the proof of which was often in evidence during the daily sessions. He was especially active against the asylum bill at every stage of its progress, generally relying on the effect of dilatory motions rather than on any sort of argument. He preferred always to prolong the debates in order to consume time, hoping by that means to delay bills until the end of the session, when they might be waylaid for lack of time for their consideration. One of his chosen methods was to object strenuously to a committee report and, after pointing out his grounds for opposition, move to refer for amendment. Upon its reappearance he would move to re-refer—anything for a delay. He was always the last speaker on any proposition, since, if the debate could be prolonged by others, his main purpose was attained and he was willing to remain silent.

Lawrence was a "character," and his native ability made of him an opponent to be feared, for he was shrewd and had no care for the methods employed, so his ends were accomplished. His manner was peculiar. When it became evident that a debate was drawing to a close, he would lean forward in his seat, take on the look of a fox, and twirl his spectacles in one hand while he closely watched the trend of things. This attitude always indicated that he was about to begin his attack.

But we managed to dodge his flank movements successfully until toward the very last days of the session, when we had our forces so aligned that we were sure of the necessary support, provided a vote could be taken at once. We realized that any delay would be dangerous, for the opposition was very resourceful and was leaving nothing undone to deflect a vote where it might be possible. We had agreed to force a vote immediately after dinner and not to engage in any debate whatever. When this became apparent, which it soon did, Lawrence could not conceal his surprise, for he had counted upon a prolonged fight on the floor of the house. When the Speaker ordered the clerk to call the roll on the passage of the bill, Lawrence, who had been leaning forward and twirling his spectacles, arose and addressed the Chair, but Speaker Moody, according to the program which had been formulated, said, "Will the gentleman from Baker please take the chair?"

Lawrence, who had "ginned up" a little more than usual for the coming fray, seeing that his game was a losing one and that his being called to the chair at that particular time was a prearranged affair, gave up the contest, accepted the situation with a broad smile and with a decided uncertainty in his gait proceeded up the aisle to the Speaker's chair amid the general laughter of the members.

Upon taking the gavel from Speaker Moody's hands, he said:

"Gentlemen, the question is, 'Shall the bill pass?' Those who are in favor of the bill will answer 'aye' as your 'noes' are called and those opposed will answer 'no' as your 'ayes' are called. The clerk will call the roll."

The fact was that his tongue was wobbly as well as his feet, and the jingle of the usual form of putting the question was too much for him to master. It was probably five minutes before there was sufficient decorum restored for the roll to be called in an orderly manner, but the result was a victory, with one vote to spare, and all was well.

The humdrum of ordinary legislation was relieved during the latter part of the session of 1880 by a reception given one afternoon to President Hayes and General W. T. Sherman, who were touring the Pacific coast. Both houses met in joint convention and were addressed by the President and the hero of the great March to the Sea. It was the first time a President of the United States had ever been in Oregon and it was justly counted a great event, but it was plain that the enthusiasm aroused by the presence of the great military commander surpassed that felt on account of the visit of the President, though his reception was cordial in every respect. After the addresses had been made, the President, General Sherman and Mrs. Hayes stood in line and greeted the public with a hearty handshake. I recall that as I took the General's hand I said:

"General Sherman, this is almost as hard work as marching to the sea."

"Yes," he replied, with his jerky manner of speech, as he reached for the hand of the next man in line, "quite as hard work, but less dangerous."

On that occasion there was much admiration expressed for Mrs. Hayes, as there was, indeed, wherever she was known. Her democratic manner, together with her exceeding simplicity of dress, was a matter of general comment. It was commonly remarked, I remember, that of the many hundreds of women who attended the reception, the President's wife was without doubt the least expensively dressed. Mrs. Hayes was an American woman with that best of womanly endowments—common sense!

Before passing from a consideration of some of the more prominent features of the legislative session of

1880, I must refer to the fact that the House of Representatives had three members who were serving their first terms in any official capacity, and who were afterwards elected Governor of the State,—I refer to Z. F. Moody, George E. Chamberlain and the writer. Speaker Moody was nominated for that position by the Republican State Convention in 1882, and was elected over his Democratic opponent, Joseph S. Smith, who had been elected to Congress in 1868, by a good majority. Mr. Moody made a splendid chief executive in every respect and at the end of his term, having built a fine residence in Salem, became a citizen of the capital city and has since resided there. He is now in his eightieth year, in good health, and bids fair to remain in the land of the living until he really becomes an old man. During his term the Legislature changed the time for the beginning of its biennial sessions from the second Monday in September to the second Monday in January. Under the Oregon State Constitution the Governor is not inaugurated until the vote is officially canvassed and declared by the Legislature, and one result of this change was the addition of four months to the length of Governor Moody's term of office, he having served from September, 1882, until January, 1887.

George E. Chamberlain was a member of the House in 1880 from Linn County, having come to Oregon four years before from his native State, Mississippi. He made no special mark during the session and certainly gave no promise of that remarkable capacity for political manipulation that has since characterized his career, though the main ingredient, a cordial handshake, was there, it is recalled, with all its Southern fervor. It was generally known that he was recently from the South, and his manner had all the effusive cordiality peculiar to the people of that section. It was noticeable that he became intimately acquainted with all the members sooner than any other man had done, or perhaps was able to do. At the end of the first week he knew Jim from eastern Oregon and Tom from Jackson familiarly enough to slap them on the shoulder and walk out of the State House arm in arm with them, thus laying the foundation for the popularity that had in it the elements which, within two decades, placed himself twice in the Governor's office and once in the United States Senate.

Two other men in the session of 1880 deserve a passing mention, John M. Thompson, of Lane County, and William Galloway, of Yamhill. The session of 1878, at which time Thompson had been Speaker of the House, had appointed a committee to investigate certain charges which had been made against the Grover administration, covering several matters, and Thompson and Galloway were the leading members of that committee. They were both Democrats and it was expected, in some quarters at least, that the report would be so arranged that no political damage would follow.. Thompson and Galloway had, however, adopted the policy of calling a spade a spade and their report was altogether unsatisfactory to those who were engineering the matter. The result of this was a determined effort to defeat them for reelection. This attempt failed in their respective county conventions and before the people. They were both returned to the session of 1880, a splendid vindication of their course, but were not in good standing with their political colleagues. There was constant friction among the Democratic members on this account, and though their party was in a minority in the Legislature for the first time in eight years—largely, it was thought, on account of this legislative report—there was enough of ill feeling to produce continual irritation. Chamberlain ranged himself with the Old Guard, and so bitter was the feeling that one day he and Thompson had a personal altercation which, it was generally understood, almost led to bloodshed, both being armed, it was said, but better counsels prevailed and the affair passed into history as a harmless episode.

Thompson was a man of quick temper and was besides in ill health, the latter leading to his death within a short time after the close of his legislative experience. Galloway, on the contrary, will probably live to be a hundred years of age—holding lucrative positions all the time. He owns a fine farm in Yamhill County, but has lived in some public building most of the time since he became of age, some forty years ago. He was the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1894 against William P. Lord, but was defeated. He was for a long time Judge of Yamhill County and served in the Government Land Office at Oregon City until he decided he would rather discharge the duties of judge for the Third District, comprising the counties of Marion, Linn, Yamhill, Tillamook and Polk. Having come to this conclusion he announced his candidacy and, though a Democrat, defeated a good Republican in a district that is Republican by at least two thousand majority. At the end of six years, feeling that he would enjoy another term, he so informed the electorate—and it came to pass.

Galloway was raised in Yamhill County and when a boy knew every Indian on the Grand Round reservation—in fact, they were boys together. He called them Tom, George and Charley, as the case might be, and they all called him "Bill." One day, three years ago, he was holding court in Dallas, and a case was being tried which involved a Grand Round Indian on a charge of gross misconduct. This Indian and the judge had been boys together, though the former had always remained on the reservation. The prosecuting attorney was examining the Indian as a witness and had flatly contradicted a statement he had made. This so angered him that he turned to the court and said:

"Bill, that is the truth. You know, Bill, that I wouldn't lie!"

"Bill" acknowledged the corn and from the bench vouched for the uniform good character of the Indian, *as an Indian*, and his acquittal soon followed.

Judge Galloway is a man who has the confidence of those we call the "common people," is suave always, has the Chamberlain manner in accosting people, acquaintances and strangers alike, is a Democrat between campaigns but a non-partisan during their progress, and is, withal, a good, all 'round, typical Western American citizen of the pioneer mold—and that is saying a good deal in favor of any man.

CHAPTER XLV

One of the important acts of the Legislative session of 1887 was the passage of a law creating a Railroad Commission. It was the first session of the Legislature after the inauguration of Sylvester Pennoyer as Governor and he had incorporated into his inaugural address a goodly amount of his idiosyncrasies on political as well as economic questions. Pennoyer was full of them, not really, it was generally believed, but for the effect it had upon the "populace," to which he was appealing for support in his public career, upon which he was then just starting. He had made his campaign for Governor in the spring of 1886 upon the question of exclusion of Chinese from the State and, as such an appeal is always received with favor by most people, and especially those known as "working people," it was a good "slogan" to wield, and in the hands of a man like Pennoyer it was effective to the last degree.

Governor Pennoyer was for ten years the central figure in Oregon politics. In his earlier life he had been a school-teacher in Portland and afterward editor of a paper, but he had been in retirement until his nomination for Governor in 1886. The Chinese question had been vigorously agitated for a year or two prior to this, and the time was ripe for a man of Pennoyer's ability to appeal to the voters along the line of "the masses against the classes," "the money power," "Caesar," etc., and he came to the front for the reason that he saw his opportunity. No public man in Oregon has ever been a more thorough aristocrat. No man ever saw him on the street or in public anywhere without his standing collar of the Henry Clay style. His manner was exceedingly stiff and his bearing almost painfully dignified. Yet he was always approachable by the humblest of men and received all callers at the executive office most cordially. He was a very kindly man at all times, and was always conscious of the fact that Bill Smith could cast as effective a vote as the Hon. So and So. Therefore Pennoyer never lost sight of the importance of cultivating the friendship and admiration of Bill Smith and all his personal friends.

In the spring of 1886 the Oregon Republicans had nominated Colonel Thomas R. Cornelius for Governor, one of the best and most favorably known of the early pioneers, a farmer by occupation and a man who should have received every Republican vote in Oregon; but the campaign had but opened when it was discovered—or the claim was made that it had been discovered—that at some time not very far in the past Colonel Cornelius had employed a Chinaman to wash some shirts—and the revelation of this unpardonable offense against good government and the rights of man was more than his otherwise faultless record in Oregon for forty years could overcome. Everywhere the people were informed of the lack of sympathy on the part of Colonel Cornelius for the laboring man—as proven indisputably by the incident of his laundry patronage—and Pennoyer was not the man to permit the common people to be imposed upon without emphasizing the danger to which they were subjected if a man of this character were allowed to occupy the highest office in the State!

So Pennoyer was elected and inaugurated in January, 1887. In his inaugural address he gave expression freely to his peculiar ideas upon the Federal Constitution and the usurpation by the courts, State and national, of the powers which belonged exclusively to the State Legislatures and to Congress. The Legislature had enacted a registry law which the Supreme Court had pronounced unconstitutional. This act of the court was denounced by Governor Pennoyer as being plainly beyond its power or right, and he contended to the Legislature in one of his messages that, notwithstanding the decision of the Supreme Court, the law still stood and was really in effect. Of course this position was absurd in the extreme and it created great merriment in the Legislature and out of it. The following is an abstract from the Governor's message:

> There cannot be found in the Constitution of Oregon any warrant for such a proceeding. There cannot be found in the Constitution any provision by which the Judges of the several Courts of Oregon are exempted from obedience to the laws of the State. There cannot be found there any warrant by which they can suspend, by an order, the operation of a law which that Constitution expressly declares shall never be suspended except by the Legislative Assembly. By that instrument they are bound to obey and enforce the law, and are not privileged to disregard and nullify the law. In that instrument there is no provision by which the unanimous will of the people in regard to this registry law, regularly expressed in a legislative enactment, can be thwarted by any two or three men in the State. Judges cannot make or unmake laws, but like others, they must obey the laws.

After supporting this most remarkable position by an extended argument, he closed with this statement of his conclusion:

> Finding, therefore, no warrant, either in the State or Federal Constitution, for the Judicial Department to nullify an enactment of the Legislature, the conclusion is irresistible that the Registration Act as passed by the Legislature of Oregon is the law of the land to-day, and that the order of the court suspending the operation of such law was in violation of Section 23, Article 1, of the Constitution, and therefore that it was void and of no effect.

This astonishing exposition of constitutional powers as between the Legislative and the judicial departments of government gives a very fair illustration of what was popularly known in those days as "Pennoyerism." His most intimate acquaintances knew that he knew better than sincerely to hold to many of his publicly expressed opinions; but he was in politics to win, and these extreme utterances, especially if they are directed against the established order of things, never fail to touch some sort of popular chord and to win a following. A following was what Pennoyer always wanted, and it was what he generally had.

Parenthetically, it may be admitted that for a man in politics to have a following, if it is strong enough to bring about desired results, is not a really objectionable thing.

I was not a member of the Legislature of 1887, but was present at the delivery of Governor Pennoyer's inaugural address and witnessed the amusement with which this part of it was received by the assembled lawmakers, as well as by those in the galleries. It created a great sensation, and that this pleased the Governor immensely was plainly seen. That was what he wanted, for one of his peculiarities was that he would rather be abused at any time than to be ignored.

Within a week or two after this incident I wrote a letter to the *Oregonian,* a column in length, reviewing this stand of the Governor on the powers of State and Federal Courts, sprinkling it quite liberally with ridicule, and closed with this paragraph:

> For many years past it has been the custom of Californians to ship Oregon apples to their State, label them California apples and send them to Eastern markets, they have imported Columbia River salmon by the thousands of cases, re-marked them as California salmon and secured fabulous prices for them in the markets of the world; Oregon lumber is re-shipped East as California lumber, and even California geographies never fail to locate Mt. Hood inside the northern boundary of the Golden State; but all these offenses, these sins of commission and omission, will be swept into the bottomless pit of forgiveness and forgetfulness if hereafter our neighbors on the south, as well as all other outsiders, will speak of Governor Pennoyer of California.

To this letter I signed the name of our country postoffice, "Macleay," not feeling disposed to sign my own name to a communication of so personal a nature. It created a little ripple on the surface of the local political sea at the time, was copied in some of the State papers, commented on here and there and was soon forgotten—by me.

As was said at the beginning of this chapter, this session enacted a law establishing a State Railroad Commission, by the terms of which the Governor was to appoint the two members who were to compose it. It was required that one of them should be a Democrat and the other a Republican. They were to serve for two years at an annual salary of $2,500, with an appendage called a clerk. To be one of these members was a desirable position and, naturally, there was some excitement among certain people as the time approached for the appointment to be made—"on or before the first of April."

Being a farmer, and having some experience in public affairs, several of my friends began working with the Governor for my selection as the Republican member of the Commission. I did not then know him personally, but he had heard of me, I learned, and was somewhat disposed to look upon my appointment with favor. Things were in this condition when, one forenoon about ten o'clock in the last week of March, I received my mail from a neighbor who had been to Macleay, and in it was a letter from the "Executive Office" in Salem, and it was addressed to me in the well-known, fine, even chirography of Governor Pennoyer. At once divining the possible nature of its contents, I had it read in a jiffy. He merely asked me if it would be convenient for me to call upon him in the immediate future for a little consultation. I was planting potatoes in a small field above the house at the time, but within an hour I had changed my clothes, partaken of a light luncheon, saddled "Coly" and was on my way, though I was not sure where I was going.

Upon arriving at Salem I tied my horse to a large maple tree on the edge of the campus of the Willamette University, directly opposite the State House and within a hundred yards of where the old Oregon Institute stood, where I attended school in the early '60's. I soon presented myself to the Governor who received me very cordially. Proceeding to the point without delay, he said he had been asked to appoint me as the Republican member of the Railroad Commission and wanted to talk the matter over with me. He said he had already decided to appoint Hon. James H. Slater, of La Grande, as the Democratic member and wanted to know if I could work agreeably with him on the Commission, in case of my selection. I replied that I could, especially since I had known him intimately during my ten years' residence in Union County; besides, I was in no humor just then to argue with His Excellency the expediency or desirability of appointing any particular man to the Democratic place on the Board. The fact was I could have worked agreeably with any Democrat in the State whom the Governor might have desired to favor, as near as I can come at this date to analyzing my sentiments. I was only concerned as to the complexion of the Republican side of the Commission, and I did have a decided preference as to who should fill that particular place.

Mr. Slater, who had served two years in the lower House of Congress and a full term as United States Senator, was fully equipped to serve on the Railroad Commission and, as I recall the conversation now, I extolled his many excellent qualities more enthusiastically to Governor Pennoyer just then than I had ever done before.

The interview ended, I went down on the main streets of Salem and, to strengthen my prospects, requested a few prominent Democrats who were personal friends of mine to do a little "rustling" with the Governor in order to make my appointment sure; this they said they would gladly do. So I went home, happily dreaming of receiving a commission of appointment, splendidly engraved, together with the congratulations of my friends from different parts of the State. I considered, too, the possibility of hiring a hand on the farm to do the very hard work while I looked after the interests of the public.

But alas for the vain hopes of man! The next day at noon I received the Salem *Daily Statesman,* and there, in glaring headlines, was the announcement that the Governor had appointed on the Railroad Commission Hon. James H. Slater, of La Grande, and *Hon. George A. Waggoner, of Corvallis!*

That afternoon I finished planting my potatoes, but at digging time the following October it was impossible to decide whether that part of the field had been planted north and south or diagonally with the compass, and the yield was a cross between the Early Rose and the White Kidney, though the latter variety had been outlawed in that section for twenty years. A large share of the potatoes came out of the ground cross-eyed, and all were heavy at the heart!

I had never been a very ardent admirer of Governor Pennoyer, but after that mistake of his there was no time in his career when I could persuade myself that his judgment could be relied upon in an important emergency. He was too fickle.

When I had sufficiently recovered to make another trip to Salem—which was in the following July, I believe—I learned that when I had requested some of my Democratic friends to intercede for me with the Governor it soon became known to a few other Democrats with whom I had had some political tilts in preceding local campaigns and who proposed that I should not "get ahead" politically, if they could help it. These at once went to His Excellency and told him what they had heard. He replied that he was, indeed, thinking very strongly of my appointment, etc.

"But," they said, "did you know, Governor, you are about to appoint the man on the Board who wrote that letter to the *Oregonian* a little while ago signed 'Macleay?' "

"You don't mean to say he is the man who wrote that letter?" inquired the Governor.

"He is the very man," they informed him, "and surely you won't put him on the Board of Railroad Commissioners. There are a number of other Republicans who are applicants and who would be decidedly less objectionable to Democrats generally."

Possessed with this bit of information, it was as easy for the Governor to erase my name from the list as it was for him to wink his eye at one of his sly jokes—and that means it was no effort at all.

During the month of May, 1901, fourteen years after the occurrence of the above episode, and when I was in the Executive chair, I visited California. President McKinley was there at the time to witness the launching of the battleship *Ohio*. One day, with my wife, I visited San Jose and while there called upon Alfred Holman, then editor and proprietor of the *San Jose Mercury*. Holman was a native of Oregon and was for a number of years a member of the editorial staff of the *Oregonian*. Soon after entering his office, he suggested that he should invite in the Mayor, president of the Board of Trade and a few other celebrities, with their wives, and give us a dinner at our hotel, and this was done. During the progress of the meal Holman had a lot of fun recalling some of our Oregon experiences. He was relating to the guests how for a good while it had been one of my fads, while on the farm, to write letters for the papers, and how he had frequently had difficulty in deciphering my handwriting. "And," he added, "he used to write mighty good stuff, too."

"Yes," I interrupted, "I remember one letter I wrote to the *Oregonian* a few years ago that cost me five thousand dollars." Before I could get any further with my story Holman quickly inquired:

"How was that? Did her husband get hold of it first?"

And, notwithstanding this break, Holman has been strangely permitted to live to this day, though soon after that he moved to San Francisco, where he now owns the *Argonaut*.

The man, George Waggoner, who "usurped" my place on the first Oregon Railroad Commission was a member of the session of the Legislature in 1880, where we became good friends, a relation which has been maintained to date. But I knew him first while I lived in Union County when he was a resident of Walla Walla. One day in the early spring of 1876 my wife had made a "pieplant" pie, and as it was a great delicacy, being the first fruit of the year, and all kinds of fruit being very scarce in that country in those days, my two little tow-headed girls, Maud and Dosia, aged respectively five and three years, could hardly wait until the noon hour for the pleasure of tasting it. In fact, they had been watching the growth of those few stalks of rhubard for two weeks, and each day came in reporting that they were sure they were large enough to pull.

So this day the little things stood by the table as their mother stewed the fruit and made it into a pie. They watched it as it was placed in the oven, and as it came out, full of juice. We were about to seat ourselves around the table when there was a shout at the front gate. Upon investigation it proved to be two Walla Walla hog buyers who were anxious, they said, to get their dinners. It is never customary in the country to refuse a man his dinner, so they were invited in and after seeing that their horses were fed we began the meal.

This unexpected intrusion made it necessary for the two little girls to wait, and as they stood in the partition door between the kitchen and sitting-room, leaning against the "jamb," they presented about as doleful a pair of countenances as one would run across in an average lifetime. I am perfectly honest when I say that I felt so sorry for them in their disappointment that

I did not enjoy either the meal or the visitors. They—the visitors—had voracious appetites, it being my opinion then, I remember, that they must have been fasting since leaving Walla Walla three days before, and were just "coming to."

When it came time to "pass the pie" my wife cut it in six pieces, remembering the little girls. The visitors were fairly ecstatic in their praises of the pie. It had been years since they had had the pleasure of eating a pieplant pie; they had always been wonderfully partial to that kind of pie anyway; they wondered why farmers did not raise more rhubarb, since they understood it was easily grown. And, then, my wife was certainly an expert at making pies, for they had not found anything quite so good in all their travels. By this time their consignments were gone and, with knives firmly gripped in their right hands and forks in their left, they looked at those two remaining pieces with a yearning that was fierce to behold. I was certain that if I didn't invite them to have another helping they would rake the remnants in anyway, so I asked them to have another piece. I passed the plate, and unhesitatingly, without a tremor, without batting an eye, the gallant Walla Wallaians accepted the invitation,—the remainder of that pie went glimmering and the plate was empty!

At this phase of the catastrophe I looked at the children, and they rushed out of the house, screaming with all their might, and down into the raspberry "patch." There I found them, as soon as I could excuse myself, crying as if their hearts would break and, like Rachel of old, they refused to be comforted. Upon my return I told the guests one of the girls had been stung by a yellow jacket, though that insect was not due for yet four months. And yet they had really been "stung!"

One of these men of abnormal appetite, was George Waggoner and the other was Obadiah Osborne, a preacher in the United Brethren Church. They were, of course, entirely unconscious of the part they had played in the tragedy of the pie. In January, 1891, when I was Speaker of the House of Representatives, my daughters, then eighteen and twenty years respectively, visited me for a few days in Salem. Happening to meet Waggoner in the corridors of the State House, I informed the girls, after an introduction, that he was the man whom they had never forgotten, recalling to his mind at the same time the two little girls who had so suddenly fled from the kitchen on that day 'way back in 1876, trying to escape from a yellow jacket,—in April.

The instance was related in the presence of a dozen House members and it was unanimously agreed among them afterwards that it was the only time in their acquaintance with Waggoner that he was plainly embarrassed. He apologized profusely to the girls, urging a furious appetite in extenuation, but seemed wholly unable to think of a way of making restitution that would be in any sense adequate.

And yet, Waggoner is a pretty good man, when you come to know him well.

CHAPTER XLVI

When the campaign of 1888 opened I was nominated for the Legislature again and my election followed, with all the Republican ticket in Marion County, my colleagues being William Armstrong, John B. Waldo, John Q. Wilson and Samuel Layman—all strong men.

Indeed, in looking over the list of members of the Legislature of 1889, both Senate and House, I am inclined to the belief that it contained a larger per cent. of able men than any other session in the history of the State. I was so impressed at the time, and I recall that the personnel of the delegation from Multnomah County in the House was remarkable because it was made up of men who were even then prominent in the business and political world. It is well known that in these days and under the present conditions of political life it is seldom that men of this caliber can be induced to submit to the annoyances and humiliations which characterize the average political campaign.

There were nine men in the House from Multnomah County in 1889, as follows: William M. Ladd, H. H. Northup, W. B. Gilbert, R. P. Earhart, W. T. Hume, D. P. Thompson, J. A. Strowbridge, J. J. Fisher, S. R. Harrington and T. E. Fell,—men of weight and ability and sincerity of purpose.

William M. Ladd is at present and for many years has been the president of the banking firm of Ladd & Tilton, one of the oldest and strongest financial firms west of the Rocky Mountains. H. H. Northup is one of the able lawyers of Portland, a Grand Army man with a distinguished record during the war; since serving in the Legislature that session he has been Judge of Multnomah County for four years and was the "sound money" candidate for Congress in 1896. W. B. Gilbert was soon afterward appointed to the position of United States Circuit Judge for the District of Oregon and California, the duties of which he is discharging with great honor to himself and to the satisfaction of the people. R. P. Earhart had but recently retired from the position of Secretary of State, which he had occupied for eight years with signal ability. D. P. Thompson was one of the best known men in Oregon, a man who, after reaching his majority, had split cordwood in the woods near Oregon City, and who afterward amassed a fortune by his careful management and shrewd investments. Mr. Thompson once said he was "a farmer by birth, a blacksmith by trade, a surveyor by education and a banker by occupation." In 1890 he was the Republican nominee for Governor, but was defeated by Sylvester Pennoyer because he was a banker. He would have made a most excellent Governor, but paid the penalty of being a successful man. He died when comparatively young, leaving a large fortune to his family. W. T. Hume was a lawyer of rare ability who afterward served Multnomah County for two terms as District Attorney. S. R. Harrington was a lawyer with an extensive practice and a splendid record as a soldier and officer in the Union army during the Civil War. J. J. Fisher was a prominent physician of East Portland and J. A. Strowbridge was a well-known business man of Portland and one of its earliest pioneers.

This was a notable list of distinguished citizens who were willing to donate their services to the public for the public good. They were able to make their campaigns without meeting a torrent of personal abuse and were not accused of being rascals bent upon the "subjugation of the common people." These men are all living to-day, with the exception of Thompson, Earhart and Strowbridge, and it is not at all likely that any one of them, if a candidate for the Legislature now, could be elected under any circumstances.

In the Senate Multnomah County had Joseph Simon, George A. Steel, J. C. Carson, Donald Mackay and J. K. Wait. Simon has since been United States Senator from Oregon and Steel has served one term as State Treasurer. The other three were men of high standing in the business circles of Portland. Other members of the Senate were: George Chandler, of Baker; T. E. Cauthorne, of Benton; J. W. Watts, of Yamhill; F. A. Moore, of Columbia; Thomas H. Tongue, of Washington; J. H. Raley, of Umatilla; J. B. Looney, J. B. Dimick and M. L. Chamberlin, of Marion; J. H. D. Gray, of Clatsop; C. A. Cogswell, of Lake; R. M. Veatch and S. B. Eakin, of Lane; J. C. Fullerton, of Douglas; S. A. Dawson, of Linn, and Charles Hilton, of Wasco.

In the House were E. L. Smith, of Wasco, chosen Speaker; John T. Apperson, Peter Paquet and R. V. Short, of Clackamas; J. N. Williamson, of Crook; J. E. Blundell, of Douglas; Robert A. Miller, of Jackson; S. W. Condon and A. C. Jennings, of Lane; J. W. Maxwell, of Tillamook; H. J. Bean, of Umatilla; E. O. McCoy, of Wasco; Charles Goodnough, of Union, and Thomas Paulsen, of Washington.

These were all substantial citizens who proved very active and efficient members. F. A. Moore has since been a member of the State Supreme Court for twenty years and H. J. Bean, after serving as District Attorney and Circuit Judge for Umatilla and Morrow counties, is just now beginning a full term as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court. E. L. Smith has served for several years as president of the State Board of Horticulture and has done more to make the apples of Hood River famous the world over than any other man. Robert A. Miller has since been a Democratic candidate for Congress and served for six years as Register of the United States Land Office at Oregon City. J. N. Williamson has since been elected to Congress twice and is one of the prominent stockmen of Crook County. R. V. Short was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1857; S. W. Condon was the son of Rev. Thomas Condon, who for several years was geologist at the

State University; E. O. McCoy was a prominent business man of eastern Oregon; J. W. Maxwell was a well-known Grand Army man of Tillamook County; Charles Goodnough was a man extensively interested in several mercantile firms in Union and Wallowa counties and Thomas Paulsen was one of the successful dairymen of his county.

There were other members worthy of mention who contributed to the work of the session intelligently and conscientiously. Taken altogether, as I have said, it was without doubt the ablest assemblage which has ever composed an Oregon Legislature—and no participant in any other session can possibly take umbrage at this estimate, for he can, if so disposed, console himself with the reflection that too many of his colleagues failed to reach the average requirement for a good legislator!

One of the most popular members of that session was James E. Blundell, of Douglas County. He was a very small man physically, probably not weighing more than ninety pounds, but he was exceedingly witty and always commanded the attention of the House when addressing the Chair.

One afternoon Bowditch, of Jackson, grew somewhat belligerent in a debate he had precipitated with a fellow member regarding a bill that appeared to have been lost in some committee shuffle, and had received a retort which greatly angered him. To this he replied with vigor, and as he appeared to be making a hostile demonstration toward the accused committeeman, there was a great uproar in the House. The Speaker had begun to exercise his authority to preserve order, when Blundell arose and, standing almost by the side of Bowditch, who was a two-hundred pounder, said in his peculiar piping voice:

"Mr. Speaker, I will undertake to preserve order on the floor of the House in my immediate vicinity, and I hereby notify the gentleman from Jackson that if he doesn't promptly resume his seat and govern that temper of his, *I will hold him personally responsible.*"

As he said this he shook his fist at the Jackson County member, and his attitude, together with the delicious absurdity of his remark,—his head scarcely reached above his desk,—created a roar of laughter that lasted for several minutes. But good feeling was restored and Bowditch himself enjoyed the episode as well as his fellow-members.

Blundell served four terms altogether from Douglas County, being a member in 1887, 1889, 1891 and 1895. On the last night of the session of '89, an hour before adjournment, there was no business to attend to and the members, with the permission of the Speaker, devoted themselves to all sorts of recreation not known to parliamentary law. Colonel Robert A. Miller was in the chair and Roberts, of Coos, had introduced a resolution ousting him from his position on account of an arbitrary ruling. Miller put the motion on the adoption of the resolution and, though it received a unanimous vote of approval, declared it lost.

At this juncture, when all was in an amusing disorder, Blundell climbed into his chair and from it to the top of his desk, from which vantage point he shouted in tones which were heard above the general din, striking the open palm of his left hand vigorously with the clenched fist of his right, the while:

"Gentlemen, I do not propose to shirk the duty which rests upon me as a representative of the people of Douglas County by submitting to the tyranny of the gentleman from Jackson, who happens for the moment to be the presiding officer of this House. If any one other member will follow my lead, I will take the gentleman from the chair by force and—"

At this point, McCoy, of Wasco, a giant in stature, took Blundell around the waist with his right arm and, with his legs kicking wildly in the air, carried him down the aisle and into the main lobby of the Capitol.

Probably a more side-splitting incident never occurred during a legislative session in any State than that. In a short time Blundell and McCoy returned to their seats, arm in arm, order was restored, Speaker Smith took the chair and the important business of the State was resumed in a serious manner. "All work and no play makes Jack," etc.

Poor "Jimmy Blundell" was afflicted with asthmatic trouble but his countenance was always cheerful, as was his heart. He was a school-teacher by profession and occupation. When his distressing ailment finally proved fatal, the announcement of his death carried a feeling of regret to every part of the State.

John B. Waldo, a member from Marion County, was the youngest son of Daniel Waldo, the noted pioneer of 1843, and had but recently completed a full term of six years on the State Supreme Bench. He was a very reserved man in his manner, though exceedingly hospitable in his home. He was a close student all his life and almost lived in and with his books. Every summer for twenty years before his death he invited a few friends to accompany him into the Cascade Mountains on an extended camping trip, usually lasting for two months. It was his custom to go into the mountains with his pack train of a few horses and, without following trails, proceed to the summit, after which he would pursue the backbone of the range well southward toward the California line. He was an expert botanist and was perhaps more familiar with the flora of Oregon than any other man has been.

The likes and dislikes of Judge Waldo were very deeply rooted. I recall that as the session of 1889 was drawing to a close a local photographer asked me to see him and request him to sit for a picture. He explained that he was making a group photograph of all the members of both Houses and had secured sittings from all the members save Judge Waldo. When, as requested, I told the Judge what was wanted, like a flash, he inquired:

"Is Joe Simon's picture going to be in the group?"

"Yes, I presume so," I replied, "as he is the president of the Senate. Why?"

"Well," replied the Judge, "I won't have my picture alongside of Joe Simon's."

And he did not call at the photographer's. That enterprising individual, however, succeeded in securing an old picture somewhere and his group contained photographs of all the members of both Houses.

The bitterness of Waldo against Simon was due to the impression he had received that the latter had been instrumental in his defeat as Supreme Judge when a candidate for re-election in 1886. His death occurred at his farm in the Waldo Hills three years ago. He was a man of the strictest integrity and held in the highest esteem by his acquaintances everywhere.

One of my colleagues from Marion County in the sessions of 1889, and again in 1893, was Samuel Layman, of Woodburn. He was a successful farmer and an intelligent Representative, but he could not address a public meeting without being lost in an overwhelming wave of embarrassment. It was the custom in those days for the candidates of the opposing parties to visit every part of the county and hold joint debates, the "remarks" of each candidate being restricted to a limited time. This part of the program Layman always endeavored to avoid, but in order to gain votes he found it necessary to make the rounds, and he was invariably called upon by some man in the audience, though his associates had agreed to let him off. In the two campaigns I made with Layman he made perhaps forty speeches, and these were the identical words he used every time:

"Fellow-citizens, I am not a public speaker, but am a farmer down on French Prairie. If elected to the Legislature, I promise you that I will oppose all the bad bills and favor all the good ones. I hope you will vote for me."

This always provoked laughter from the audience and, inexpressibly confused, Layman would seek his seat. However, it is plain that if he had spoken for two hours he could have said nothing better than this—and might have said too much, as the rest of us frequently did. And, besides, Layman always received more votes than any other man on the ticket—as he deserved to.

Another influential member in the session of 1889 was Captain John T. Apperson, of Clackamas County. Captain Apperson had for a long term of years been a steamboat pilot on the Willamette River and had served in the State Senate during the sessions of 1878 and 1880. For about twenty years he was president of the Board of Trustees of the Oregon Agricultural College and is now a member of that body. He has been a tower of strength to that very deserving and useful educational institution, and has attended all its meetings during his long tenure of office on the Board.

A resolution had been adopted during the last week of the '89 session providing for adjournment on a Friday night at midnight. A few minutes before this hour arrived Speaker Smith had called Captain Apperson to the chair and was absent when the clock pointed to the hour of twelve. Five minutes before this the House had called upon H. H. Northup to make a short address on the eve of our separation, to which he had responded. Judge Northup, who is a splendid speaker, especially upon an occasion of that character, was narrating a very pathetic incident which occurred on one of the battlefields of the Civil War, relating to the wounding of a drummer boy, when Captain Apperson called his attention to the fact that the hour for adjournment had arrived. A request went up from all over the House for him to finish his story, to do which, he replied in answer to a query, would take but two minutes; but Captain Apperson said the resolution called for adjournment at midnight.

"I have no discretion in the matter, gentlemen," said he. "Your resolution says we shall adjourn at twelve o'clock, and you can see," glancing at the clock on the wall back of the Speaker's desk, "that it is now one minute past that time."

And Judge Northrup's story was never finished—all because Captain Apperson had for twenty years been a river pilot, where an order was an order, where punctuality meant being punctual, and where there was no dallying with the dictum of one man whose conclusion was the law.

And the House stood aghast—also, adjourned.

CHAPTER XLVII

When the legislative session of 1891 met in January of that year I was a candidate for Speaker of the House, and after a little preliminary skirmish, which involved more or less of communication with members from other parts of the State during the preceding month or two, I was successful. There were but two other aspirants, H. B. Miller, of Josephine, and George L. Story, of Multnomah. Mr. Miller had represented his county in the State Senate, where he had made a splendid record as a hard and efficient worker, but a week before the session convened he announced that he had no desire to be Speaker. Mr. Story had been a member of the House in 1885, serving with distinction, and was one of the very earliest settlers in the city of Portland. He did not make a very active campaign for the Speakership, however, and there were few obstacles in the way of my success. R. R. Hays, of Tillamook, was chosen chief clerk, Frank Davey assistant clerk, and Glenn O. Holman reading clerk.

This session of the Oregon Legislature may be said to have been characterized by an "era of good feeling." There was not much demand for general legislation and the "political pot," which in this State has boiled with a good, old-fashioned boil for fifty years almost without intermission, was actually enjoying the experience of a perfect rest for the first time. The "fight against Mitchell" which had known no cessation since his advent to the State in 1860, had been abandoned and, though his second term in the United States Senate was terminating and he was a candidate for re-election, he received every vote in the Republican caucus, which was attended by every Republican member of both Houses, and received every Republican vote in the joint convention—and all the members were present.

Mitchell was a candidate for the United States Senate in 1866, but lacked one vote of securing the caucus nomination. There were no more Republican Legislatures until 1872, when he was again a candidate for Senator and, after a strong combination against him had been overcome, a successful one. At the end of his term the Legislature was again Democratic and he was retired in favor of James H. Slater. In 1882 there was another Senator to elect and a Republican Legislature chosen to perform that duty. Mitchell was an active candidate for the position, but after a struggle, which lasted until the very last moments of the session, Joseph N. Dolph, Mitchell's law partner, was elected.

The principal objection to Mitchell among those Republican members who opposed him was that he was a "corporation lawyer," and the fact that his partner was finally selected was held to be one of the instances of political inconsistency frequently encountered along the highway of caucuses and conventions. Upon his return to Portland after his defeat he received a tremendous ovation from the thousands of men who had assembled on the streets, while the successful candidate received, by comparison, no welcome whatever.

The Legislature of 1885 was confronted with the duty of electing a Senator, and Solomon Hirsch, of Portland, received the Republican caucus nomination. There was a defection, however, of eighteen members, who refused to be bound by the caucus action and were able to prevent an election. The struggle was continued until the last minute of the constitutional duration of a legislative session and an adjournment was had without an election. In the following October Governor Moody called a special session of the Legislature for the purpose of electing a Senator and Mitchell was again a candidate. The fight which was made upon him at this time was one of the fiercest known to Oregon politics. It was led by the *Oregonian* and nothing was left unsaid or unprinted which it was thought would contribute to Mitchell's defeat. The attack was directly personal and Mitchell was charged with all the sins of omission and commission known to the calendar of moral and personal delinquencies. Proof of the truthfulness of the charges was offered—indeed, was published—and challenges to institute a suit for libel were printed daily in black-faced type, but Mitchell, like Cuffey, "des kep' on sayin' nuffin'." After a short session of this character, although it seemed a long one, a sufficient number of Democrats came to Mitchell's support to give him the necessary forty-six votes and he was elected.

Considering the nature of this furious onslaught in 1885 against Mitchell it was a matter of surprise, and of rejoicing, that at the end of his term there was no opposition to his re-election in any quarter. All was peace and Mitchell must have thought the millennium at hand. But it was only a lull in the cyclone which usually focused around the political headquarters where John H. Mitchell was the central figure,—as later Oregon history abundantly shows.

It was during the session of 1891 that I formed the acquaintance of H. B. Miller, member from Josephine County. He was a prominent contractor in southern Oregon and had much to do with the construction of railroad bridges. He was also extensively engaged in horticultural pursuits, as well as manufacturing enterprises in Josephine County.

He had a well-developed ambition to go to Congress and had his eye on any old thing that promised to assist in preventing the re-election of Binger Hermann. At that time Hermann had acquired the fixed habit of going to Congress every two years, which was naturally discouraging to a few other men who were ambitious to serve the people's interests at Washington. Among these very deserving aspirants was H. B. Miller. In those years Oregon had but one member of Congress, and since it began to look as though Hermann, with his perfect health and convincing handshake, would live as long as anybody else and stay in Congress as long as he lived, there seemed little chance for any other man to acquire the privilege of sending garden seeds to the farmers of the State,—unless, indeed, something out of the ordinary should happen.

But Miller and I decided that Hermann could be displaced if only the proper steps were taken. Others were admitted to our councils, and it was finally decided that if about five of us, living in different parts of the State, should become candidates for the nomination, the combined strength of the opposition would throw Hermann in a minority, and after that had been accomplished it would not be difficult for us to unite on the man who should represent us.

It was a good scheme, its only fault being that it didn't work out so well when put to the actual test as it did in our private consultations. When the session of 1891 adjourned there was a well-arranged understanding between Miller and myself that before the campaign of '92 opened we would have a scheme perfected which would result in placing Hermann on the shelf. We felt sure it could be done with proper management, and that we were in position to carry it to a successful termination.

I saw Miller at intervals during the following summer and fall, and each time we added minor details to our campaign. He said it looked good to him in southern Oregon, and that he was certain he could come to the convention with several counties hitherto solid for Hermann in his pocket.

In January, 1892, we met by appointment in Portland to complete the plan of our attack. A few flank movements were decided upon and our lieutenants selected. We separated with a promise by Miller that some time within a month he would write me a letter which would give further details as to the southern Oregon situation, for Hermann must first be shaken in his own section, and Miller, because of his prominence, and coming from that part of the State, was going to be the most formidable man in the combine.

I returned to the farm and resumed my plowing and sowing, expecting to hear from Miller at any time. The spring oats were sown, the orchard pruned and yet nothing from Miller. I knew he was busy preparing for the solar plexus blow that was to give us a different Congressman, but finally, thinking that valuable time was being wasted—I had some things of my own to do if I was to get seriously into the contest—and concluding that by that time Miller had surely laid the foundation for the fight good and strong, I wrote him a letter. He had promised to let me know and had not done it. I was anxious to hear the details of his inroads into the Hermann ranks, so sent him the following:

MACLEAY, OREGON, March 10, 1892.

HON. H. B. MILLER,
Grant's Pass, Or.:

My Dear Miller:

Well?

Sincerely yours,
GEER.

Three days afterward I received the following lucid answer to my letter, which constituted an exhaustive explanation of the political situation in southern Oregon, as far as Miller had succeeded in causing a defection in the Hermann ranks:

GRANT'S PASS, OREGON, March 13, 1892.

HON. T. T. GEER,
Macleay, Or.:

My Dear Mr. Geer:

I was delighted to hear that you are "well." Good health is a great blessing.

Truly yours, MILLER.

It was not the kind of letter which called for an immediate answer. It spoke volumes and breathed such a deep appreciation of my prime physical condition that I was wholly overcome. I at once counted myself out of the Congressional race—I didn't wait for others to do so—and was not at all surprised when the Republican State Convention assembled along in April to read that it had re-nominated Hon. Binger Hermann, of Douglas County, for Congress "without serious opposition."

One of the important acts of the session of '91 was the creation of the office of Attorney General. Attempts to do so had been made prior to that date, but there was general opposition to the establishment of new offices and they failed. That there was need for such adviser to the State officials there could be no doubt, so provision was made for the new official to be appointed by the Governor, to hold until the next general election. Accordingly, Governor Pennoyer named George E. Chamberlain, of Linn County, who was nominated by the Democrats for the same position in 1892, and, according to the Chamberlain custom, was successful at the polls, defeating L. R. Webster, Republican.

There were many new members in the House in 1891, though there were several who had had wide experience in legislative matters and who afterward became prominent in State affairs. There was much to enliven the ordinary trend of legislative proceedings and, as is usually the case, a humorous reply or statement often came at the most unexpected times.

One day the House was considering a proposed bill on assessment in Committee of the Whole. The Committee on Assessment had undertaken to revise the entire system of taxation—a proposition which always appeals to the aspiring legislator as a means not only of immortalizing his own name, but of contributing to the welfare of the masses. For a full hundred years this work of drafting an assessment law that will make all taxation "equal" has been prosecuted in our older States and there is the same complaint of the injustice of the prevailing system, no matter what it is, that characterized the unrest of the people at the beginning.

But we were in the midst of considering the new bill on taxation, as reported by the committee, by sections.

We had reached a section which provided for the taxation of watches, when Holmes, of Marion, a Democrat who had managed to be elected by a margin of six votes in that strongly Republican county, arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, in these times a watch has become an article of necessity and not one of luxury, as was formerly the case. Everybody now, even the poor man, carries a watch and I move that this section be stricken out in the interest of the common people."

Before the chairman could put the question Starr, of Benton, a man who had not been on his feet before during the entire session, asked for recognition and said:

"Mr. Chairman, I am opposed to striking out this section. Just a few minutes ago we adopted another section which taxes horses, and I object to taxing horses and exempting watches, for hundreds of times I have seen young fellows on the Long Tom riding four-dollar cayuses and carrying forty-dollar watches!"

After which Holmes' proposed amendment didn't have a "look in."

Glenn Holman was the reading clerk for the session of '91, as indeed he had been for many sessions before, and he had a most remarkable memory as well as a splendid voice for that purpose. That was before the day of the typewriter, and as all the bills and resolutions were written in long hand, and usually by their authors, samples of handwriting drifted up to the clerk's desk that would often put a crimp in that officer's tongue. But Holman could read anything that even looked like writing and get away with it in pretty good shape. He never stalled. If he came to an obstacle in the way of a sprawl across the paper, he named it and went on without any hesitation whatever. It was one of his boasts that he had never yet found a specimen of writing that he could not decipher with ease.

One day a member who intended to introduce a bill to prohibit the killing of certain kinds of pheasants, except at stated times of the year, handed it to me in advance to get my opinion of it. One section was something like this: "It shall be unlawful to kill or have in possession, except as otherwise hereinafter provided, any ring-necked pheasant, silver pheasant, golden pheasant, copper pheasant, green Japanese pheasant, Reeves pheasant, scholmeringu pheasant, etc."

In this last word I saw an opportunity to have some fun out of Holman and asked the member to let me write his bill, telling him my purpose. I wanted to write that word "scholmeringu" in such a way that Holman would be baffled. The bill had but two or three sections and it was soon done. I had let a dozen members into the joke and they were ready for a laugh on Holman. As soon as the House was called to order the bill was introduced. With his customary assurance, the reading clerk began to declare its provisions to the members in ringing tones which reached every part of the chamber. I had written the word "scholmeringu" in such a way that it spelled nothing whatever, only the first three letters being decipherable at all. After their formation the word flattened out into a meaningless scrawl. And here is the way Holman read it, while the House listened and watched to see him forced to admit his defeat: "It shall be unlawful to kill or have in possession, except as otherwise hereinafter provided, any ring-necked pheasant, silver pheasant, golden pheasant, copper pheasant, green Japanese pheasant, Reeves pheasant or—any other kind of pheasant," and he went right on with a broad smile on his face while the House indulged a round of laughter at my failure to trap the versatile translator of duck tracks, et al.

Holman had a wonderful memory for names, and after calling the roll of sixty members a half-dozen times could easily dispense permanently with the printed form. He was at the reading clerk's desk in the House sessions of '80, '89, '91 and '93. One day toward the last of the session of '93 he was calling the roll for about the thousandth time, perfunctorily, as the proceedings were very uninteresting, when he came to the name of Merritt, of Jackson County, who had been a member during the preceding session. When Holman came to his name that day he unconsciously switched from the roll-call of '93 to that of '91 and followed Merritt's name with those who succeeded his in the session of two years before. The "break" was not noticed until some of the members were astonished to hear names of men called who had gone down to defeat, and some even were dead. After adjournment, in commenting upon the incident, Holman repeated, from memory, the roll-call of '91 without hesitation, and even repeated that of 1880, thirteen years before, with but a few mistakes.

Toward the end of the session of '91 the members began to show their impatience at any move which consumed time. This, however, is not unusual. At the beginning of a session there appears to be "all kinds of time" in which to transact the business before the Legislature and a motion to adjourn will always carry. The first three weeks of an Oregon session, which is constitutionally limited to forty days, it is customary to adjourn on each Thursday and proceed to Portland, not to return to Salem until the following Sunday night, or perhaps not until Monday morning. But when half the session is gone and members begin to discover that many of their bills are yet "in committee," and that there is danger of their being lost altogether, an awakening always takes place and the great majority are willing to adjourn only for the time necessary for meals.

Although when the House adjourned *sine die* in '91, every bill had been disposed of and we had two hours to spare, there was much uneasiness during the last three days concerning the fate of several measures. The Ministerial Union of Salem had provided a minister to be present every morning to open the sessions with prayer. This had always been customary and it is a very fitting beginning of the day's work. There were several members who had privately asked me to abandon the custom during the last week, in the interest of some of the belated measures, but I had assured them that we would "clean up" the calendar, and that it would not look well to reject the offers of the ministers to intercede for us at the Throne of Grace, since we probably stood in need of all the assistance we could get, both here and hereafter. I remember that Garfield, of Coos, was especially opposed to "wasting the time of the House in needless prayers."

However, on the morning of the last day there had been so many importunities from members to dispense with the morning prayer that when Rev. Robert Whitaker, of the Baptist Church, stood by my side I whispered to him while the House was coming to order, "Cut it short," for much of the complaint had been at the length of some of the prayers—which, indeed, were needlessly long. I knew Whitaker well, and as he was a very witty man both in and out of the pulpit, I felt perfectly free to ask him to "cut it short." He was very obedient to my suggestion, for here is his prayer, verbatim: "Oh, Lord, we pray Thee to keep us from all evil throughout this day. We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen."

To say that the House was pleased would be to put it very mildly. Smiles were in evidence over the chamber, even some clapping of hands. Holman passed a hat among the members and secured for the considerate preacher five dollars, which was given him at the door when he passed out three minutes later. It was a signal triumph of the art of condensation, for he might have extended his prayer ten minutes longer, as some of the preachers did, without adding anything to the effectiveness of his appeal.

At that time Rev. Whitaker could have had any position within the gift of the Legislature for the asking.

CHAPTER XLVIII

During the progress of the legislative session of 1891 it became known that in the spring President Harrison would visit the Pacific Coast, including Oregon, and before adjournment a joint committee was appointed to meet him and his party at the State line and to take charge of their itinerary while they remained among our people. Accordingly, the committee, consisting of three members of the Senate and five from the House, including President Simon of the Senate and myself, went to Ashland on May 5 to meet the Presidential party, which arrived there at four o'clock. The weather had been quite dry for the preceding month, but at noon of that day a threatening haze overspread the sky and ten minutes before the train arrived there was a heavy fall of rain. This developed into a steady downpour, and by the time the President appeared before the great audience to make his address there was a general scurrying for awnings, doorways and anything else that offered protection. It was thought to be only a passing shower, but it proved to be the beginning of a three-days' rain which has rarely, if ever, been equalled in Oregon during the month of May. At Grant's Pass the people had prepared a huge bonfire, and when the train arrived at nine o'clock a large audience had congregated to greet the President, sheltered by umbrellas and kept busy endeavoring to preserve the life of the flames against the furious onslaught of Jupiter Pluvius.

The Presidential train was scheduled to arrive at Eugene the next morning at six o'clock, and the people of that enterprising town had made great preparation to give their distinguished guests a magnificent reception. Several men had been sent the day before up the McKenzie River to catch a basket of mountain trout to present to the President. When the train arrived, which it did on schedule time, there were literally acres of people assembled to welcome the nation's Chief Magistrate. When I arose and looked out of the car window, it seemed to me that I saw more people than I supposed were living in all of Lane County. After all, however, whether there were any people at all was a mere matter of conjecture, since there was only an unbroken sea of umbrellas in sight. It was raining so steadily and vigorously that one might suppose it to be the middle of November. There were miniature lakes of water everywhere, but all this did not daunt the enthusiasm of the men and women—and children—of Eugene. Nothing ever does.

As soon as the President's train came to a stop there were loud calls for "The President," "Harrison," etc., but there was no response. Finally his secretary appeared on the rear platform and bowed to the people, while the anxious committee having in charge the large basket of McKenzie trout, handsomely packed in ice and decorated with beautiful flowers, handed it to the secretary, with the compliments of the people of Eugene. He graciously received them in the name of the President, and retired within the car.

The people standing in torrents of falling water continued to call for the President. After a delay of perhaps five minutes his secretary again appeared and announced that upon retiring the night before he had given orders not to be molested until just before reaching Salem, toward noon. He was very tired, he said, and needed rest.

Upon this turn of affairs the people gave vigorous utterance to their disappointment, which finally turned into disgust and anger. The train pulled out soon after, amid exclamations that were not especially laudatory of the President, and some of which would not look well in print! And through it all President Harrison slept the sleep of the weary and the unconcerned. Incidentally, it is proper to remark that neither Theodore Roosevelt nor William J. Bryan would have been asleep under similar circumstances.

But there was one man in the President's party who had seen this exhibition of indifference on the part of the President to the expectations of the people of Eugene —whom he had promised to address as a part of his itinerary—and who was sorely troubled over Harrison's failure to keep faith with them. That man was "Uncle" Jeremiah Rusk, then Secretary of Agriculture in the President's Cabinet—a man with a big heart, a typical Western American of the true pioneer type. He was greatly annoyed by the Eugene incident and that night, while sitting near me on the platform while the President was addressing a great audience in the old Exposition Building, he leaned toward me and said:

"Do you know that I wouldn't have had that affair happen at Eugene this morning for a hundred dollars? It was really too bad and should not have been permitted."

The Secretary's peace of mind was especially upset because during the afternoon the committee which had presented the President's representative with the mountain trout sent a dispatch to that individual in Portland informing him that, if he would return the basket to them, he could keep the fish and they would call it even!

At Salem an immense throng had assembled though the rain continued. There was but one hour to be devoted to Salem and nearly half of this was lost in trying to find Governor Pennoyer, who had refused to accompany the committee to the State line on the ground that the Governor of a State is a "bigger man," officially, than the President of the United States, since the States are "sovereign," while the Federal Government is but the "creature of the States," etc. He had publicly said that he would be glad to welcome the President in his office in the State House, but that it would be "unseemly" for him to go to the State line. And he didn't!

When the train arrived at Salem, however, the Governor was at the depot in a cab, but this was not known until the procession was about to start to the Capitol, when the committee in charge, learning that the Governor was in the crowd somewhere, instituted a search for him. When he was finally discovered, at least one-fourth of the hour was gone. Another fourth was consumed in getting to and into the Capitol, where the program was to be presented in the Representatives' Hall. The first thing arranged was an address by Mayor P. H. D'Arcy, and as he was a young man who appreciated the great privilege of actually addressing the President of the United States, he had prepared a regular oration, dealing with the Boston tea-party, Paul Revere's ride, Israel Putnam at Ticonderoga and Webster's reply to Hayne, all leading up to the causes of the Great Rebellion, etc., etc.

Of course this consumed nearly all that remained of the hour and when the President arose to address the people there was only time to thank them for coming out to see him and to express his love for this great Western Coast, etc.

This turn of affairs, taken in connection with the antics of the eccentric Governor, presented an amusing phase of the situation which was generally enjoyed, especially since Mayor D'Arcy was born in Salem, had lived there every day of his life and was known personally to every man, woman and child within thirty miles of the capital, and could be heard,—indeed, had been heard,—on hundreds of other occasions. But D'Arcy was young then. He has since developed into one of the most popular orators in Oregon, and the public always is glad to hear him speak on any subject and occasion.

The Presidential train arrived at Oregon City in the middle of the afternoon. Here another immense gathering had assembled to welcome the Chief Executive, and it was raining harder, if possible, than it had rained at any other point. The water simply fell in torrents and there were more umbrellas in sight than I had supposed could be found in all Oregon. It was here that the President made use of one of those strikingly apt expressions which characterized all his speeches on that memorable trip. As he began his address he was standing under an umbrella, while every citizen there was actually ashamed of the weather—it was so "unusual" and unnecessary. Everybody was apologizing for its misbehavior. Different members of our committee had over and again assured him that such a storm in May had not been known since the first white settler came here, ages ago, etc.

But the first thing the President said was: "My fellow citizens, I have just come from the land of sunshine, roses and irrigation to a country where it is evident that the Lord himself takes care of the crops." This put him on splendid terms with his audience, proved to us that he knew a good thing when he saw it and convinced us that "this Oregon of ours" never makes a mistake in its weather, after all.

A great welcome was given the President in Portland, one entirely worthy of that city's reputation for openhearted hospitality, though it continued to rain. The only consolation to be derived at the time from this unusual opening of the heavens was that when the Presidential train arrived at Seattle the next morning it was pouring as steadily as it had during his stay in Oregon.

"Uncle" Jerry Rusk, President Harrison's Secretary of Agriculture, was the kind of man who had full sympathy with the disappointments or sorrows of others. He was a big man, physically and temperamentally. He was always popular with the people of his State of Wisconsin and after serving his district six years in the lower House of Congress was elected Governor and served for two terms. Upon the creation of the office of Secretary of Agriculture President Harrison appointed him to that position, which he filled with great credit to himself and with benefit to the public. He was a good executive officer and had the confidence of his fellows always.

In October, 1887, I was in St. Louis at the time of the assembling of the Grand Army of the Republic for its national encampment. One day of the week was set apart for an excursion to Springfield, Illinois, to visit the tomb of Lincoln, and since it was my intention to visit the home town of the great emancipator while on my travels—for it was my first trip anywhere farther East than to Baker,—I accompanied the Grand Army men to that most interesting city—interesting because of its connection with the early struggles and final triumph of the great Lincoln.

Upon arriving at Springfield everybody went directly to Oak Ridge Cemetery where the great monument stands over Lincoln's remains, and after an hour spent in walking reverently about the grounds, calls were made for a speech by Governor Rusk of Wisconsin. As the demand would not be stilled, he appeared soon afterward in an open place in the immense crowd and began speaking. At once voices from every direction demanded that he speak from some place where he could be seen as well as heard. Near by was a carpenter's work bench—the grounds at that time not having been cleared of the rubbish left by the contractors—and several men picked it up and brought it to where Rusk was standing. Upon this he was assisted to mount, and after he had spoken a few minutes loud calls were made for his staff, which it was learned was present, to mount the bench and stand by his side.

This brought out a loud round of applause, and soon several old veterans took their places by the side of the Governor. It was a most touching spectacle, as it was soon discovered that each man had lost either an arm or a leg. They kept coming until eleven men were ranged beside the Governor. As they stood there, hundreds of men in the vast gathering were moved to tears and everybody was hurrahing for Rusk and his staff—and the flag. Seven of his staff had lost an arm each, three had lost a leg, and Colonel Henry Fisher, who had belonged to the Second Missouri, had a shattered limb.

Taking it altogether—the place where it occurred, the experiences of the men who constituted the assemblage, and remembering what the struggle for which they had risked life and limb meant to this great republic—it was at once one of the most inspiring and most pathetic scenes I ever witnessed.

Governor Rusk was a splendid story-teller, as most generous, big-hearted and whole-souled men are. On his trip to Oregon in 1891 he related one that is worth repeating since it aptly illustrates the truth of the old saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

Soon after his appointment to the position of Secretary of Agriculture in the President's Cabinet it occurred to him that he would visit the home of his boyhood in Ohio, which he had left when barely of age and to which in all the intervening years he had not returned. When he left for Wisconsin in 1853 there was no railroad within twenty miles of the village where he lived, but upon his return he found that a line had been run through that section, but missing the village by a half mile, and that a "hack" was run down to the station to meet such passengers as might, for some odd reason, want to visit the little hamlet.

Upon arriving at the station—he was the only traveler who alighted—he saw near by a two-seated vehicle which he surmised, correctly, was waiting for a customer. He approached the prematurely old driver, whom he recognized as one of his schoolmates in the early days, and who had doubtless never been outside his county. Rusk took his seat by the side of the driver, but the man seemed indisposed to engage in conversation save with his horses, who appeared to be decidedly averse to arriving at their destination. To induce a faster gait, the driver was constantly using both his whip and voice.

Rapidly taking in the situation, Rusk himself began a conversation, or tried to. Presently he said to the man:

"I suppose you don't know who I am, do you?"

"Giddup there," said the driver, as he struck the off horse with his whip. "Oh, yes. I know you. You are Jerry Rusk."

And he said nothing more, except to continue his wrangle with his team. After a few minutes, Rusk began the attack again.

"Well," he said, "do the people here know that after I went out to Wisconsin a long time ago I joined the Union army as a private and came out a brigadier general?"

"Giddap!" replied the man. "Oh, yes; we heard all about that." And he shut up like a clam.

"And do they know," continued the Governor, "that after I returned home I was elected to Congress and served in that body for six years?"

"Giddap!" shouted the driver. "Oh, yes, they heard all about that."

After vainly waiting for five minutes for the driver to show some interest in the matter, and, perhaps, to get a line as to how he stood in his old home town, Rusk ventured to inquire:

"Well, do they know that after that I was elected Governor of Wisconsin for two terms?"

"Giddap! Yes, everybody heard about that, too." And he relapsed into a profound and unbroken silence.

"I suppose they know that at present I am a member of the Cabinet of the President of the United States?" ventured Rusk, after a short pause.

"Giddap, Bill!" shouted the driver, as he gave the unambitious horse an undercut. "Yes, heard 'em talking about it at the store 'tother evening."

There was a pause of several minutes, during which, Rusk said, he eyed the countenance of the driver to discover what sort of a man he was anyway. Seeing that he showed no glimmer of interest in his career, he made this last effort to get an expression from him as to the local estimate of himself and his political triumphs.

"Well, when the people here, where I was born and where I grew to manhood, who knew that I went West without money and no friends to help—when they learned that I came out of the war a brigadier general, was afterwards elected to Congress three times, served two terms as Governor of Wisconsin and finally became a member of the Cabinet of the President of the United States—when they heard all this, what did they say?"

The man gave his sleepy horse a more vigorous cut than usual and said:

"Ah, giddup there! *Oh, they just laughed.*"

CHAPTER XLIX

As the time for the opening of the campaign of 1892 approached I asked the Republicans of Marion County to favor me with a fourth term in the Legislature and my request was granted. I appeared to have contracted the habit of going to the Legislature, but after the lapse of so many years it is difficult to understand the reason. I think my only motive was to be in a position where I could serve a second term as Speaker, which at that time no man had ever done. I had served as Speaker of the House at the preceding session and had heard no word of criticism from any quarter of my administration of the duties of the position. I hoped, and apparently with good reason, that I could be re-elected easily, but upon the assembling of the members I discovered that Hon. W. P. Keady, who, as a member from Benton County, had been elected Speaker in 1885, was again a member, this time from Multomah County, and was an active candidate for the same position.

The result was that two of my colleagues from Marion County had for reasons that seemed sufficient to them formed an indirect alliance with Mr. Keady, and with my local support thus divided he was able to make other combinations which gave him a majority in the Republican caucus. The effect of this was that Mr. Keady, instead of myself, won the honor of being elected Speaker of the House of Representatives twice,—the only man who has ever had that distinction to date.

Among my ardent supporters for the Speakership in 1891 was J. W. Merritt, of Jackson County. During the progress of that session he was deeply interested in the success of a certain measure which I did not approve and against which I voted upon its final passage. His bill was lost and he felt the disappointment very keenly, frankly admitting to me that he was "sore" over my attitude toward it, though we remained good friends. When the campaign for the Speakership in 1893 was beginning to take form, I wrote Merritt saying that I would feel grateful for his support and that I very much hoped I might count upon it. I remembered his disappointment in the matter of the bill but thought it better not to refer to it.

In a few days I received an answer in which Merritt said he would pledge his support, as requested, as he thought I had made a very good presiding officer, and that he was disposed to overlook my vote regarding a certain measure in the preceding session, "since it was not likely that any man would make such a d——d fool of himself twice in succession."

Of course, under the circumstances, taking into consideration the fact that his support was pledged, I could afford to disregard his brutal candor. There are few things one cannot forgive during the stress of a political campaign.

Tilmon Ford was a prominent member of the House at this session from my own county, and to him was directly due my defeat for the Speakership. There was a political rivalry in Marion County between us and he was openly opposed to my candidacy for a second term as presiding officer of the House. The reason given for his action was that Hon. Edward Hirsch, Senator from our county, was an aspirant for the presidency of the Senate and he preferred to render his contest easier by making impossible the election of a Marion County man to the Speakership. It was fully known that circumstances were such that Mr. Hirsch had no chance for success, and the real reason for Mr. Ford's attitude could be traced to another source; but the outcome was the same and his purpose was accomplished.

Four years later I was a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress. The fact no sooner became known than Mr. Ford also was possessed with an ambition to serve Oregon in that body. He immediately organized his supporters into a working force in every Marion County precinct, with the result that, having carried the Salem districts, with one or two in the country, he had a majority in the county convention. The "unit rule" applied, and he had the support of our county in the District convention, which met in Albany.

It was in this convention—1896—that Mr. Hermann was finally defeated for a renomination, after serving in Congress continuously for twelve years. To accomplish this result it required about fifty ballots and a session lasting until midnight of the day on which the convention met. Through the entire protracted struggle Mr. Ford's support only included that of Marion County, though it remained with him until the very last ballot. Naturally, he was very much crestfallen over the unexpected—to him—result, but I had been kept out of the contest and in a measure he and his friends had won a victory, though it was a left-handed triumph. This was practically the end of Mr. Ford's political aspirations, though he was a Presidential elector in the campaign of 1904 and made a partial canvass of the State.

I refer to this for the reason that for ten years I was obliged to meet Mr. Ford's opposition in every move I made in political matters, and when I succeeded, it was in spite of his active influence, which was not to be overlooked as he was a man of splendid ability, a lawyer of reputation, was a good public speaker and had at his disposal a private fortune. After the Albany convention had nominated Mr. Tongue Mr. Ford ceased his active opposition to me, though he gave me no real support until during the primaries of 1906, when, meeting him on the streets of Salem one day, he asked for the opportunity to say that he was in favor of my nomination for Governor and that he would do anything for me that I would suggest. This I appreciated more than I could say, and so told him. He, as well as his special friends, afterwards gave me much assistance.

Mr. Ford met with a serious accident in 1905 which, after a lingering illness, caused his death. He made many bequests in his will—he was a bachelor—to friends here and there and gave to each of fifty men named a stated sum, with which they were to purchase a keepsake—a diamond ring or a watch—by which to remember him. I confess that I was surprised to find my name among the favored ones. To be perfectly fair, however, Tilmon Ford was a man with a big heart in many ways, had a high sense of honor in business matters and was greatly esteemed by the people generally. We entered public life together as colleagues in the Legislature from Marion County in 1880, in the campaign of which year I first met him. When at that time we began the joint canvass with the opposing candidates, he was charged at once with having been a Southern sympathizer during the Civil War, and the story developed by constant repetition into the direct statement that one day in '63 he "rode along the streets of Salem on a mule, hurrahing for Jeff Davis." To this story, repeated daily in the papers and elsewhere, Ford paid no heed until the very last night of the campaign, when, before an immense audience gathered in the old Reed's Opera House in Salem, he said, in closing his speech:

"Now I come to a yarn to the effect that during the war I rode up and down the streets on a mule hurrahing for Jeff Davis. Fellow citizens, I want here and now to brand this story as the biggest kind of a lie. (Loud applause.) I never rode a mule in all my life—it was a yaller cayuse!"

To this there was a responsive yell of delight that left Mr. Ford rather the favorite among the entire list of Republican candidates. His was the closing speech of the evening—and this was his closing remark. It hit the bull's eye and left a splendid impression where a serious attempt at refutation might have been hurtful.

One afternoon during the session of 1893 the House was considering a bill that had to do with the labor question. There had been so much debate relating to it that the members were generally tired out and were clamoring for a vote, but Mr. Trullinger, of Clatsop County, arose and asked the privilege of making a few remarks. He had not before that taken any of the time of the House and for that reason his request was complied with. What he had to say was of real interest and he commanded the general attention for ten minutes, which fact seemed to create in his mind the impression that he could continue his speech indefinitely without objection—a mistake frequently made even by speakers of great reputation. The knack of knowing when enough has been said is not the portion of many public men.

After Trullinger had said all he should have said, instead of resuming his seat "amid the plaudits of his hearers," he proceeded in this wise:

"Mr. Speaker, I believe in work. Every man should be a working man. Labor is honorable and tends to make a man healthy and strong. I have been a laboring man all my life, gentlemen. Mr. Speaker, I really doubt if any man in Oregon has done more days of hard work than I have, and I can now, at the age of nearly seventy years, throw down any man in this House."

Before he could make further declaration of his prowess, Rev. W. R. Bishop, a member from Multnomah County, gray-headed and fully as old as Trullinger, sitting four seats in front of the latter, arose and advanced down the aisle toward the challenger, the while rolling up his sleeves to his elbows. Assuming a menacing attitude, he said:

"Does the gentleman prefer side holts or catch as catch can?"

Bishop had stopped when about ten feet from Trullinger, and the expression on the latter's countenance at this unexpected interruption of his speech—the House roaring with laughter at the ludicrous turn the situation had taken—was a picture for the student of facial expressions. His answer to Bishop's inquiry was never known, if he made any, for when order was finally restored he had resumed his seat, the gentleman from

Multnomah had returned to his desk, and the labor question, as well as Trullinger, had been settled.

The real "character" of the House in 1893 was J. H. Upton, of Coos County. He was a quaint looking man who wore a long beard and was quite upset by his conviction that the "Crime of '73" has not been equalled in its monstrous, abhorrent diabolism since the betrayal of the Savior by Judas Iscariot. He was practically "nutty" on the question of the demonetization of silver and it was next to impossible to make a motion to adjourn without calling out a speech by Upton in denunciation of the gold standard. When he addressed the Chair, he only remained standing at his desk during the delivery of the first ten words. After that he got in the aisle and began his walking exercise up and down its entire length, the while pouring hot shot into John Sherman and all his imps. His seat was midway between the Speaker's desk and the entrance to the lobby in the rear, and when he was traveling toward the galleries he would direct his remarks to their occupants. As he turned to proceed toward the Speaker, he would address the presiding officer and the amused members on either side. Upton could not talk and remain still, and his listeners could not remain still while he talked. At times in his enthusiasm, he would stoop so low as he proceeded up the aisle that the crown of his head was scarcely higher than the tops of the desks and his beard would almost sweep the floor, but in an instant he would resume a standing posture, finally terminating in a tiptoe attitude worthy a vaudeville artist as he delivered a broadside into the ranks of the people's foes—the Gold Bugs!

But everybody enjoyed Upton, and frequently the proceedings were so directed that he would be certain to take the warpath, usually just before an adjournment. As the session was drawing to a close, however, he met his Waterloo. The report of the Mileage Committee had been read and it allowed Upton and his colleague, McEwan, only the usual amount of traveling expenses, direct to Coos County, when the fact was that, owing to the deep snow then on the Coast Mountains, they would be obliged to return home by way of San Francisco and proceed up the coast to their destinations—so Upton said. His seat was near mine, and upon hearing the report read, he leaned across to my desk and said:

"Say, I wish you would move to so amend that report as to allow McEwan and me mileage home by way of San Francisco, for we can't get home across the mountains for two weeks yet on account of the snow. I wish you would do me that favor, for if I make the motion it will be voted down, of course."

I told him I would—and, as it was well known that it was his purpose all through the session to make a record for "Reform" so conspicuous in its nature that he would capture the Populist nomination for Congress in the next campaign, I was able to see the probable outcome of a proposition to secure mileage home by way of San Francisco.

Therefore, as well as to be obliging, I addressed the Chair as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Coos, Mr. Upton, informs me that the Coast Mountains are so covered with snow at this time that he and his colleague will be compelled to return home by way of San Francisco, and he has requested me to move for an amendment to this report which will allow them mileage on that route. He says that unless this is done they will be compelled to remain in Salem for at least two weeks after adjournment, and rather than that such a misfortune as this—to the gentlemen, I mean, not necessarily to the city—shall be inflicted, I move that the report be amended in accordance with his request."

The motion was adopted, and the gentlemen returned home by way of the Bay City, but Upton was never heard of as a serious candidate for Congress. Before the motion was put, an irreverent member moved that pay be allowed for the extra fifty miles Upton had traveled up and down the aisles during the previous forty days in his savage tirades against the Money Power, but the House suppressed the impudent suggestion as a reflection upon its appreciation of Brother Upton's unquestioned earnestness in his defense of the white metal. He is still living, it is said, in Coos County, but his public life terminated with his legislative experience in '93. He was a kindly man who had some of the John Brown temperament in the attempted promulgation of his convictions. His greatest fault was that he believed every man who had access to his sources of information should have sense enough to believe as he did, and that there was no good excuse for his not doing so.

And there are many Uptons in every walk of life. Intolerance is illiberality, illiberality is a form of selfishness, and selfishness is at the basis of almost all the world's sorrows and disappointments.

CHAPTER L

Sylvester Pennoyer had been Governor of Oregon for eight years when the campaign of 1894 began to command the attention of the people of Oregon, and since the State Constitution forbids the same man occupying the position of Chief Executive for more than two terms of four years each in succession, it became necessary to search for new material with which to fill that position. It had been suspected for two years that the retiring Governor had cast a covetous eye on a seat in the United States Senate, and this suspicion was verified in the spring of 1894 when he announced his intention to canvass the State in support of his candidacy, in the hope of electing a Democratic Legislature. He had been exercising a surprising influence over the people of Oregon, principally by addressing himself to the farmers, appealing to them for support and directly allying himself with them and their interests. In his campaigns he had adroitly planned his trips through the State in a way that included the smaller towns, avoiding the cities, to which most public speakers directed their main efforts. In this way he met the farmers and, as a rule, captured them in great numbers. He was one of the most effective campaigners the State has ever known; for he was plausible and his solemn countenance would carry conviction to the assemblage, which failed to detect the twinkle of the eye that a closer inspection would always discover.

For this reason, and because of the victories he had won in past campaigns in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles, the Republicans viewed with alarm the prospect of losing a seat in the United States Senate. The term of Senator Dolph was expiring, and as he had from the very beginning of the discussion of the question of free silver been an eloquent and convincing advocate of the gold standard, the situation presented conditions which appeared to contribute directly to Pennoyer's success. There seemed to be good reasons for fearing not only the loss of a Senatorship, but the election of a Democratic Governor for the third time in succession in a strongly Republican State.

William Galloway had been nominated by the Democrats for Governor and he was an admittedly strong man. Against him the Republicans had chosen Judge William P. Lord, who for sixteen years had served on the State Supreme Bench with great distinction. While a noted jurist and having a splendid record, he was not a public speaker and was further handicapped in making a State campaign by reason of his partial deafness.

Under these circumstances the Republican State Committee invited me to make a canvass of the State, advocating Judge Lord's election. Having been a farmer all my life, it was thought that I had better be sent on the trail of Pennoyer, who had already published his itinerary, to speak in every town and locality where he had appeared.

To this request I consented, after some well-grounded misgivings as to the wisdom of the course. I had never done any campaigning outside of my own county, save a half-dozen speeches during the Harrison campaign two years before, and it seemed a tremendous undertaking. However, there was much at stake for the Republicans and I buckled on my armor and "waded in."

It was certainly a "red-hot" campaign, practically every speaker in both, or rather all three of the political parties, Republican, Democratic and Populist, taking some part in the contest, either local or in the State at large. Governor Pennoyer was on the "stump" most of the time for a month, visiting every part of the State, preaching the doctrines of free silver, populism, where it would appear to do the greatest service to his cause, and denouncing the "money power," "gold bugs," "centralization," and the "Crime of '73" with all the rhetorical vehemence he possessed.

Nathan Pierce, of Umatilla County, was the Populist candidate for Governor, and Pennoyer supported both him and Galloway, for during the last Pennoyer administration it was never quite made out whether its chief was a Democrat or a Populist.

The result of this campaign was an easy victory for Judge Lord, his majority being several thousand, and Sylvester Pennoyer's ambition to go to the United States Senate became but a dream. At the end of his term as Governor, in January, 1895, he retired to private life, though afterward he was elected Mayor of Portland and served in that capacity for one term of two years.

On May 28, during the campaign in 1894, I addressed a meeting at Arlington at eight o'clock in the evening. I had spoken at Pendleton the night before and was due at La Grande the day after, but as time was valuable and election day drawing near, it was decided that I should run down the Columbia to Arlington and after the meeting take the night train back to La Grande. The Columbia River was unusually high at that time and many people advised me to abandon the Arlington meeting on account of the danger of encountering a washout and thus rendering the return to La Grande impossible. But the train was going to risk the run down and I took the chance.

As it proved, however, it was the wrong thing to do, for the east-bound train did not come. The rapidly rising river destroyed the track in several places and the next morning there was no connection from Arlington with any point, either east or west, by rail, 'phone or telegraph. It was an uncomfortable situation, aside from the anxiety and vexation we experienced because of our inability to fulfil our engagements. But we were most effectually stranded. After vainly trying all day to hear something from somewhere—anywhere—a cattle buyer (W. H. Daughtrey) and I hired a team to take us to The Willows, nine miles above, where the Heppner branch makes its junction with the main line. We hoped the train on that branch might make the run, and if we could get to Heppner, some sixty miles away, we could go overland to Pendleton and thus make our escape. But there was no train back to Heppner and we were not so well off as at Arlington.

However, there was a small crew of men rigging out a hand-car which they intended to take up the track some fifteen miles to Castle Rock, and they informed us that if we were once there the station-keeper would no doubt take us with his team to Umatilla Landing, which point was above the damaged portion of the roadbed. And they added that if we would assist in pumping the car that fifteen miles they would furnish us the transportation without charge! Realizing that there was no alternative, we accepted the favor (?) and took our places at the handles. The car was loaded with materials of various kinds which were piled so high that it was impossible to see the men working at the opposite side of the "engine." To be candid, much of the time I wondered whether there was any force being applied to the propelling power except what I was furnishing myself.

I really believe that was the hardest single piece of work I ever did. The grade up the Columbia on that stretch of track is steep and the load was heavy. I had been inured to the hard work of a farm, and for thirty years had managed one of my own, frequently putting in twelve and even fifteen hours a day mowing, harvesting, plowing, making rail and cordwood, fencing and digging postholes, but I was never so near "hollering enough" as when we had made about five miles of that trip on an O. R. & N. hand-car. I was standing on the rear end of the platform, which projected barely enough for a foothold, and after we had made about one mile I was so entirely out of breath that I was unable to furnish the least particle of motive power. Neither could I let go of the handles, since they supplied me with the only purchase I had to maintain my place on the four-wheeled bronco. I not only could not let go, but I could not stop, even for a moment, the up-and-down motion of the handles. I was, in fact, in great danger of falling off through sheer exhaustion when the exigencies of the situation compelled me to call a halt until I could reorganize my scattered forces.

After a short breathing spell, during which the railroad men indulged in much sport at our expense (for Daughtrey showed every sign of approaching physical dissolution when he emerged from behind the mountain of supplies), we proceeded on to Castle Rock, where the men went on after pointing out the station-keeper's house. We roused him from his slumbers, for it was then 11 o'clock, and told him our predicament—how we happened to be there and that we wanted him to take us to the "Landing" the next morning with his team.

"Team?" he said, in a very surprised tone; "why, I have no team here and never had. What would I want with a team here?"

And, sure enough, why should he keep a team? Castle Rock was then ten miles from anywhere, in the middle of a cheerless stretch of sand and sage-brush and not a tree nearer than forty miles. That we had been taken in by the railroad men was then apparent, but the station-keeper routed a part of his family out of their beds—where he put them we never could determine—and we were made so comfortable that, crude as were our accommodations, by contrast with the hand-car experience they seemed superior to those of the Waldorf-Astoria.

The next morning, after breakfasting at six o'clock, Daughtrey and I settled down to a serious consideration of the situation. It was Decoration Day, and as the sun came up over those burning sand-hills its heat was enough to roast an egg—and it was twenty-five miles to the Landing! Finally I told my companion, in pure desperation, that I was going to ask the good woman of the house to put up a luncheon for me—that I would walk that distance—that I could by that means at least be at the Landing at night—that it was only a matter of physical endurance and that I saw no other way out of the dilemma—did he?

His reply was that he could not walk that far if his life depended upon it, and that I should, upon my arrival at the Landing, send a man and team after him. This I agreed to do and started out up the track. After proceeding two hundred yards, I heard a shout behind me. It proved to be Daughtrey, who informed me that if I would wait until he could secure a luncheon he would join me, since he couldn't bear to remain at that "God-forsaken place" alone.

For ten miles we walked along the river banks. As they were in many places submerged and the water backed out into sloughs for two miles inland, we were often compelled to follow these to their junction with the foothills and then return to the river, as they were too deep to ford. At Coyote the track "cuts across" a bend in the river and for at least ten miles there is no water in sight. Here we ate our luncheon, though it was but ten o'clock, and then plunged into this desert walk. By this time the heat was frightful in its intensity. We had not proceeded more than three miles when Daughtrey, whose business required much horseback riding, and who was therefore unaccustomed to walking, even under sane conditions, began to lag behind. About every half-mile there was a pile of newly sawed railroad ties which had been dumped for repair work, and when one of these was reached Daughtrey would throw himself across it in an attempt to cool off; but these short rests only served to render his locomotion slower, with the result that within an hour he was almost entirely disabled. He finally removed his trousers, hoping thereby to gain some relief, and threw them over his shoulder while he trudged across that desert with the perspiration streaming from his nose and chin.

Tired and hot as I was, I was in no such condition as Daughtrey, but I verily believe that the contrast, ich I recognized, was all that kept me going. If s page could be illustrated with a "snap shot" of ughtrey, red of face, weighing two hundred and enty pounds, trouserless and blistered, it would be orth any reasonable sum of money.

When within six miles of the Landing we spied the olumbia River but a mile away. Being almost mished, we debated whether it would be better to go the river and back for a drink, thus adding two miles our trip—and this seemed more than we could enre—or whether we should make that six miles without ater. We looked at the river and at each other, but e river presented much the more cheering prospect id we started in that direction. Upon reaching it, we rostrated ourselves full length and drank as only amished men can drink. I recall now how thankful was that an unparalleled flood was on, since it uaranteed a sufficient amount of water to satisfy our onsuming thirst.

But this side trip was the final undoing of my companion. He had cooled off, was as "stiff as an ox," as e said, and was wholly unable to go any further. fter directing me to hire a liveryman at the Landing nd send him down, he flattened himself out on a pile f sage-brush and collapsed utterly. But I had not roceeded far before I met a man with a team and vagon, the latter bearing a hayrack filled with provisions vhich he was taking to a crew of men who were working on an irrigating ditch. To him I explained the ituation, and as he knew Daughtrey he agreed to take s to the Landing. We found Daughtrey in a sound leep and in the midst of a fearful nightmare. Upon seeing his friend he fell all over him, assured him hat he was the best looking man he had seen for a year, and offered to pay him in advance for taking us to the Landing. We finally arrived there at seven o'clock, tired and hungry, but thankful that we were alive.

After a hearty meal I went to my room at a hotel and was proceeding to retire, though it was not yet dark, when there was a vigorous rap at my door. It proved to be a messenger sent by a delegation of the town people to invite me to participate in a debate. As several hundred persons had been detained for two days in the town on account of the prevailing conditions, with nothing to do, it was thought expedient to hold a political meeting, particularly as Mr. Galloway, the Democratic candidate for Governor, W. R. Holmes, nominee on the same ticket for Attorney General, and other prominent politicians were among the visitors. As I could think of no plausible reason for declining, I re-dressed myself (as that seemed to be the only *redress* within my reach) and proceeded to the public hall where there was a joint debate which lasted until midnight.

The next morning, before arising, while thinking over the experiences of the preceding two days and nights, I wondered why I was not at home attending to my every-day duties, amid normal and pleasant surroundings, instead of engaged in campaign work for others, with no compensation whatever—only my actual expenses being paid—while I hired out of my own pocket a man to take my place on the farm!

But, then, no man who enters deeply into political life can justly claim to be in normal condition.

A special car was sent to Pendleton that day to take a few of us there, and two days later I reached La Grande, where the last meeting of the campaign was held on Saturday. I had gone to Arlington on Monday and should have been in La Grande on Tuesday.

I remained in Union County for a week waiting for the Columbia to subside, when I returned to Pendleton; but the railroad tracks had not been repaired and the company sent all its passengers to Portland by way of Walla Walla, Spokane and Tacoma. We made the trip from Kelso to Portland on the Northern Pacific transfer boat.

On this campaign, though closely following Governor Pennoyer, I saw him but once. He addressed the people at Heppner the same night I was at Arlington. The next morning there was a train from Heppner to the Junction and he arrived there, nine miles from Arlington, very early in the morning. The fact is, there was nothing at the Junction except the mere junction, and as no trains were running there was no place to go, nobody to see and nothing to do. After looking about for a few minutes, His Excellency spied a shack not far away which looked as if it might have an occupant. To this he went and rapped on the door. There was no response. Pounding again on the door with great vigor, he finally succeeded in eliciting the inquiry, made in no gentle tone:

"Who the d——l are you?"

The brogue smacked decidedly of the Emerald Isle. Pennoyer replied in that peculiarly bland tone for which he was justly famed:

"I am Governor Pennoyer, and I would like to get a bite of breakfast."

"Well," said the voice inside the cabin, "I have been up all night and am not going to get up now, not even fur a Guv'ner."

But Pennoyer insisted that he let him in, at least, as there was no place to go. To this the Irishman responded:

"Ah, go on wid ye! As ye said to President Cleveland, 'You attend to your own business and I'll attend to mine.'"

This was too much for the mirthful Governor. Abandoning the siege, he turned his face toward Arlington, nine miles away, in company with a companion who had listened to his interview with the Irishman, and who reported the joke on His Excellency. I was standing on the main street of Arlington about eleven o'clock on that day in conversation with a group of belated pilgrims when we saw Pennoyer walking toward us, grip in hand, bearing every evidence of excessive fatigue. When he reached us, I introduced him to the little gathering and he told us of his experience, omitting, however, his encounter with the son of Erin. He said that was the longest walk he had taken in twenty years. He remained in Arlington for a day and night, then started for Portland in a small boat, accompanied by three friends, and after many hardships and several narrow escapes from drowning, arrived in Portland in time to cast his vote on the following Monday.

During the prevalence of the Coxey's Army crusade just previous to this campaign, President Cleveland had advised many of the Governors as to their duties in the management of the disorders it occasioned, and to his message sent to Governor Pennoyer the latter replied as follows:

> *To the President:*
> Yours is received. If you will attend to your business I will attend to mine.
> SYLVESTER PENNOYER,
> *Governor.*

This telegram was eminently characteristic of Pennoyer, and his curt, not to say undignified, reply to the President caused wide and unfavorable comment; but this only pleased the Governor. Because of his loyalty to the gold standard Pennoyer had a great loathing for the President, and one year, in order to show his independence of the "Great Apostate," appointed a different day for the observance of Thanksgiving from that named by him.

CHAPTER LI

When the Legislature met in January, 1895, John H. Mitchell had been United States Senator from Oregon for fifteen years, Joseph N. Dolph for twelve years and Binger Hermann had been in the lower House of Congress for ten years. These were three able men and their influence in Congress was at least equal to that of the delegation of any other State. Indeed, it was frequently declared by Eastern observers that no other State had two Senators who stood so well in the Senate in point of ability and who secured so much in the way of appropriations for home improvements, as had Oregon. Mitchell was a man of wonderful personality and popularity, and had great influence among his colleagues. Dolph, though not so genial in his manner, was the stronger man intellectually and his addresses before the Senate always held the attention of his associates. He had a commanding presence and there was a substantiality to his conclusions that indicated profound research and unquestioned sincerity. He was not a demagogue in any sense and declared his convictions without any regard whatever for their effect on his political fortunes.

Binger Hermann was one of the smoothest politicians Oregon has ever produced (and that is "going some" for Hermann) and his ability to secure help for his State from the Federal Treasury was unequalled by any other Representative in Congress. These three men were so successful in obtaining what they asked for from Congress that Oregon gained great prestige in the nation at large and their constituencies were justly proud of them.

Mr. Dolph was a pronounced advocate of the gold standard, having given much thought to the question, and before it became a matter of general discussion had delivered several speeches in the Senate relative to what he could foresee would soon develop into a national issue. His term expired on March 4, 1895, just in the midst of the Populist wave which overspread the country, but his attitude on the money question remained unchanged and he went down to defeat at the hands of Republican members of the Legislature, who were bound that no "gold bug" should represent them in the Senate.

Senator Mitchell had always been an advocate of the free coinage of silver and his friends took the initiative in defeating Dolph for re-election. A sufficient number of them refused to observe the action of the Republican caucus which re-nominated Dolph and prevented an election until the last minute of the session, when the name of ex-Secretary of State George W. McBride was presented and he was elected.

The defeat of Senator Dolph was a great mistake on the part of the Oregon Republicans who were responsible for it, for not only did they retire from the public service a very able and conscientious statesman who had conferred distinction on his State in the United States Senate, but it arrayed his friends against Mitchell and was the beginning of a bitter warfare against him.

The retirement of Dolph disrupted the delegation which had done so much for the State and none has ever stood so well in Congress since. Hermann was defeated two years later. Since then Oregon's representation in the national lawmaking body has been of a hit-and-miss character, frequently changing, and sometimes not changing fast enough, usually at variance with itself and having little to do with questions of national moment.

That was a splendid era in Oregon history when Dolph, Mitchell and Hermann were for ten years its sole representatives in Congress and were known as its "working delegation."

Perhaps no Presidential campaign during the last fifty years has so literally been one "of education" as that of 1896. The question of the monetary standard had finally been brought to the attention of the country at large, partly through the persistent agitation of the matter of fiat money by the Populists, and partly by the silver interests of the West. Bryan was nominated by the Democrats as a pronounced free silver champion and McKinley was put forward by the Republicans on a gold standard platform. There was no dodging the issue and every other question was subordinated to that of the future financial policy of the country.

There was a very amusing aspect to the newly-developed situation in Oregon, which was also without doubt witnessed elsewhere. Men who had never before been known to express an opinion on the question, who had not discussed public matters of any kind—men whose entire lives had been devoted to daily toil on foot-hill ranches, for instance—suddenly developed into veritable oracles on every detail of the complicated minutia of monetary problems. I knew many men who had been my acquaintances for a generation and who had devoted no thought to the free coinage of silver or any other phase of public financial matters, who in '96 would argue by the hour, or even by the half-day, if an audience of only one man could be secured and held, to show the tendency of the times toward "the subjugation of the masses" by the operation of the gold standard. Prices had been distressingly low for three years and the gold standard was the cause; therefore, prices could never rise and thus bring relief to the masses until the gold standard was upset and the free coinage of silver again adopted, and that "without waiting for the consent of any other nation on earth!" This mere reference to the matter sounds like reading an old, half-forgotten story, so familiar are these phrases and declarations, also these mournful predictions.

The stress of hard times which had been endured by the people for a few years had produced a condition favorable for the successful propagation of these fallacies, and by regiments they accepted the theory that what we wanted was a cheaper currency and more of it. Bryan's speech at the Chicago Convention had an electrical effect upon thousands, even millions, of people who afterward themselves wondered at their shortsightedness. So general was the spread of the free silver gospel that in Oregon, if the election had been held on the first of September, Bryan would without doubt have carried it by at least five thousand majority—and it required "a campaign of education" to prevent it.

I had been nominated by the Republicans at the State Convention which met in Portland in April as one of the four Presidential electors and, as such, took an active part in the fall campaign. There was an apparent hesitancy on the part of many Republicans of prominence to begin the contest, which it was plain must be waged vigorously if a victory for McKinley was to be won. Senator Dolph had been retired because his attitude had been precisely that endorsed by the National Republican platform and Senator Mitchell was one of the most pronounced and active free silver advocates in the United States. He had repeatedly declared for the very principle embodied in Bryan's platform, and had contended with an earnestness not surpassed by the Boy Orator of the Platte himself that it was of supreme importance to the people of the United States.

Naturally, therefore, there was much speculation among the people of Oregon as to what course Mitchell would adopt in the situation thus presented. He himself said nothing, though repeatedly urged by the Republicans to declare his intentions. In the early fall, however, he made a journey to Canton, Ohio, had an interview with Major McKinley, returned home and announced that he would support the Republican National ticket and that he would take the "stump" for McKinley.

But his hesitancy displeased the great body of the Republicans and his decision especially angered the Populists, the free silver Republicans and Democrats. It was, in fact, a very hard situation for Mitchell, and the action he finally took was the only one possible under the circumstances—unless, indeed, he concluded to follow the course of Jonathan Bourne, and thousands of other Republicans, who bolted outright and gave their support to Bryan. Bourne had been elected as Representative from Multnomah County in the preceding June as a Republican and was also the secretary of the Republican State Committee. He was, however, a strong believer in the free coinage of silver and an enthusiastic admirer of Mitchell, and after the national conventions had been held announced his intention of supporting Bryan—and did support him. The fact that a Bryan man was secretary of the Republican State Committee presented a very anomalous as well as embarrassing situation and largely accounted for the difficulty encountered in putting any sort of life and aggressiveness into the McKinley campaign. Mr. Bourne finally resigned his position, and after Mitchell had decided what he would do the campaign was formally opened on September 18, when an immense meeting was held at the Marquam Theater in Portland, under the auspices of the Sound Money League, an organization which had been formed by many of the leading Republicans of that city, who were impatient with the apparent apathy of the State organization. I attended this meeting, and from there went into Clackamas County and was not again at my home, except one Sunday in October for two hours, until after the election, which was held on November 3. I visited almost every county in the State, speaking generally in the country districts and the smaller towns, where, it was thought, the greatest defections from the national ticket were to be found. It was a most difficult itinerary to follow, traveling by all sorts of conveyances, sometimes on foot, and frequently speaking two and three times a day.

I was sent to a town called Rufus, in Sherman County, a railroad station merely, where at that time of the year there were hundreds of farmers camped every night delivering their grain from the remote sections of that district. Some of them employed three days to make a trip and return. It was a very populous place during the grain delivery season but was abandoned for the remainder of the year.

I arrived at Rufus in the afternoon and found everybody very busy. As nobody appeared to be interested in politics just then, I went to the hotel and entertained myself without molesting those who appeared to be in better business. There I discovered an old schoolmate whom I had known in Silverton, nearly forty years before, and who had lived in the old town all this time. He was one of its well-known business men, and was so much better dressed than I had ever seen him before that I was really surprised—also surprised to see him where he was. So I said:

"Why, hello, Os! What in the world are you doing here? It's the first time I have seen you outside of Silverton for thirty years."

He explained that he was off for a short vacation and that he was visiting some of his wife's relatives who lived not far away.

After supper, and when I had concluded that it was about time for somebody to be looking after the meeting, I was sitting in the hotel office near a table and my friend was at another, some twenty feet to my rear. Suddenly two men came, somewhat out of breath, looked at me a moment and passed on to the Silverton visitor, when one of them said:

"I beg your pardon, but are you the gentleman who is to speak here to-night?"

"No, sir," I heard him reply, "I am here on a visit only."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," the other returned. "You are the only man in the room who looks like a speaker and I thought you must be the man we are after. We are the committee."

At this my friend explained who the speaker was, but by this time I had presented myself, laughingly apologizing for my ordinary appearance, and the four of us went to the meeting where several hundred farmers had assembled, all deeply interested in Mr. Bryan's declaration that wheat, then bringing fifty cents a bushel, would never bring a higher price until we got rid of the gold standard.

On the night of September 30, I addressed a meeting in the town of Tillamook, and the next night, accompanied by a dozen of the prominent Republicans of that place, took a gasoline launch and started across the Bay to hold a meeting at Bay City, some ten miles away. We did not start until after dark and the night was very foggy. When we had traveled about long enough to have arrived at our destination we saw a light, but as we were getting ready to disembark, it was discovered that it was the lantern hanging at our starting point! We had made a huge circle around the Bay and returned to Tillamook.

It was then time for the meeting to begin, but we concluded, as the night was pleasant, to make another trial, explain to the people the cause of the delay—it was thought not good policy thus to disappoint a "bunch" of voters whose support was likely to be badly needed—and perhaps return by midnight.

Upon the second trial the captain was more successful and landed us at the Bay City wharf at nine-thirty. We were met by a committee which announced that the schoolhouse on the hillside was "full of men and women who had been waitin' for two hours," so we proceeded there at once. We found them singing "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," "Onward Christian Soldiers," etc. When we entered I at once began to explain how it was, and had been, with us—that I regretted the affair very much and hoped that at some future time I might have the opportunity, etc., etc.—but there were loud protests at any postponement, one man rising and saying that the people wanted to hear the speech, that there had been, it appeared to them, a disposition to slight their locality because it was somewhat out of the way, and that they proposed to remain.

I surrendered at once and the meeting proceeded, occupying an hour and a half. After it was over we again boarded our launch. The captain said that if we hurried we might be able to retrace our course across the Bay, since the tide was just beginning to recede; on a low tide we would be compelled to make a detour of several additional miles. So we started straight across the Bay on an ebbing tide and when not more than a half-mile from Bay City struck a sand bar. Of course, on a falling tide it was impossible to get away, and in five minutes we felt the boat settling into the sand.

Within an hour our little craft was "high and dry" and not a drop of water within three hundred yards of us. We had no bedding, no luncheon, not even a peanut to take off the edge of our keen appetites, not even so much as a stool upon which to sit. There was a pile of slab-wood which was used for fuel, upon which a few of us lounged by turns. One of the men had his wife along, as she insisted upon having a little "outing," and she proved about the bravest and most patient of the entire crew, as is usually the case.

About daylight we saw the tide returning and at seven o'clock or thereabouts were able to float once more and proceed to Tillamook, where we ate a late breakfast of fresh salmon and other delicacies that carried terror to the heart of the astonished landlord.

On account of this delay I missed the stage that morning for Portland, where I had expected to attend a meeting addressed by Roswell G. Horr, a noted campaigner from Michigan. But I enjoyed the day with friends in Tillamook, after taking a nap of a few hours duration, and became very much interested in that splendid region which constitutes one of the finest dairy countries in the world. Before many years there will be a coast line from Astoria to San Francisco, making the coast counties of Oregon one of the most desirable and prosperous sections of the Northwest. The Coast range of mountains is not rocky, being unlike the Cascades in that respect, and with its relatively mild climate and productive soil will furnish homes for millions of people from its summit to the very beach of the Pacific Ocean.

There is something very fascinating in the work of a campaign like that of 1896. There was absorbing interest manifested in the questions at issue and the people were deeply concerned as to the outcome of the contest. For this reason the attendance was always large and the interest never permitted to lag. If your friends were too few in number to greet you frequently with "tremendous applause," the "enemy" was quite likely to make it warm enough to answer all reasonable purposes. I remember that I once addressed a meeting at a place called Bellevue, in Yamhill County, which was held in the afternoon in a schoolhouse. I was invited there by the only Republican in the precinct, as it turned out afterward. He had written that it was a good place to "do missionary work," since the Populists were overwhelmingly in the majority, but was careful to conceal from me the fact that they constituted about ninety-nine per cent of the population and were on the warpath for every Republican scalp from John Sherman down.

I had spoken at McMinnville the evening before, and three prominent Republicans from there drove over to Bellevue to attend the meeting. When we arrived within sight of the place—only a schoolhouse at a crossroads—there was a crowd waiting for me, most of them sitting on the fences, whittling and relating what they would do to me when I should make my "gold bug" speech.

We tied our horses to a maple tree near by and proceeded to the schoolhouse. It was decidedly the coldest greeting—if that be the proper word to describe the manner in which the suspicious people eyed us—one can imagine. After we went in the house was soon fillled and Watt Henderson, the sheriff of the county, and one of those accompanying me, called them to order—there were no local Republicans—and I began my "remarks." I had not talked more than five minutes before a long-whiskered fellow who was sitting in a window-sill interrupted me with the intimation that he would demand the proof before he would believe what I had just said. I had copied the statement from a speech in the Congressional Record, which I had at home, but, although I gave the date and page, my questioner said that was not sufficient. He wanted the Record itself, and added that the country was full of gold bug speakers who were fooling the workingmen with rot for which there was no foundation. He was not satisfied, he said, with mere quotations. "Give us facts," etc.

That was the signal for a display of fireworks that knew no cessation for fully two hours. Finally, as I was to speak at Sheridan that night, I was compelled to adjourn the meeting, which was done amid the greatest confusion. When I had reached the door one of the men again attacked me, with his tongue, also with a very threatening attitude physically, and, with the entire gathering surrounding us, said I had not once referred to so and so, and that was the most important thing he wanted to hear. All the Republican speakers dodged it, he said. So I returned to the platform, called the meeting to order, and we had an encore that lasted for ten minutes.

After this I was allowed to escape, for which piece of good luck I have never since failed to be thankful. Although such experiences were not uncommon in Oregon at that time, that was the "fiercest" exhibition of political enthusiasm (I use the word enthusiasm rather than intolerance out of deference to that spirit of charity which I have since cultivated and developed) I ever encountered in my twenty years' campaigning in Oregon.

A few years since I was relating some of the pleasures, surprises and hardships I had "met up with" while engaged in campaign work to Fred Lockley, the genial manager of the *Pacific Monthly,* among which was the trip to Tillamook. This reminded him of an experience he had in the Coast Mountains once upon a time, when canvassing for the Salem *Statesman,* that is worth listening to.

"It was in November," said Lockley, "and the rainy season was on. I was traveling on horseback and was on my way from Woods to Tillamook. Night overtook me and houses were few and far apart. Occasionally there would be a little clearing, with a cabin in it, and then it would be dense timber for a mile or two. The rain was falling in torrents and I was wet through. Suddenly I spied a light through the timber and it soon proved to be in a log cabin not far ahead. Arriving at the house I shouted at the top of my voice and a man came to the door. I told him my predicament and that I would be glad for merely a shelter for myself and horse until morning. He said he would be pleased to have me stay all night, so we put my horse in a small stable near by. He gave me some supper and soon afterwards showed me where to sleep. The room was a 'lean to' about seven feet square, and I was glad enough to retire and rest, also to divest myself of my soaked clothing.

"The bed had not been 'made up,' but I cared nothing for that. There was plenty of bedding and a good pillow, which still showed the impression of the head of its last occupant. As the air was filled with a dank odor which was not pleasant, I tried to raise the single window at the foot of the bed, but I found it had been nailed in. I decided finally that I was lucky to have a bed and shelter at all and retired.

"I slept exceedingly well and awoke the next morning refreshed and feeling like a new man. When I appeared for breakfast, my host asked how I had rested.

" 'Oh, splendidly,' I replied. 'The bed was soft and I was dead to the world until morning.'

" 'Well, I'm glad of that,' responded the fellow, as he poured out two cups of black coffee, 'you see my wife died in that room two weeks ago of pneumonia and I haven't had the heart to go into it since they carried her out for the funeral.'

"One cup of coffee was all the breakfast I wanted," continued Lockley, "and it took me several months to banish even partially from my mind the picture of that impression in the pillow in which I had laid my head for the splendid night's rest which followed."

CHAPTER LII

The Republicans carried Oregon in 1896 for McKinley by a majority slightly above two thousand and had elected a Republican Legislature in June of that year. This body was to choose a successor to John H. Mitchell in the United States Senate. and at the time it was chosen it was deemed safely in favor of his re-election, but his decision to support McKinley and, tacitly at least, to desert the cause of free silver, cost him the support of a large number of his former friends. The leader of this defection was Jonathan Bourne, at present a United State Senator from Oregon, who openly supported Bryan for President, though claiming to be "as good a Republican as anybody."

The fact was that at the time of his nomination there was an understanding that in return for his support of Mitchell for re-election, if he should be successful at the polls, Mitchell would lend his aid toward Bourne's election as Speaker of the House. When the time came to "deliver the goods" Mitchell found Bourne was a Bryan man and that it was impossible to carry out his agreement. This, together with his abandonment of the free silver propaganda, was the cause of a decision on the part of some of his former friends to defeat him for re-election at any cost. It was known that if the Legislature should organize, Mitchell's election was certain to follow; therefore, the desperate alternative to prevent an organization was deliberately planned. The course pursued was to refuse attendance, to prevent a quorum being present at any time. This scheme, revolutionary in its essence, was adopted until the constitutional limit of an Oregon Legislative session had been reached, when the members went home without any kind of legislative business having been transacted. The Senate was organized but was powerless to proceed with its work.

The leading assistant of Jonathan Bourne in this bold expedient for "getting even" was W. S. U'Ren, then a Populist member from Clackamas County, and at present the leading advocate of the single tax proposition in Oregon. Mr. Bourne was a very wealthy man and spent his money freely in his effort to "teach Mitchell a lesson." He maintained magnificent quarters and entertained lavishly, holding his organization together with a degree of success that marked him a master in the art of political manipulation.

From an impartial standpoint, there was no justification whatever for this move. It was plainly revolutionary; there was no reason offered at any time except the bold decision to prevent the re-election of Senator Mitchell, and the fair man will admit that this was no reason at all. And yet what shall the ultimate verdict be when it is recalled that within nine years from that time Jonathan Bourne was himself elected United States Senator by the Legislature, the people of Oregon having voted in his favor against several other prominent Republicans at the primary nominating election and afterward against one of the most popular Democrats in the State?

In the meantime Mr. Bourne had done nothing in politics to atone in any way for his course, if, indeed, any atonement were necessary, and, in view of his popular endorsement, it seemed not to be required.

The failure to organize the Legislature, and the consequent lack of appropriations with which to carry on the State government, cost the people many thousands of dollars; but, as another illustration of the wayward course of politics, the men who were responsible for it have since been regarded as the especial friends of the people and have been particularly honored by them.

The three men who were chosen McKinley's electors in 1896 besides myself were Hon. John F. Caples, Hon. E. L. Smith and Hon. S. M. Yoran. They were all good speakers and took a prominent part in the campaign which brought success to our ticket. Having "won out," I was quite anxious to be chosen messenger to carry the vote to Washington—principally for the reason that I had never been in the National Capital—and I made my aspiration known to my associates soon after the election. Mr. Caples had once before been an elector from Oregon and had been chosen as messenger, so he was willing to keep out of the contest. Mr. Yoran, it developed at once, was as desirous to act in that capacity as I was and was an active candidate for the trip.

According to law, we met in the State Capitol on January 11, and, after organizing, cast our votes for McKinley and Hobart for President and Vice-President, respectively, of the United States.

Having attended to this little affair, which was of secondary importance, for there seemed a general impression that it would turn out that way even before we met, the more interesting business of choosing a messenger was taken up. Judge Caples was the chairman, and we proceeded to cast our votes by putting in his silk tile three slips of paper, on each of which was the name of one of the three contestants, Smith, Yoran and myself. After giving the hat a thorough shaking the Judge placed his hand within it and took hold of one of the pieces of paper. He hesitated for a moment to take it out, making one of his familiar grimaces, but finally brought it to light, and it bore the name of E. L. Smith.

Then something out of the ordinary happened. Mr. Smith arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, I would like to make this trip to Washington and have fairly won the opportunity, but my two colleagues want to go so much more than I do, if I may judge by the look of disappointment on their faces, that I will forego the advantage I have gained. I propose that this vote be taken over, in order that one of them may have a chance to win. *I would rather there would be one funeral over this matter than two.*"

Mr. Yoran and I protested against Mr. Smith's generous offer, but he insisted upon another vote; so, rather than appear rude, we surrendered. After another shakeup, a paper was drawn out and I was the successful contestant. I tried hard to follow Mr. Smith's example, but some way it didn't work; besides, after studying Mr. Yoran's countenance for a moment, I became satisfied that he would survive the disappointment. Subsequent events have justified my conclusion, since he is to-day one of the active business men of Eugene and in the best of health.

On my way to Washington I stopped off at Canton to pay my respects to Mr. McKinley, arriving there January 23. I found him very busy, of course, and several men waiting for an interview. One of these, a man from Kentucky, was visibly abashed when, his turn having come, McKinley took his hand and said by his expression that he was glad to see him—but what was it?

The pilgrim from the blue-grass section stammered that he was an applicant for an appointment and proceeded to give his reasons for expecting his request to be granted. Mr. McKinley replied in his gracious manner that he could not yet make any promise; that he desired to favor his friends where it was possible without crippling the public service; that he had a special love for Kentuckians, anyway, and that later he would be glad to hear further from his visitor. By this time they were near the door and the man was bowed out, carrying away a very favorable impression of the President-elect, I have no doubt. He probably went home to his neighbors with a story that he had McKinley's promise for his appointment.

From him the Major came at once to where I was seated and looked at me inquiringly. I arose and said that I had no business, that I did not want any appointment—not then, at least—but that I was the messenger from Oregon bearing to Washington the electoral vote of that State for him.

At this he asked me to sit down, and added: "Now, if you had gone to Washington, passing through Canton, and had not called to see me, an apology would have been in order." He said he recalled that at the Minneapolis Convention in 1892, of which he was chairman, the Oregon delegation wanted to make him President before he was ready. He then commented upon the fact that Oregon was the only State west of the Rocky Mountains that had given him its electoral vote, all the others being for Bryan except California, which was divided. He was perfectly familiar with the details of the campaign we had waged in Oregon and desired, through me, to thank its people for their support.

After the inauguration of President McKinley on March 4, there was, naturally enough, an active movement among the Oregon Republicans toward the Federal appointments which would follow a change of administration. In fact, this movement began without any unnecessary delay after the result of the November election was known. As I could truthfully claim to have traveled over a greater portion of the State in the '96 campaign and to have made more addresses than any other speaker, it was generally conceded that my ambition to be appointed collector of customs at Portland should be gratified. A monster petition to the President for my appointment was secured and forwarded to the delegation in Congress, consisting of Senator Geo. W. McBride and Representatives W. R. Ellis and Thomas H. Tongue. Of all the persons in the State to whom this petition was presented, there was but one man who did not append his signature willingly. Indeed, there was no opposition from any quarter and I felt as sure of receiving the appointment as I was that McKinley had been inaugurated. I was fully aware that there are many slips in politics, but in this case there was no doubt. It was a sure thing!

But when the petition was forwarded it met with no response from the delegation. After waiting a month, I sent a letter of inquiry and was informed that the petition had been received, but that it had not yet been read, since it was the intention of the President to recognize the "gold" Democrats, where possible, and that as the then incumbent of the office of collector of customs *was* a "gold" Democrat, it was not likely there would be any change in that position in the near future. There was such a coldness, such an air of indifference with regard to the whole matter, that much speculation was aroused among my friends as to what it all meant. Many insisted that there must be some understanding, some obligation on the part of the delegation to dispose of this appointment in some other way, and it was freely predicted that subsequent events would prove it. It may be said at this late day, and without the slightest remnant of bitterness toward anybody, that the days of prophecy have not yet passed altogether.

This question of the appointment of collector of customs assumed great importance and was taken up by my friends all over the State—by them more than by myself. There was such pressure brought to bear upon the hesitating delegation that it was finally announced by them that upon their return to Portland in August the matter would be fully considered. On the twenty-seventh of that month, therefore, I went to Portland and had a conference with them, but the explanations presented seemed to explain nothing. I returned home with the information only that it was evidently the purpose of the President to retain the Democratic incumbent indefinitely, the most discouraging feature of it, however, being that there was no promise that I should receive their endorsement for the position when, in the course of human events, the change would be made.

On September 4 I went to Portland again, to look further into the situation, and learned on the streets, before reaching my hotel, that the delegation had that morning recommended to the President my appointment as register of the United States Land Office at Oregon City—an appointment which no member of it had ever consulted me about and for which I had not been a candidate. This utter disregard of the petition of the Oregon Republicans, more especially since it appeared to justify the general suspicion that there was a prior political trade which interfered with its recognition, created a wave of indignation throughout the State. Within a week I received more than one hundred letters urging me not to accept the Oregon City appointment, if made. These letters were from prominent and influential Republicans in the various counties, all promising me their support for the nomination for Governor or Congress the next year, unless in the meantime their request that I be appointed collector of customs, or a promise of the recommendation of the Congressional delegation, be granted.

My own impulse was to decline the appointment and take my chances with the people for a vindication, since I was occupying a more prominent place in politics than I had hoped for; but, on the other hand, to reject the recommendation was a bold move, which I hesitated to make—and yet no bolder than that which had been "handed to me."

However, I finally decided, yielding both to my own preference and to the persistent demands of friends in all parts of the State, to notify the delegation that I would not accept the appointment for the Land Office. Accordingly I wrote the following letter to the delegation and sent a copy to the *Oregonian,* in which it was published the next day:

MACLEAY, OR., September 17, 1897.

TO SENATOR G. W. MCBRIDE AND REPRESENTATIVES
W. R. ELLIS AND T. H. TONGUE:

Gentlemen,—Regarding your recommendation for my appointment as register of the Oregon City Land Office, I beg leave to say that extended reflection has only served to confirm my first conclusion not to accept the appointment, if made.

There are two controlling reasons which impel me to this decision, the first of which is that I have never been a candidate, in any sense, for the position for which I was recommended, as an examination of my personal letters and petitions in my behalf will surely show; and for the further reason that several months ago I joined in recommending a personal friend for the Oregon City office—a bar to my acceptance which I cannot persuade myself to overlook.

I dislike very much to be considered a "miscellaneous candidate" for any position on the political chessboard that may be parceled out to me by those having the "placing" of the men. I had, and still have, what I regard as a laudable ambition to be collector of customs for this district, but if in your judgment the best interests of the public service and of the Republican party (and, of course, in cases like this we are not influenced by other considerations) demand that this request of myself and friends be denied, then I bow as gracefully as possible to your decision, but must insist upon my privilege of declining to be a candidate for any other appointment.

It goes without saying, gentlemen, that my attachment to the Republican party is supported by undiminished ardor, for, in my judgment, there has been no time in its history when it was more nearly right on all public questions than now; and the years to come will, I'm sure, find us, as heretofore, battling side by side for the success of the principles we love so well.

With kind regards, I am, etc.

This letter, "if it *is* me as says it," created a great sensation in Oregon politics and at once changed the trend of affairs in the Republican party of the State. I received hundreds of letters from every section congratulating me upon the stand I had taken and the letter was copied in practically every paper of the State. My decision was very generally commended, though there were a few who predicted that it was a fatal mistake for me politically and that it would prove the end of my connection with Oregon politics. The phrase "miscellaneous candidate" was taken up as being especially "catchy," and for many months was a popular slogan in the discussion of events and prospects in our rapidly changing political maneuvers.

At once there was a general movement among my friends to secure my nomination for Governor and the proposition appeared to grow in favor as the months went by. My only competitor was Governor Lord himself, whose term was drawing to a close and for whose election I had canvassed the State four years before. His home was in Marion County, as was mine, and he had the county, as well as the Salem city government, in his favor; naturally, he had also the support of the different State institutions. The combination made it a very hotly contested primary campaign, for it was understood that if either lost Marion County he would be out of the race.

The result was that I carried every precinct in the county but the one in which Governor Lord lived, though the vote was so close that many of the large ones were carried by my friends by a margin of only two or three votes.

With Governor Lord declining to carry the contest any further, I had no opposition in the State Convention, which met in Astoria in April, and was nominated there by acclamation—the only instance of the kind in the history of the Republican party of Oregon.

I did not attend the Astoria Convention—indeed, it will no doubt surprise many of my most intimate friends to be told that I never attended a State convention in my life as a delegate, and but once as a spectator, in 1894, when Judge Lord was nominated over Charles W. Fulton. On that occasion I was an onlooker for an hour. When the Astoria Convention was in session I was at home on my farm. It was the season of the year for "working the roads" and, together with a dozen of the neighbors, I was manipulating the business end of a long-handled shovel about five o'clock in the afternoon when a group of children, returning from school at Macleay, saw me in the distance and began to shout the news that had reached there before they left.

How I first heard of my nomination for Governor got into the papers, in some way, and the opposition took it up as a "fairy story, put forth for political effect," etc.; but this is the true account of it—not at all remarkable when the circumstances leading up to it are recalled.

In a book of this character I could not do less than to give this abbreviated account of an incident in Oregon politics of which I happened to be a central figure, and which occasioned as much feeling and excitement as any other minor event in our history. By degrees I had been drawn into a prominence which I had not courted, and the great McKinley-Bryan campaign had, without any desire on my part, thrust me somewhat to the fore in the State campaign. It had been a hard contest and the triumph was won by a very small margin. I had not wanted to be a Presidential elector, and realizing that I was nominated largely as a salve to the wound I received at the District Convention, when I failed to receive the nomination for Congress, I thought seriously at first of declining the honor.

The Oregon City Land Office affair created a great furore at the time and the delegation in Congress was denounced with much harshness on account of it; but the unpleasant features of it soon passed away and its members and myself were afterwards the same friends we had been for years before. Thomas H. Tongue remained in Congress until his death, in December, 1902, grew in popularity both at home and with his colleagues at Washington, and his demise was a great loss to Oregon. He was a man of especial ability, of untiring industry and a very forceful speaker.

Senator George W. McBride retired from the Senate at the expiration of his term in 1901 and was at once appointed by President McKinley as one of the Government Commissioners at the St. Louis Exposition, which position he held for four years. For twenty years he suffered from a distressing physical ailment, but through it all was a marvel of fortitude and optimism. Much of the time during his eight years' service as Secretary of State he was bedfast, but supervised his work without cessation. During his six years' term in the Senate he was also a constant victim of bodily infirmities. After a remarkable career, he passed away at his home in Portland during the present summer, in the month of June.

William R. Ellis was defeated for renomination at the Astoria Convention, after serving in Congress for six years, but was at once elected judge of his district in eastern Oregon. At the end of his six-year term, he declined a renomination and sought an endorsement for his former place in Congress under the direct primary law which had been adopted. In this he was successful, but after serving two terms was defeated for a third one in April of this year—1911. In the case of Mr. Ellis it may be said that he had the satisfaction of defeating me for the Congressional nomination at the primary election in April, 1908—if it was any satisfaction, which is doubtful, since he probably cherishes no more resentful feeling than I do over that affair way back in '97, when we were all playing the game of politics in deadly earnest.

For the first time within the memory of any Oregonian of middle age W. R. Ellis is in private life; but nobody in his sane senses would wager a sixpence that he will not be holding a remunerative public position before another biennial period rolls around.

CHAPTER LIII

There was a fusion of the Democrats and Populists against the Republican ticket in 1898, especially against the candidate for Governor. The two parties nominated W. R. King, of Baker County, a prominent lawyer of Baker City, who had served as a member of the lower House in the Legislative session of 1893 and as State Senator in the two succeeding sessions.

Naturally, the burden of the speaking campaign fell to my lot and, with the State Committee, I arranged an itinerary which included every county in the State. I carried it out, thus accomplishing what, it was said, had never been done before in one campaign. It began at Toledo, in Lincoln County, on May 1, and ended at Vale, Malheur County, on the Saturday night before the election on Monday, June 6. It was an exceedingly hard campaign to make, much of the time requiring a day's travel by stage, running well into the night, terminating with accommodations that were unpleasant in the extreme; but the game was big and worth a protracted struggle.

George M. Brown, of Roseburg, was the attorney for that district and a candidate for re-election. He had read that I was going into Coos and Curry counties, and as they were a part of his district, he wrote asking me to come to Roseburg on the evening before I was to speak at Myrtle Point, some seventy-five miles from Roseburg, saying that we would leave by private conveyance at six o'clock, drive twenty miles of the distance in "the cool of the evening," and thus make a shorter trip the next day. I accepted his invitation and we started to the western coast at six o'clock from Roseburg over a splendid road, "every foot of which I am familiar with, and I know all the people along it like a book," said Brown. "We will drive until dark and stay all night with some of my old friends. Any of them will be glad to see us."

It was a most delightful drive, being one of the first balmy days in May. The farms along the road were at their best—and a well-kept southern Oregon farm is a delight to look upon, even to live upon. We enjoyed the beautiful turns in the road, shaded by the ancient black oaks, and the delicious perfume of the freshly budding wild flowers that abounded everywhere. We discussed our respective prospects for election, detailed the many mistakes the enemy had made—as we saw them—and the sun was setting before we realized the lateness of the hour. But the moon was kind and we appreciated the beneficence of Dame Nature, unlike the colored man who, being something of a philosopher, moralized after this fashion: "I don't see no use of the moon, nohow. He never shines only on a right light night, and when it's dark he neber shows hisself!" But Brown and I were in a different mood. Every prospect was pleasing and only man was to be distrusted. Finally, about eight o'clock, Brown said:

"Now, there is a house where a splendid man lives and we will stay all night with him."

When we drove up in front of the house, seeing his friend in the yard, Brown shouted to him as only a candidate can greet a man when a campaign is on:

"Hello, there, old man! We are out campaigning and would like to stay all night with you. How is it?"

"Why, hello, Brown!" he said. "I am awfully glad to see you, but the fact is we have company to-night and are chuck full. Sorry."

After a short conversation on local topics, we drove on a mile farther, when we came to the home of another of Brown's friends and found him sitting on the fence by the front gate. Brown at once introduced me and said we would like to stay all night and get feed for our horses.

"Why," said the man, "I have room for you two men, but haven't a grain of horse feed left. Not long till harvest, you know, and I sold all my oats last week. But Smith, on ahead two miles, has a lot of oats left, I'm sure."

So we drove on to Smith's and found him going from his barn to his house, and, sure enough, he had an abundance of oats, but his son-in-law and wife were there on a visit and his spare rooms were all occupied. He, also, regretted the circumstance which made it impossible to entertain us.

"Well," said Brown, as we proceeded on our way (it was now past nine o'clock), "the next man has a large house and a big farm, and I'll bet that we will find things all right there." It was but a mile farther on to this place and soon, as were made a curve in the road, we saw the house. It was apparently lighted from cellar to garret. They were at home, all right, and things looked good for us—almost too good, I remember I said to Brown. It looked as though they might be giving an entertainment. Arriving at the house, Brown gave a shout that brought the owner of the premises out to the gate and he gave us a very hearty greeting. Brown told him our troubles and said he hoped we could get lodging and feed for our horses, as it was then ten o'clock and we were as hungry as hired men.

"Well, now," said the farmer, "it's too bad. I've got all kinds of horsefeed and several spare rooms, but the fact is, Brown, we are expecting an addition to the family any minute now and, really, you know, it would be a little embarrassing to have company at such a time, especially the District Attorney and the next Governor of Oregon!"

This information occasioned all three of us much merriment, and we finally concurred in the opinion of our friend that it would be a little awkward to remain there over night. As we resumed our journey Brown said: "Well don't this beat h——?" But we voted it great fun.

About four miles farther on we came to Camas

FARM SCENE IN OREGON

Facing Page 412

Prairie, where lived a preacher named Coon, one of the old-fashioned kind who was about three-fourths retired, being then fully eighty years of age. Brown knew him well, he said, and though it was then just twelve o'clock, he was sure we could get accommodations without trouble. His good wife was seventy-five years old, so we felt that at least one of the obstacles we had encountered would not meet us here; and, as for the horses, it would be better for them to rest without food than to travel without it.

We found the old people had retired, of course, but by a persistent rapping at the door we aroused the old gentleman. Upon ascertaining who it was, he was hospitality itself. He dressed himself, went with us to the barn, fed the horses and upon returning to the house explained that, as it was very late, perhaps we would not object to going to the pantry and helping ourselves to whatever we could find. In fact, we were ready to suggest this ourselves when he had said perhaps we would "want a bite to eat." The result was Brown and I stood in the pantry of old Mr. Coon at a half-hour past midnight, and ate such a hearty meal of cold biscuits and potatoes, sandwiched with ham, as would have done credit to two hungry harvest hands.

At Marshfield, two days later, I was joined by Charles S. Moore, of Klamath County, the Republican candidate for State Treasurer, and we traveled together from that date until the close of the campaign. We made the trip from Lakeview to Burns, some two hundred miles, across what is known as the Desert, most of the houses being about fifty miles apart. He proved a most congenial traveling companion, as he afterward did a very obliging and efficient State Treasurer. He made no speeches but did the "glad hand" act to perfection. He frequently explained to people privately that I did the public talking, while he was along to add respectability to the affair. He was then judge of Klamath County, with a salary of seven hundred dollars a year. At that time the constitutional salary of the

Treasurer of Oregon was but eight hundred dollars, it being the custom for that official to lend the State funds that might be on hand at intervals and retain the interest thus secured. His bonds were very heavy, and since the salary was so small, it was necessary to justify in this manner his acceptance of the office. Owing to that custom it was the most remunerative position under the State Government.

When the meeting at Drain, in Douglas County, was held, I was introducing Mr. Moore to several of the farmers who had come to hear the speaking, having myself been there in many previous campaigns, and had said to Mr. Jones:

"Meet Hon. Charles S. Moore, of Klamath County, our nominee for State Treasurer. He is now judge of that county."

Farmer Jones was pleased to meet Mr. Moore and, by way of making conversation, said:

"What is the salary of a judge in Klamath County?"

"Seven hundred dollars a year," replied the Judge.

"And what does the State Treasurer get?" continued Jones.

This was a stunner to Moore, but, with a smile on his face as he glanced toward me, he replied,

"Eight hundred dollars," for there was nothing else to say, since there was no law, statute or constitutional, for any other remuneration.

"Well," said Jones, "of course a hundred dollars is worth looking after these times," and the incident was over, the farmer being perfectly satisfied that Judge Moore was justified in making the change, since the additional returns would be a cool hundred dollars.

In traveling from Lakeview to Burns one is obliged to furnish his own transportation, and since that point was the terminus of the stage line Judge Moore and I hired a team and buggy with which to make the journey, going by way of Paisley. We also hired a boy to ride on horseback to Burns to take the team back to Lakeview. For this we paid fifty dollars, and we agreed, as we rode along discussing every topic we could think of from Adam's probable delinquency in that dress parade affair in the Garden of Eden to the prevailing price of hops, that we could ordinarily buy on any Indian reservation in Oregon two such horses as we were driving for ten dollars each, while the buggy was not worth a cent more than twenty dollars. We were sorry we hadn't bought the outfit outright, giving it afterwards to some man in Burns who was financially able to accept it, for no really poor man could afford to maintain it.

One day on this trip we drove from morning till night without seeing a house. When evening came we stopped with a family consisting of a man and wife, and some eleven children, of course. Why they were there we never knew, but we voted it a dispensation of Divine Providence that they had not located elsewhere. The night was cold and we had a huge fire in a very large fireplace, the fuel used being a thrifty growth of sagebrush. The fireplace was as large as the entire end of the room. As building material was very expensive in that remote region, of course there was a feature of economy in thus saving nearly one-fourth of the cost of the shack. The man had a wheelbarrow on which he had constructed a light frame almost as large as the ordinary farm hay-rack, and with this he would make raids on the adjacent ridges and hollows, returning with a load of sage-brush which, after being dumped out, would make a pile rivaling the house itself in its proportions. Of course this sort of fuel was soon consumed and the individual who did the wheelbarrow stunt was kept so busy at his job that he had no use for the artificial heat his fuel produced.

Judge Moore and I were put in a bed that night which was supported by a single post placed some feet from the wall; on this rested two "rails,"—real rails, too,—which reached to the two walls. This was not particularly objectionable, considering the circumstances (and the nature of our mission), but about two o'clock, while

I was dreaming of the avalanche which I hoped was going to overwhelm Will R. King. I was conscious of a falling sensation, which developed into the sudden discovery that the connection between the rails and the supporting post in the middle of the room had been severed in some way and that Judge Moore and I were nearly in a sitting posture. To remain in that attitude until morning was impossible and the only alternative was to call upon our host for assistance. This was soon furnished, and with the aid of a hammer and nails, which he found after a diligent search of a half an hour, we repaired the breach—I doing the actual carpenter work, while the other two indulged in near jokes at my appearance, all of us arrayed in costumes which would have been more appropriate for the beach or a fashionable ballroom.

There were no further mishaps, other than those which might naturally be expected, and we reached Burns in the afternoon of the third day of our journey.

CHAPTER LIV

Much of the journey from Lakeview to Burns, a distance equal to the width of many of the Eastern States, is across a cheerless desert, as before stated, covered largely with sage-brush. Much of it is very rocky, and yet in the winter and early spring months it is surprising to see what great herds of cattle and sheep are supported by native winter grass which, in some astonishing way, obtains and maintains a foothold. For this reason it is a fine stock country at that season of the year when the better ranges require a rest.

At Burns we were joined by Malcolm A. Moody, who had defeated Mr. Ellis for the Republican nomination for Congress at Astoria, and from then until the close of the campaign he traveled with us. Mr. Moody is the eldest son of ex-Governor Z. F. Moody, a native son of Oregon, and was elected by a large majority. He was re-elected two years later, but was defeated for a renomination in 1902 by J. N. Williamson, of Prineville. Mr. Moody developed a splendid talent for the work of a Western Congressman and had won the esteem of all his colleagues when, owing to an unfortunate fight within the ranks of the Republican party, he was set aside. This action of the Republicans of his district was not only a disappointment to Mr. Moody but was a decided loss to the public service. He has frequently been urged since then to re-enter the political arena, but has steadfastly declined, giving as a reason the uncertain tenure of political life, the petty motives which so often govern those who, for the time being, have the power to control situations and the capricious tendencies of men who should be above the influence of passing fads. "Never again!" says Moody, and the public has lost the able services of an industrious worker.

At Burns we also found J. W. Morrow, the Democratic candidate for State Senator for that district, who we suspected had come thither at that time in order to reap such benefits as might accrue to his candidacy from being present at the big Republican meeting of the campaign. At any rate, he was there, and engaged in shaking more Republican hands, inside the hall and out, than all the Republican candidates combined. There was no stage line then running to Canyon City, the next meeting place, and since there were, all told, about a dozen candidates who desired to make connections without fail, we hired a "carry-all" and started toward that famous mining center of the early '60's. We had no driver, at least none who had the courage to tackle a four-horse proposition, and in this extremity "Billy" Morrow offered his services. Most of us were little inclined to accept them, since he was the only Democrat in the crowd and several of us were running for some mighty big offices. We feared that he was an emissary of the Democratic State Committee looking for this very opportunity to put us out of commission, especially as we had known him for thirty years and had never heard of his having anything to do with horses in any capacity, though he assured us that he had driven a stage for a good part of his life. The road from Burns to Canyon City is for a great part of the way over a mountainous country, and in places the grades are along the sides of precipitous slopes where a designing driver could maim a dozen passengers and at the same time save his own life.

But "Billy" proved not only game but reliable and "landed" us at Canyon City the second day, himself covered with glory and dust. Incidentally, he was elected to the State Senate in that strongly Republican district.

Canyon City was one of the best known of the mining camps in eastern Oregon during the boom of 1863-4. I had never been there before and was especially pleased to visit the spot where my father had spent two years when the mining excitement was at its height. It was here, also, that Joaquin Miller, Oregon's famous poet, made his home in the early days and where he served as judge of the new county of Grant. His old home was still there, surrounded by unkept apple trees of his own planting in 1863, which almost hid from view the little house which he built with his own hands before the poetic muse claimed him for her own.

It was in Canyon City, also, that Phil Metschan, one of Oregon's most prominent and popular citizens, settled, in 1862, in his early manhood. Mr. Metschan's career reads more like fiction than fact, and proves once more that pluck and a character which will win the confidence of his fellows are the very best assets with which a young man can be equipped when he starts out on his life-work.

Mr. Metschan was born in Hesse-Cassel, Germany, in 1840. When fourteen years of age he decided to come to America and spend his life in the Western world. His mother's brother had already come to this country and was engaged in the butchering business in Cincinnati. When Phil decided to come to America he did not know one word of English, but his people were anxious for him to join his uncle and carve out his future under the more favorable circumstances which prevailed in this country.

"When I got ready to start," said Mr. Metschan, "my mother packed all my belongings in a trunk which was nearly as big as one of the horse-cars that were used on the streets then. They saw me aboard the ship at Hamburg and I had no trouble until I got to New York. I couldn't speak a word of English, but as there was nothing to do on ship but eat and sleep, and as both could be done in one language as well as in another, all went well until we landed. Then my troubles began. I had a ticket out to Cincinnati, but the railroad lines in those days did not belong to one company, as now, and only ran from one big city to another. But my trunk was my salvation I found that when it came time to change cars I would have no difficulty if I followed my trunk. So, when we arrived at a new terminus, I would get out on the platform and closely watch the operations at the baggage car. If my trunk was left aboard I would re-enter my coach and remain there, but if I saw it changed to another train, I would board that and remain with it until it was changed again. By this means I reached Cincinnati without any mishap and was thankful that it was no worse."

"Then you really traveled on a trunk line, even in those days," interposed a listener to his interesting narrative. Phil smiled and added that, come to think of it, "that must have been the first trunk line running west of New York."

Arriving in Cincinnati, Metschan remained with his uncle four years, thoroughly learning the butcher's business. In 1858 he went to Kansas, the next year to California, and after drifting about for a year spent the winter of 1861 working on a ranch in the Sacramento valley. He avers that he actually drove a team and plowed for several months, but his friends, who ordinarily believe anything he says, have never quite accepted that statement. Nothing they can conjecture would at this time afford a more ludicrous spectacle than to see Phil Metschan between two plow handles, while a span of mules was receiving his directions and objurgations in a language that was neither English nor German.

After settling in Canyon City Mr. Metschan was elected city treasurer for two terms, two years as county clerk, four years as county judge, and afterwards another term as county clerk. There were no other offices in Grant County at that time, so it was necessary to "rotate" Phil in order to satisfy the public.

In 1890 he was nominated by the Republicans for State Treasurer and was elected, being reëlected in 1894, serving in that responsible position for eight years. Soon after his retirement he purchased an interest in the Imperial Hotel in Portland, and has since, with his four sons as partners, secured the entire stock of that popular hostelry.

Within a week after he was nominated for State Treasurer I visited my father in Union County. He was inquiring with much interest about the personnel of the State ticket and finally asked me who the man Metschan was who had been nominated for State Treasurer. I replied that I had never heard of him before, but that he was from Canyon City, had lived there for thirty years, and that some one had told me that he was a butcher. After studying a moment, father suddenly said with much animation:

"What's his first name?"

"'Phil," I said.

"Well, by George," said he, "I'll bet it's 'Phil, the Butcher.'"

And it was. I was sufficiently interested then to inquire further when I had an opportunity, and ascertained that in the early days in Canyon City, as was usual in mining camps, Metschan's first name was all anybody knew or cared to know. So many men went to the mines as adventurers whose chief desire was to cut themselves loose from their former associates and acquaintances that it was often painful to be questioned, so "any old name" was sufficient, and undue curiosity was frequently accompanied by undesirable consequences to the "butter in."

My father had lived in Canyon City only during the first two years of Metschan's residence there, and though they were intimate friends during that period, "Phil, the Butcher" was the only name by which the future State Treasurer was known among his customers and everyday acquaintances.

CHAPTER LV

Upon entering Burns after our long desert ride we discovered that the Democratic State Committee had secured large lithographs of Mr. King, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and had the town plastered with them. They were to be seen on every telephone pole, barn, fence and other object large enough to hold one. I was not a little chagrined to know that this very effective means of advertising had been adopted by the opposition. Of course it was quite expensive, and, as there had been no proposition to pursue a like course among our people, I at once took high grounds against such an unseemly method of exploiting one's candidacy. Many of my friends at Burns inquired why this mode had not been adopted by the Republican State Committee, expressing the opinion that it was very effective in increasing the popularity of a candidate, especially if he was a good-looking man, as King was. To this I replied that, although nothing had been said on the subject by our State Committee before leaving Portland, I was very much opposed personally to such a loud method of advertising—it was in bad taste; furthermore, I regarded it as an exhibition of the weakness of the candidate that it was necessary thus to depend upon his facial expression rather than his merits, natural and acquired.

On the way over to Canyon City we found King's picture on every rim-rock and stump along the road and the town was full of them. Again I felt the necessity of explaining to my inquiring friends that there was nothing in that sort of advertising except to emphasize the weakness of the candidate who would resort to it, and that, besides, there was a species of vanity about it from which I, being a very modest man, naturally shrank, etc. My companions were disposed to "josh" me about the enterprise shown by Mr. King's friends and they all seemed convinced that it would gain him many thousands of votes—perhaps result in my defeat unless counteracted in some manner. To this I replied that I would not adopt such unseemly methods to secure votes, even if I were assured that such neglect would cost me the prize for which I was contesting. I took a high stand, and ridiculed the extreme measures to which parties in these degenerate times would stoop to attain success.

I remember that about one mile before we reached Sumpter, in Baker County, there appeared to be a King picture on every shrub and log, not counting the standing trees, and, as a means of suppressing the comments of my companions as to how many votes the matter would cause King to run ahead of his ticket, I began again to moralize on the bad taste of thus flaunting one's countenance before the world with the hope of securing votes, adding that the probable effect would be to drive thoughtful men away, etc., etc. Suddenly, as the stage swung around a bend in the road and we came in full view of a new barn, Moody shouted:

"Hello, whose picture is that? Hey, look here, boys."

And there, tacked on the side of the barn, within two feet of one of King's pictures, was one of the writer of these lines, almost life-size and executed in the highest degree of the lithographer's art. Everybody looked, of course, and the shout of laughter that rent the mountainside quite equaled in volume a clap of rollicking thunder. The driver stopped the team, all hands got out and examined the specimen at close range and, by turns, dragged me hither and yon, until I was not only sore physically, but at my traveling companions as well.

It was a great joke at my expense, to be sure, and I did not hear the last of it until we finally disbanded on the night before the election—for those horrid pictures, though very true to life, were plastered so thickly over every available object, not otherwise appropriated, throughout the State that King's little edition appeared like a feeble experiment only.

My colleagues on the State ticket who did more or less active campaigning were, besides Judge Moore, F. I. Dunbar, candidate for Secretary of State, and J. H. Ackerman, candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction. Mr. Dunbar had been for four years recorder of Clatsop County and was at that time just concluding two terms as county clerk. He had been a very capable officer and came to his nomination with an exceptionally good record for efficient services, though he was not known at all throughout the State.

There was another Dunbar living in Astoria who had been publishing a paper there which appeared to be little more than a blackmailing sheet. His bitter attacks on local men had involved him in serious trouble many times and he was very much disliked. In fact, he served quite a long sentence in the county jail at one time for defamation of character. It was about this time that F. I. Dunbar had been nominated for recorder. As was customary, several candidates hired a carriage and made a trip into the interior of the county in the interest of their respective aspirations. Their first trip was into the Nehalem Mountains, about thirty miles away, where there was a small store and a post-office. Arriving there after dark, the candidate who had charge of the team and did the driving introduced his associates to the landlord, who, by the way, was the post-master and storekeeper. When the two had gone to the barn with the team, the host said to the driver, with whom he was well acquainted:

"So that's Dunbar, is it? Well, I've been reading a good deal about him lately and he *has* got a jail-bird face, all right, hasn't he?"

As the joke was too good to keep under cover, the driver told it to Dunbar the next day. It came to me one day after the election, and when Moore, Dunbar and I, as the State Land Board, after concluding our business for that sitting, were recounting the different kinds of experiences, ludicrous and exasperating, one enounters when engaged in a protracted political cam-aign, Dunbar himself related it.

Dunbar served for eight years as Secretary of State nd made one of the most efficient and systematic fficials that branch of the State government has ever nown. He is now living a very quiet life in his home own, Astoria, to whose interests he is very much ttached.

J. H. Ackerman, who was chosen Superintendent of Public Instruction, had for many years been connected rominently with the schools of Multnomah County and ame to his new position unusually well equipped for he duties of that responsible position. Ackerman is so well endowed by nature with those qualities which constitute the agreeable man that nothing could pry him loose from his position until he had served three successive terms of four years each, a record only equaled once before in the history of Oregon—by E. B. McElroy, in the same position. Ackerman had not been in office three months until he had visited nearly all the schools in the Willamette valley, and before his first year had ended he had been in every remote part of the most distant county. By that time it was surmised that he intended to be a candidate for re-election—killing two birds with one stone, since his visits were always helpful to the schools. Before the end of his first term he had secured the active support of ninety-nine per cent. of the teachers of the State, and the other one per cent. had no choice. The records show that fully ninety-nine per cent. of the teachers in the public schools of Oregon are women, who, although having no direct vote, do have and exercise wonderful influence along lines where they are interested.

I did not know Ackerman well until we made our first trip to visit the State Normal School at Ashland. We had our breakfast in a "diner" together and I ordered a fairly good meal—having been a farmer and being accustomed to that sort of thing in the morning—including a good steak, eggs and their customary accessories. We were busily engaged in talking and I had paid no attention to his order, which was delivered first. I noticed then that he had duplicated my selection. My order was for some reason delayed, and in the meantime Ackerman had devoured the best part of the steak and all the eggs. My portion, when it came, consisted of a small piece of sickly toast and a dish of rice. I was naturally astonished and told the waiter that he had taken my order wrong. He replied, with a look of surprise, that he had by mistake changed the two.

I immediately glanced at Ackerman. His amused look was a plain admission that he had seen the possibility of securing a good breakfast at a minimum of expense by continuing the conversation on normal schools with enthusiasm, for the Governor was at that time obliged to pay all his expenses out of his own pocket, or did, while the Superintendent, while allowed his traveling expenses, was obliged to render an account even to details to the Secretary of State.

From that time I knew Ackerman quite well—well enough to be always on the watch for a practical joke, for he was not only an exceptionally good official, under whose management the school system of Oregon has become one of the best in the United States, but he is a born wag.

He is now the principal of the reorganized State Normal School at Monmouth, where he has an opportunity to contribute still further toward the improvement of our educational system.

CHAPTER LVI

The issues which characterized the campaign of 1898 were not particularly exciting, consisting merely of those which divided the Republican from the Democratic and the Populist parties. The Spanish War had just begun, and that fact assisted in a way to further the prospects of the "party in power," though it should be remembered that all parties were supporting the administration in its determination to "remember the Maine." The election passed off quietly and the Republican ticket was triumphant with a majority of ten thousand. Incidentally, I may be pardoned for adding that my majority was represented by that figure, which was the largest by almost two to one ever given any candidate for Governor of Oregon, before or since. This was attributable, of course, to the fact that the party had united on me in the State Convention, there being no opposition—a condition not since existing in any campaign. For this very flattering honor bestowed upon me by the people, I here desire again to express my thanks, and to add that, while I have been defeated for a nomination I have never failed to receive an affirmative vote when appealing directly to the people of Oregon. I have a right to feel proud of this fact and to refer to it—modestly, I trust—while expressing my gratitude.

In the nature of things this book is personal and in a manner reminiscent, but it is not my purpose to extol, criticise, defend or otherwise consider the merits of my administration of the public affairs of Oregon during the four years from January, 1899, to January, 1903. To do so would not be seemly on my part. I leave that to the future historian, to whom it properly belongs. There was no exciting feature during the course of my administration; all the departments of the State Government discharged their functions without other friction than was the result of counter political aspirations and the usual trouble engendered by disappointed office-seekers. This led to my defeat for renomination in 1902, but, since I have no apology to make for the acts which displeased those who were in control of the party at that time, a discussion of them would be useless. Where questions come up for an ultimate decision and the Governor as the agent of last resort is compelled to settle the matter one way or the other, it is to be expected that somebody will be disappointed, dissatisfied, and disgruntled. And since the dissatisfied, disappointed and disgruntled ones outnumber those who meet with success, "it follows as night the day" that the one man who under the law is required to decide important questions will have a very hard task to discharge, especially if he belongs to the dominant party in his State. And I did! Enough said.

In the summer of 1899, six months after my inauguration, the Spanish War was brought to a close and the Second Regiment of Oregon, which had shed such glory on the State by its marvelous intrepidity and uniform readiness for action at all times, was returning home. It was the first to land on foreign soil in that conflict and was the first mustered out of the service.

The regiment was due to arrive in San Francisco about July 10 and I went to that city, accompanied by my full staff, to welcome them home in the name of their State. The people of Portland had made very elaborate arrangements to receive them, supposing they would travel from San Francisco to Portland by water. A large local fleet was to proceed down the Columbia and escort the heroes home amid the plaudits of the people, the waving of banners and the belching forth of friendly cannon. The program was fully arranged and the expense of it all had not been considered for a moment. I proceeded to San Francisco to extend the glad hand and to bid them God-speed as they left the

Golden Gate on their return trip after a rest in the Bay City.

Of course the actual time of the arrival of the two transports bearing the regiment could not be ascertained, and I remained in San Francisco two days waiting for tidings. On the third day, in company with Governor Gage of California, we sighted the incoming boats outside the bar and met them inside the Bay, near the Presidio. As we stood watching the vessels, at first mere tiny specks, grow larger and larger, realizing the while that their passengers were all Oregon boys who had more than performed their duty as soldiers battling in the defense of their country against a savage and superstitious foe, it seemed one of the most thrilling sights of my life. Almost the entire population of San Francisco, it seemed, had assembled on the shores of the Bay and were enthusiastically shouting their appreciation of American valor.

As our boat finally swung alongside the two transports, I could easily recognize the familiar features of Colonel Owen Summers, the beloved commanding officer of the regiment, who shouted:

"Hello, there, Governor! We are awfully glad to see you."

I returned the salutation, recognizing at the same time several of the boys who greeted me with their shouts. Under the circumstances I thought it my duty to make a short address of welcome, but when I began to say a few words there was a general yelling:

"Muster us out in San Francisco! Muster us out in San Francisco!"

I waited a moment for the interruption to subside, when I again attempted to let them know how glad the people of Oregon were to know of their return and how proud they were that, etc., etc., when my voice was drowned by the repeated shouting by a thousand throats:

"Muster us out in San Francisco!"

This second demonstration convinced me that I did not want to make any speech, anyway, and there was every reason for belief that they were not wanting to hear a speech. I then boarded the "Ohio" and began shaking hands—also to get some valuable information. Colonel Summers at once informed me that before leaving Manila the boys had heard of the intention of the people of Portland to give them a hearty welcome upon their arrival, and that they at once rebelled at the proposition. They had worked hard, had endured many hardships, lived on such food as was to be had, marched under a burning sun to be met by the treacherous Filipinos, and they were not looking for further demonstrations of any kind, especially one that would mean another sea voyage after being on land for two weeks at San Francisco.

Besides, they had given their service for very small remuneration, and if formally mustered out at San Francisco they would be entitled to travel pay from that point home. This would mean a goodly sum for each one of them, and, they said, they would need that upon arriving home far more than a demonstration which would be "all show and no money."

I had not talked with the General and the boys ten minutes until I could see that Portland reception going a-glimmering. The boys were true soldiers, but the proposition to force them to go home by way of the Columbia River did not look good to them, and it looked no better to Colonel Summers. I at once called up Portland and got in communication with H. W. Scott, of the *Oregonian*. After I had told him how the matter stood, he remarked in his usual sententious manner: "I expected as much."

The next day I telegraphed the situation to Secretary of War Root and asked permission to muster the Second Oregon Regiment out in San Francisco. The request was granted, and peace once more reigned within the ranks of the famous regiment.

I returned home and two weeks later met the regiment at the California State line, where each one of the boys wore a grin as wide as a full-grown hard-tack.

Three months later I was invited by President McKinley, with the Governors of all the other States, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Federal Building at Chicago. I had been trying for some time to secure a cannon from the Philippines—one that had been captured there by the American troops, if possible—out of which to manufacture appropriate medals to be presented to the members of the Second Oregon Regiment, as a souvenir from the State of Oregon. I had not succeeded at the time this invitation came from President McKinley, and since the Secretary of War was to be in Chicago on that occasion, it occurred to me that the opportunity would be presented there to explain the matter to him personally and thus secure his assistance.

Upon arriving at Chicago I learned that Secretary Root was there, but the papers the next morning announced that he had returned to Washington on a night train in answer to a telegram demanding his immediate presence at the national capital. Of course this changed my plans, but having traveled that far in the interest of the medals I decided to extend the trip to Washington. This I did. Upon presenting the matter to Secretary Root, he said:

"I thought that cannon had been ordered already. I remember your request and that it had my sanction."

After I had explained the question in detail, admitting that there was a measure of sentiment in wanting the medals made out of a cannon brought from the Philippines, he said he would write at once to the authorities there to send one along without further delay.

"But," I said, "Mr. Secretary, two months have already elapsed since this matter was taken up and so far nothing at all has been accomplished. At this rate, the Spanish War will be partly forgotten before those medals can be manufactured and distributed among the boys. They are all young now, to be sure, but these medals should be given them before they become grandfathers."

At this the Secretary smiled, thought a moment, then said: "Well, I guess Uncle Sam can stand the expense of a cablegram in the interest of those Oregon boys." And, reaching for a pen, he wrote an order for the immediate shipment of a cannon to Portland, showed it to me, and called a messenger to have it sent at once.

Within a month the cannon arrived in Portland. Shortly afterwards the medals were made and distributed among the survivors of the Second Oregon.

While in San Francisco waiting for the arrival of the Manila transports, I was the guest of General Shafter, who had seen active service in Cuba and was at that time in command of military affairs in San Francisco. He was a most affable man, for one accustomed for so many years to military discipline, and I enjoyed his company very much. He was a man of enormous proportions, physically, weighing fully three hundred pounds. On the day of the public reception of the Second Oregon by San Francisco, he appeared on horseback, riding with all the dignity expected of one of his position. How he mounted his steed I was not able to discover. He had a ranch not many miles from San Francisco and one day visited it, returning late in the afternoon heated in body and mind. As soon as he had regained his composure enough to engage in conversation he said:

"I had a deuce of a time this afternoon. I am endeavoring to drain some land down there and am having more trouble trying to manage twenty d——d Chinamen than I had in Cuba directing twenty thousand soldiers." And he was mad, indeed.

CHAPTER LVII

On May 8, 1901, the battleship *Ohio* was launched at San Francisco and President McKinley was present to participate in the attendant ceremonies. He had arranged an extensive itinerary which included all the Pacific Coast States, but while in San Francisco, the severe illness of his wife, by whom he was accompanied, made it necessary for him to cancel all his dates north of that city, much to the disappointment and regret of our people.

I went to San Francisco to attend the ceremonies of the launching and to extend an official invitation to the President to visit Oregon, but he was compelled to return to Washington and was assassinated at Buffalo a few months later. He was never in Oregon, though this State was always especially loyal to him.

Governor Nash, of Ohio, was present at the launching of the ship named after his State and I became well acquainted with him. We made several side trips together and I found him a very genial companion and most anxious to know more about this coast. On one of these little journeys he became inoculated with poison oak, or ivy, and was sorely afflicted for the remainder of his stay in San Francisco, being obliged to remain away from the public reception given the Ohio visitors by the people of that city. On his way home he was compelled to remain over at Salt Lake for a day and upon his arrival at his home in Columbus was unable to enter a carriage without assistance. He never regained his health and died the next year, many thought from the lingering effect of his exposure to the poison oak in San Francisco.

Governor Nash was renominated in the summer following, though his physical condition would have precluded such a thing had it not been for the general esteem in which he was held by the people of Ohio. When the campaign opened I received an invitation from the Republican State Committee of Ohio to take a part in the speech-making. Though I had declined a similar one the year before, I had a very friendly feeling for Governor Nash, and as the invitation from Chairman Dick was followed a few days later by a letter from the Governor, saying that he hoped I would come, I accepted. Soon after this, however, President McKinley was shot at Buffalo and the formal opening of the campaign, by the mutual consent of both political parties, was postponed until time should tell the result of his wound.

Owing to the subsequent death of the President the Ohio campaign was limited to two weeks. My first date was at the little city of Waverly, about twenty miles north of the Ohio River, and the time was equally divided between Senator Mark Hanna and myself. I had never seen that distinguished gentleman until we met on the platform a few minutes before the speaking began, and the impression he gave me was decidedly a favorable one. He was as plain in his manner as a farmer. As we rode in a carriage through the streets, after the meeting, it was scarcely possible to drive the team through the crowds, so great was the jam of people who walked beside the vehicle and insisted on grasping the hand of the Senator. There were continual shouts for "Uncle Mark," and "Hurrah for Uncle Mark!" etc. He was a candidate for re-election, had been endorsed by the Republican State Convention and was stumping the State advocating the election of a Legislature that would be favorable to him. There was no doubt of his re-election, by the popular vote, at least,—none to those who saw the demonstrations of that day.

Senator Hanna invited my wife and me to spend the following Sunday at his home in Cleveland, which we would gladly have done, but that we desired to visit the Buffalo Exposition and it was possible to do so only on that day. When I told the Senator I was the cousin of

Homer Davenport, who cartooned him so unmercifully in the campaign of 1896, he at once began making inquiries about him and where he got his artistic ability. He said he had met Davenport several times and really liked "the fellow," but added that he didn't approve of his cartoon treatment of himself. I told him I never yet had found a man who could really enjoy a good cartoon of himself, though everybody else might regard it as a work of art. He said that he never cared "a peg" for Davenport's cartoons, but that his wife hated that artist "worse than snakes." He remarked that he had instructed his secretary to save all the cartoons of himself that had appeared in the papers, but that they were to be kept from his wife, if possible.

The last week of the Ohio campaign I traveled in company with Governor Nash, except while I was at Marysville, where my time was divided with Warren G. Harding, since elected Lieutenant Governor and who was last year defeated for Governor by Harmon.

So far as I could see there was no difference between campaigning in Ohio and Oregon or Washington or Idaho. My previous experience served to illustrate very forcibly the fact that ours is a great country and, what is better, that we are essentially one great people. An American citizen of Ohio has all the characteristics of the American citizen of Oregon, Maine or Florida. This fact is more keenly realized when, in campaigning in States widely separated geographically, one discovers the sameness of the issues involved.

My wife and I spent Monday of the last week of the campaign in Cleveland as the guests of Myron T. Herrick, afterward Governor of Ohio, and in the evening visited the city of Ravenna, some ninety miles south of Cleveland, where Governor Nash and I addressed a meeting whose proportions fully sustained Ohio's reputation for not "doing politics" by halves. Upon arriving at Ravenna, a committee met me at the train, Governor Nash having gone there early in the day to look after his local fences. After reaching the hotel, the chairman said he wanted to put me on my guard as to a characteristic of the people of his town.

"They always pay the best of attention to a public speaker and appreciate his coming. You will have a crowded house; but they never give any demonstration of approval, such as clapping of hands, stamping of feet, etc. We account for it to outsiders by claiming that our people are highly intellectual," said he, with a twinkle in his eye; "but those not used to their ways are likely to misconstrue their attitude." He said that when Senator Allison of Iowa was there the year before, he was greatly incensed at what he termed the coldness of the Ravenna people and declared he would never hold a meeting there again.

When I returned to Columbia after the campaign had closed, Chairman Dick, in talking over the situation, inquired what kind of a meeting I had had at Ravenna. After I told him it was a "stem-winder" and a great success in every way, he said he had been a little afraid of it, since the people there were noted for their lack of enthusiasm in public meetings. Chairman Dick was then a member of the lower House of Congress and Ravenna was in his district. While on this subject he told me this story:

Fifty years before, when Tom Corwin was in his prime as a famous stump-speaker and orator—and wit—he attended a meeting at Ravenna. After returning to his home in Cincinnati, while relating some of his campaign experience, in the State, he said: "Ravenna, though, is the d——st place yet. Why, up there they are so long-faced that they open their political meetings with prayer and close by singing the Doxology. I spoke there last week to a crowded house and the prospects for a successful meeting could not have been better. But I had spoken for fully half an hour without bringing out any applause or smile whatever. This was unusual, so I thought I would wake them up by telling a story. I told one of the best I knew, and told it as well as I could; it fell perfectly flat. There was not a hand-clap nor smile. I went on for another twenty minutes without ny response from the audience other than the very best f attention. At this point I thought I would try another tory on them. So I selected one of my best and did ny utmost to tell it well; but it was as great a failure s the first.

"This made me mad, and I really cut my speech short n account of the dullness of the people—or their tupidity, or incapacity, or something—but I decided to give them just one more story and see what it would do. Now, of course, I know I have some reputation as a story-teller, and I felt a degree of personal pride in naking an effort to rouse that audience. I closed with a story that would cause the dead to rise up and laugh, and used whatever art I possessed in relating it well, but, do you know, there was not the slightest indication in any quarter of mirth—no applause nor demonstration of any kind. Not even a smile.

"So the meeting was adjourned. Afterwards several of the leading men of the city gathered around me and one of them, speaking for the others, it seemed, said:

"'Corwin, that was one of the best speeches I ever heard. It was logical, eloquent, unanswerable and right to the point—just what we needed here. And do you know, Corwin, your stories—why, when you told that last one, *I came mighty near laughing right out loud!*'"

CHAPTER LVIII

Before leaving for Ohio I had decided to employ a day or two after the campaign was over in visiting my father's birthplace, which I knew was somewhere near London, in Madison County. He was born there in 1828 and was twelve years old when his father moved to Illinois. Thousands of times I had listened with great interest as he related his boyhood experiences, and had always entertained a longing to see the old farm. This, it appeared, was my opportunity and I decided to make the most of it.

I was most agreeably surprised, therefore, upon reporting to Republican headquarters soon after arriving at Columbus, to discover that the third place assigned me in the campaign was London, and an afternoon meeting at that. The meeting was held in an old skating rink, of ample dimensions, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Several persons explained to me, with pardonable pride, that McKinley had often during the last twenty years spoken in that same building.

I opened my speech by saying that, although a native Oregonian, I felt at home in Madison County, Ohio, for the reason that my father was born there seventy-three years before. This announcement put me on good terms with the people, and I added that I would deem it a personal favor if, at the close of the speech, those in the audience who could tell me where the old Geer farm was located would remain long enough to give me that information.

When the meeting adjourned at least a dozen people, both men and women, began to make their way through the crowd toward the platform. Each one of them knew exactly where it was, though more than sixty years elapsed since my grandfather lived there. Finally, man said he had seen the present owner in town that After a little search he was found and the county mittee at once placed a carriage at my disposal for following afternoon. My next appointment, luckily, for the evening of the next day, thus giving us le time for this most pleasant visit.

here have been few happier days in my life than the on which I visited the birthplace of my father. It a most delightful October day and the autumn age of the Ohio forests was at its loveliest. I gined I could see my father, with his brothers and ers, as they were living in that by-gone time, knowing hing then of the great land on the far-away Pacific st to which they were destined to go later on and he development of which they were to do their part brave pioneers. Ohio is a beautiful State in the umn—if you don't stay there too late—and the woods hat time of the year are delightfully attractive. We veled along one country lane where for a quarter of a e plank fences on either side of the road were conucted of walnut lumber. Our driver explained that it l been built thirty years before, but that at that time a lnut tree was worth a small fortune; that the year ore a representative of an Eastern manufacturing icern had been through that part of the country buying ry old walnut stump he could find in the woods or tures, some of them bringing as much as forty dollars. eir roots, he said, would be followed until they were more than two inches in diameter.

When my father was a boy in Ohio, every member of family who was large enough had to work in the lnut timber, burning logs and digging stumps, in order it the land might be cleared for agricultural purposes. nservation of natural resources was not then a burn- question, though the destruction of the walnut timber is!

The house built by my grandfather in 1836 was still standing when the present owner purchased the farm some twenty years before, but was burned the next year. The one standing in 1901 had been built immediately back of the one destroyed and the foundation of the latter, consisting of large, flat stones at each of the four corners, had never been disturbed. They were just even with the top of the ground and were partly covered with blue grass. I could almost imagine they were speaking to me, as I saw, in my fancy, my grandfather or some of the "boys," placing them there during the summer that Martin Van Buren was elected President of the United States.

But the identical log barn my grandfather built was still there and doing daily service. As we drove past it there was an enormous Poland China sow stretched out in the shade of a shed, vigorously scratching fleas, the outcome of the contest being in apparent doubt. And the barn looked every day of its age.

I went to the spring under the hill, fifty yards from the house, and drank from it. Overshadowing it stood a huge hickory tree which had sheltered my father in his boyhood years. It is well to remark, in passing, that nearly every farmhouse I have seen in the Mississippi Valley States is built at least fifty yards away, often twice as far, from the spring which supplies the family with water—and the water is always to be carried up hill! The law of gravitation seems never to have been discovered by the benighted people in those sections of our country.

The daughter of a man named Willard, who owned the farm joining that of my grandfather in the days he lived in Ohio, became the wife of Ralph C. Geer, who for fifty years was a well-known farmer of the Waldo Hills. Willard's son owned the place when I was there, a man then seventy-five years of age. He was my father's playmate, of whom I had heard him speak thousands of times. I stopped a few minutes at the Willard farm and found the old man out in a woods pasture trimming the limbs from the young hickory trees, for the purpose, he said, of forcing them to grow straight enough to be sold later for wagon spokes. His hair and beard were snow-white and he had never been out of the State of Ohio more than a month, all told, in his life.

When I returned home I wrote an account of my Ohio trip to my father's brother, Carey, in California. He was then eighty years of age and had not seen Ohio, or any other place east of the Rocky Mountains, since he came to Oregon "on his own hook" in 1845. I thought by writing him of the scenes of his early boyhood I would arouse in him a feeling of homesickness, a longing to see them himself; but in answer to my question whether he ever entertained a desire to visit once more the old place, he replied:

"I have never wanted to see Ohio since I left there in 1840, nor do I desire to see any other part of the United States except the Pacific Coast. Why, I wouldn't give an acre of ground in Oregon or California for all of any one State in the Mississippi Valley. There's Jim Willard you wrote about. We were little boys together, and though he is now seventy-five years old he has never been out of sight of the smoke of his father's chimney. Bah!"

Our driver returned to London by way of the celebrated Darby Plains, one of the richest and most beautiful sections of Ohio. We had not traveled far with him, however, before we discovered he carried a bottle of spirits of generous proportions which he interviewed with surprising frequency. After a while he became so jolly that he insisted that I share his potations, and my refusal served only to increase his desire to empty the bottle. Just before reaching London we had to drive down a long incline, at the bottom of which the road narrowed to the width of a culvert. We were going at a fearful rate, the horses plunging in a fast run, with their heads pointed in a direction which, if kept, would miss the bridge by at least ten feet. Before reaching it, I rose from the back seat, snatched the lines from his hands, and without doubt thus prevented the occurrence of a fearful accident. He accepted my interference as a joke, remarking that "'s no danger—horses zhawl right."

After safely crossing the culvert we drove along a small creek bottom which had been in corn that summer, and the stalks, still standing, showed that the yield had been very light. The ground was weedy and parched and showed the effects of an overflow some time during the growing season. I remarked to the driver, partly in order to take his mind from the little experience we had had:

"Those spindling corn-stalks seem to show that the crop there this year was very light."

"Yes," he returned, as he felt for his bottle, "we had a great fluency of rain here last spring!"

We left Ohio on our return trip to Oregon on November 6, and by that time the trees were swept perfectly bare of their leaves and the storms had begun. There had already been quite a snow-storm in Wisconsin and in Ohio the rains were freely interspersed with spitting snow. It was very disagreeable and we were glad to turn our faces once more to the Pacific Coast. As we passed across Wisconsin there were large patches of snow still on the ground here and there and I remarked to my wife, as we were looking at the dreary scene: "Isn't it strange that people will live in this climate when there is room for millions of people on the Pacific Coast, where the climate is always temperate, and where even now the trees are bearing their leaves?"

As we were traveling through Minnesota the outlook was still more cheerless, and I frequently remarked how singular it was that people would settle in such a country, and remain there, when they had surely heard of the magnificent climate of the Coast.

In Dakota it was worse, if possible. Passing through a blizzard, we saw herds of cattle and sheep, here and there, huddled together for mutual protection. We later crossed Montana and the outlook was still more discouraging. It was colder and the snow was flying on a level at a speed of eighty miles an hour—at least, so it seemed.

On the same car with us was a man whose home was in Helena, Montana. At the time of which I am writing, our train was speeding along through a most terrific wind-storm, interspersed with a "fluency" of snow, and I was saying to my wife:

"Just take note of that, will you? Isn't it awful? And right now in the Willamette valley all the trees still have their foliage and people are picking apples. No doubt there are late raspberries to be had, here and there, and every thing is lovely. I can't understand why people will live in such a country as this when, by making a trip of only forty-eight hours, they can leave it all behind them. Most of them have surely heard of Oregon and——"

Just then a brakesman entered the car and shouted: "Helena!"

And, sure enough, we could see the dome of the State Capitol in the distance. I was resuming my commentary on the mental condition of people who, having heard of Oregon, would yet remain in such a God-forsaken section, when somebody touched me on the shoulder. Looking up, I saw it was my Montana friend, who said, as he stooped to look out of our window while he was fastening his overcoat collar, which reached a foot above the top of his head:

"Well, sir, it does a fellow good to get back to God's country again."

He had been in New York for two weeks!

This circumstance served to open my eyes somewhat to the fact that the progress of any country or section depends altogether upon the loyalty of its citizens to its interests. There are no people anywhere more firmly attached to their State than the people of Montana, and few States have made greater strides in material development during the last generation.

After this remark by my Montana acquaintance I still marveled at his "make-up," provided he had ever heard of Oregon's matchless climate, but had a profound admiration for the fealty he exhibited toward the land of his adoption.

CHAPTER LIX

In the last chapter reference was made to Homer Davenport's share in making Mark Hanna famous in the campaign of 1896, and this suggests that, as he is an Oregon product, he deserves a word of special mention in these pages. His mother was my first cousin and I have known him well since his birth. He is the son of T. W. Davenport, one of Oregon's best known pioneers and public men, who died this summer at the age of eighty-seven years.

To those who have known Homer since his childhood, it will not seem an exaggeration to say that few men in this or any other day are justly entitled to more credit for the fame they have won than he. Until he was past twenty-one years of age he gave little promise, although he never had any bad habits, unless the indisposition to apply himself to anything which might prove of ultimate benefit to himself might be so termed. He had no educational advantages beyond those furnished in the common schools, and his most intimate acquaintances cannot recall any great application on his part even there. He was not given to applying himself steadily to any one thing. To be sure, he had a liking for sketching, wearing out every bit of chalk he could get hold of on old board fences, drawing figures of horses and chickens; but this was held to be a sad and distressing evidence of general worthlessness—to be discouraged, if possible.

When the old "narrow gauge" railroad was built through Silverton Homer's general shiftlessness and good nature drew him to the engineers and firemen, who, since much of their time was unoccupied, invited him to make the trip to the terminus, fifty miles farther south, as a diversion for themselves. In those days there was a train on that road each way every other day, and consequently there was ample time to indulge in sports of different kinds. It was about eighty miles from Portland to the terminus and it required all day to make the trip—one way. At that time the Chinese pheasants, which had been imported into Oregon some time previous, were becoming so plentiful that the ban against shooting them had been removed. It was the custom for the train to stop a dozen times a day, when a flock of pheasants was sighted, to permit the crew to make the rounds of the adjoining field with their guns, which they always carried for this purpose. They usually returned with a fine lot of birds. They did their own cooking at Ray's Landing—the terminus on the Willamette River where the men lived in a "bunk house," similar to a logging camp—and these contributions to the larder were always welcome.

This sort of life appealed strongly to Homer Davenport. He was a good shot, and the railroad men for that reason the more appreciated his company. Ordinarily, he would make his "keep" and some to spare.

Then, too, Homer was quite crazy about dogs. I may say the condition was mutual. A dog would make friends with him on sight, and the more friendless the dog, the more friendly it would be with him—especially if it was frightfully homely and bereft of any redeeming quality that would appeal to anybody else.

Not long since an ex-railroad man told me that one day he was running the engine on that road, with Homer as a helper, when they saw a dog standing in a field by the track, apparently without an owner. Homer at once begged the engineer to stop, as he wanted to investigate the situation and to get the dog, if possible, promising to meet the train at that point the next day. At the speed the train was running it was but a question of walking back fifty yards. So a stop was made and the engineer made the remainder of the run alone. But although he looked for Homer next day all along that stretch of track for ten miles he didn't see him—nor did he afterward see him for more than three weeks, when he came to the Silverton station one day, the dog by his side, to inquire how the engineer was getting along, anyway!

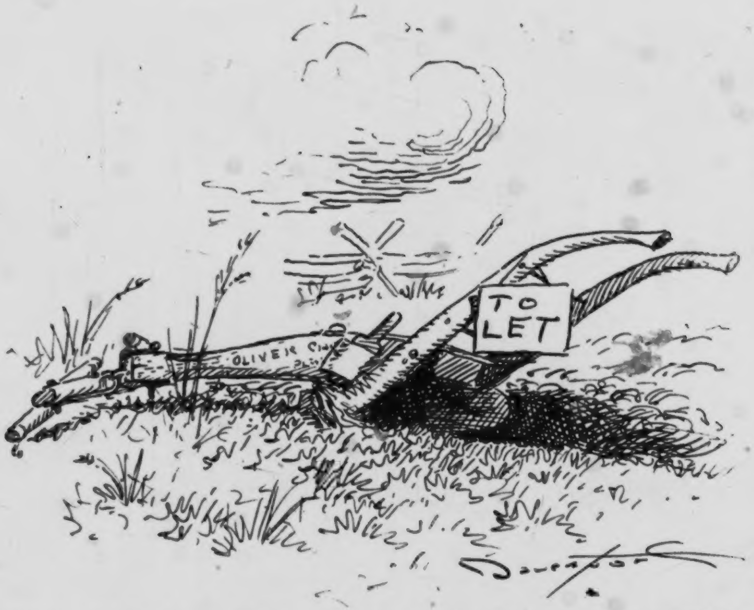
He himself has informed the public how he finally went to San Francisco and secured employment on one of Hearst's papers, after drifting about some time, and how, at the opening of the McKinley campaign in 1896, he was transferred to New York, where his merciless cartoons of Mark Hanna made him famous.

At the time Homer first went to San Francisco his father was troubled with a weak eye, on account of which he had for several years worn a leather "patch" over it. He had been so adorned when serving in the State Senate and, thus disfigured, was familiarly known to his acquaintances over the State. Within two weeks after Homer's tearful departure from Silverton a letter was received at the post-office there with no writing on the envelope but the address, "Silverton, Oregon." Just above the address, however, was a life-like picture of T. W. Davenport, arrayed in his slouch hat, long whiskers, and a patch over one eye—the latter slightly enlarged.

It was Homer's first popular cartoon, and after his father had read the letter the envelope was placed in the front window of the post-office where it was an attraction for the next ten days. The idea was illustrative of Homer's native wit and was one of the first indications of his future career as a successful cartoonist. The Silverton boys were all proud of that envelope and Frank Simeral, Matt Brown, Trent Hibbard, Milt. Fitzgerald and Tom Blackerby, as well as the "belle of Silverton," spent much of their time showing it to those who chanced to come into town from the country.

Within two weeks after the election in 1898, which was in June, I received a letter of congratulation from Homer. On the last page was a very clever cartoon—an Oliver Chilled plow, standing at rest in the field, and a placard hanging on the handle bearing the words, "To Let." It was very suggestive and was highly appreciated by me. It has been preserved to this day and will be found reproduced on one of the pages of this book.

By his native wit, agreeable presence, cultivated talent and association with the great men of the country, Homer Davenport has made a world-wide reputation of which the friends of his boyhood days, still living in and around Silverton and the beautiful Waldo Hills, are justly proud. This short chapter is dedicated to him in memory of the early days when he was a barefoot boy begging doughnuts from his Grandmother Geer.



CARTOON BY HOMER DAVENPORT SENT TO THE AUTHOR FROM NEW YORK WHEN HE WAS ELECTED GOVERNOR IN JUNE, 1898, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

Facing Page 448

CHAPTER LX

Within a short time after the adjournment of the Legislature in February, 1899, a party consisting of State Senator A. W. Reed, of Douglas County, Hollister G. McGuire, State Fish Commissioner, Adjutant General B. B. Tuttle and myself, went to Roseburg for the purpose of locating a salmon hatchery at some point on the Umpqua River a few miles below that city, though General Tuttle and I intended to pay an official visit to the Soldier's Home, also.

Our presence in Roseburg was the occasion of a semi-public reception at our hotel during the evening which was attended by many of the prominent citizens. It was Reed's home county, and as he had just succeeded in securing the passage of a law creating a normal school at Drain, much of the attention of the people was justly given to him.

"Al" Reed was a prince of good fellows and no man enjoyed a practical joke more than he. That evening, among his home friends, he was at his best, greeted everybody with a hearty salutation, and passed cigars around among such of them as were smokers. He had purchased a half-dozen small explosives which he secreted in the "front end" of several cigars, the result being that, in a few moments, the fire having ignited the mixture, an explosion would occur that for an instant frightened the victim completely out of his wits. This joke had been played on several of the visitors as they came in, those previously victimized enjoying the game to the utmost. It certainly was great fun.

Toward the latter part of the evening Representative J. T. Bridges came in, and Reed, having no loaded cigar at the moment, retired to his room across the hall to prepare one out of a bunch of three. Upon returning he offered one to Bridges, which he affably accepted, and took one of the others himself. The crowd awaited developments, their eyes in the meantime fixed on Bridges. When the time had arrived for the worst to happen to Bridges, there was a fearful explosion in the direction of Reed, and the cloud of smoke enveloping his head, together with the frightened and surprised countenance he presented, served to show that he was the victim of his own joke.

The entire assemblage at once gathered around Reed, and while the house rang with shouts of laughter, he was hauled here and there, stripped of his coat and vest and made to submit to the application of a huge wet towel, though he was not hurt at all. The only man in the crowd who seemed nonplussed at the proceedings was Bridges.

During the same evening McGuire surprised even his most intimate friends by giving several recitals which proved him a skilled elocutionist, an accomplishment which few were aware he possessed. The evening was one long to be remembered by those present as one of especial enjoyment among friends of long standing.

The next morning Reed, McGuire and a few others boarded the train for Winchester, ten miles away, at the point where the road crosses the North Umpqua. Here they took a skiff and proceeded down the river for the purpose of inspecting locations which might be available for the establishment of a fish hatchery. The trip could have been made just as well by land, and the danger of passing through the rapids every few miles was clearly explained. But this warning seemed only to make Reed more determined to make the journey by water; he knew every foot of the river, he said, and was not at all afraid.

They finally secured a skiff at Winchester—not a very good one at that—and proceeded down the river. About five miles from their starting point one of the men remarked that he seemed to hear the roaring of water just beyond the bend they were approaching. While they drifted and listened, they whirled around an abrupt turn in the river and before anything could be done toward effecting a landing their frail bark was drawn into the angry, boiling water and overturned. One of the men was able to swim to the shore. While he was struggling, he afterward said, he saw Reed clinging to the overturned boat, but he was never seen afterward. McGuire was not seen at all, but a week later his body was found a few miles below; Reed's was recovered months afterward. Thus sadly ended a trip that began under circumstances that promised the highest degree of pleasure.

General Tuttle and I visited the Soldiers' Home that afternoon. While resting at the hotel, about four o'clock, a runner came from Winchester bearing the news that Reed and his party had been drowned. For some time it was thought the report was one of Reed's jokes, attempted at the expense of those who had expressed their fears for the safety of the party, and not until the report came again, with some of the particulars of the tragedy, did the city awake to a realization of what had actually happened.

"Al" Reed was a member of the Lower House in the Legislature of 1891, when I was Speaker, and I had become warmly attached to him as a man of splendid impulses and great activity. He was elected to the State Senate in 1896, had been a member of that body during the famous "hold-up" session of '97, and at the time of his death had just completed his term of office. His home was at Gardner, at the mouth of the Umpqua River, and he was one of its leading business men, being extensively engaged in the dairy and sawmill business.

Hollister McGuire was less well known than Reed, but he had been a very efficient Fish Commissioner and had made a thorough study of the mysterious habits of the Chinook salmon, his report on that question having added much to the meager information then possessed. His death was a distinct loss to the State of Oregon.

Through McGuire's activity a State hatchery had been established on the Clackamas River about sixty miles east of its confluence with the Willamette River, and as members of the State Fish Commission, Treasurer Moore, Secretary of State Dunbar and myself visited that place in the fall of 1900. Accompanying us was F. C. Reed, successor to McGuire and State Senator Andrew C. Smith, of Multnomah, who went along by invitation. The trip is most delightful at any time during the summer or fall months. It is well back in the Cascade Mountains, the last twenty miles being made over a trail on riding-horses and packhorses. The scenery is not to be surpassed anywhere. Part of the trail runs on the top of ridges at least a mile above the river, which at some points may be seen winding its way towards the west like a thread of silver among the great trees, losing itself as it abruptly darts around some bluff or rock which, perhaps, towers above it fully one thousand feet. Mt. Jefferson is not far away and Mt. Hood can frequently be seen from the highest points of the trail.

At the hatchery we found a goodly representation of the Warm Spring Indians already present, their purpose being to secure the dead salmon which the hatchery men throw away after the eggs have been taken from them. These they dry for their winter use by smoking them over a slow fire. A female salmon always dies after spawning, but postpones this operation until she reaches the highest possible point of the stream she selects for this purpose. After entering fresh water, the salmon refuses food and, as may be imagined, by the time she has traveled against the swift waters of a mountain stream for a week she is not a very attractive object upon which to feast. The last thing a female salmon does is to die (!), and the next to the last thing is to spawn. It is in this condition the hatchery men find them, and by catching them in seines and killing them, the eggs are taken from them and hatched artificially.

But the Indians are not too particular. All fish look alike to them. I remember that when we arrived there was a large salmon lying at the bottom of the pond which, the men said, had been there for at least ten days.

Presently we saw an Indian dive for it. He secured it after the third trial and added it to his rare collection of smokable delicacies.

One morning, after the stripping of the eggs from all the female salmon that appeared to be "ripe," we went down the river a hundred yards to watch the Indians drying salmon. We found they had erected frames of poles, about six feet from the ground, on which they hung their fish and keeping slow fires beneath them until the consistency—and odor, I suppose—had reached a satisfactory state. They had about two hundred fish then in all stages of preservation,—though that is really not the correct word to use in this connection.

There was a young squaw sitting on the ground near a large fir tree, engaged in weaving a basket. None of us had ever before seen an Indian basket in the course of construction and the process was quite interesting. We stood about ten feet in the rear of the young woman, who was, apparently, unconscious of our presence, after the manner of the true Indian, and never looked in our direction. Finally I said to my companions: "Why not open a conversation with the copper colored beauty?" Having made the suggestion, I was importuned to try the experiment. I had before this remarked that when a boy in Salem I was a master of the Chinook jargon and could talk it perfectly. This, then, they said, was my opportunity. There was a young papoose strapped to a board, leaning against the tree, to whom the woman would occasionally direct a look or word, apparently of reassurance. Assuming that she was the mother of the kid and, following the same line of reasoning, concluding that she had a husband, I began:

"Kah mika—man?" I failed to recall the Chinook word for husband, so substituted the English word, the question being: "Where is your husband?"

Without showing by her manner the slightest indication of a knowledge of our presence or that she had been spoken to, she replied:

"Home."

This "come back" in English at once subjected me to the jibes of my companions and there was a perceptible smile on the face of the woman. Not to be outdone, or undone, I went at it again.

"Mica—man—mammook—baskets?"

My question was an inquiry if her husband could make baskets, couched, to be sure, in mixed Chinook and English. Without showing any special interest in the matter, she answered:

"Nope."

Another round of laughter, tinged with ridicule, came from my heartless associates; but this only spurred me on, so I said:

"Then mica man cultus man?" the meaning of which was intended to be, "Your husband is no account then?"

And here came a revelation, to wit, that an Indian is not altogether devoid of the sense of humor. With a quickness that was surprising, the woman for the first time showed some interest in the conversation and, turning toward me slightly, though keeping at her work, said:

"Do you make baskets?"

Then I knew what was coming, and so did my villainous companions, who made no effort to restrain their merriment over my discomfiture. Of course, I made the answer that I knew nothing of the art of making baskets, when she retorted quickly:

"Then you are a 'cultus' man."

At this the two-legged hyenas who were standing around, and who I had supposed were my friends, exhibited every known symptom of insanity, some of them falling prone upon the ground and shouting like the lunatics they were.

The fact was, the girl had attended the school at the Government Agency at Warm Spring and could speak as good English as anybody, and didn't use any other language except upon special occasions—and this was not one of them.

This incident proves that one never knows what is coming when talking to a stranger anyway, even if the other man, or woman, be white. I recall that when living on my farm in the Waldo Hills, I heard one day that the old Elijah Smith place had been purchased by a man from Ohio. The newcomer had been in possession of his home for three months before I happened to meet him, though I had heard that he was a very talkative man and grew well acquainted with you at first sight.

One afternoon I was in the road between the house and barn when a man came along driving a team and, stopping, asked me, after calling my name, if I had any relatives in Ohio. I told him I had, that my father was born there and that many of the family name had been in that State for over half a century.

"Well," he said, "I lived in Lima, in that State, for twenty years, and there was a man there of your name, a lawyer, who had one side or the other in every important case in the Circuit Court at every term. He nearly always won his side of the case, too, was a popular public speaker and always in demand during political campaigns. Everybody liked him and——"

"Oh, well," I interrupted, "from the description I know he was one of our family, and close in, at that."

"It might be," was his quick reply, "but he had a brother in the insane asylum," and I was left stranded, wondering what had become of my attempt at facetiousness.

That reminds me of a circumstance that occurred during the summer of 1902. I was invited by Colonel Judson, the industrial agent of the O. R. & N. Co., to visit his experimental farm in the Walla Walla valley. After we had inspected his ranch and the results of dry farming, we went to the Marcus Whitman monument, some miles out of town, which is erected on a low hill overlooking the spot where Dr. Whitman was massacred by the Cayuse Indians in November, 1847. After our return to Walla Walla, Levi Ankeny, afterward United States Senator from Washington, entertained our party at the Commercial Club. Ankeny is the richest man in the State of Washington, though in his early days he ran a pack-train from the Umatilla Landing to Lewiston. His boyhood was spent in Oregon, his father having been one of the pioneers of Portland. Levi Ankeny owns several large wheat ranches in the Palouse country which he rents out, but each fall he visits his farms during harvesting time, gratifying his great liking for hunting at the same time.

The year before our visit he had gone as usual to his farms in August and, dressed in the garb of the ordinary hunter, was going from field to field with his gun on his shoulder, bagging an occasional bird and inspecting the result of the year's efforts.

Coming to one field where a steam thresher was at work, he walked through the heavy stubble to where the huge engine was driving the machine. It was one of the kind that burns straw for fuel, but Ankeny, as he stood there, saw the fireman throwing large forksful of headed wheat into the furnace. After he had done this several times, Ankeny approached him and said:

"I see you burn headed wheat in this engine, though it is a straw burner."

"Yep," replied the fireman, as he pitched another forkful of wheat into the furnace and slammed the door shut. He paid no attention to Ankeny, save to show his annoyance at being bothered by a stray hunter.

After a minute Ankeny said:

"But I'd think the man who owns this grain wouldn't like you to use his wheat this way when there is an abundance of straw which will be burned in bulk afterward to get it out of the way. Burning wheat, when it is ninety cents a bushel, is an expensive proposition, don't you think?"

At this the man opened the door again, hurled a lot of the wheat into the devouring flames and said, as he slammed the door shut and wiped a stream of perspiration from his face with his sleeve:

"Oh, the man that owns all this country is an old duffer down to Walla Walla that is so rich, they say, that he doesn't know what to do with his money. Don't make no difference to him. Besides, he'll never know anything about it."

Ankeny said the assurance and composure of the fellow were so sublime that he said nothing further to him—but that night the whole "outfit" moved out of his field and the job was finished by other and more conscientious men.

All of which illustrates how necessary it is, in exchanging confidences, to be sure you are right well acquainted with the other fellow—and even then feel your way with some caution.

Speaking of loyalty to one's State or community reminds me of an instance occurring in Oregon a few years ago that forcibly illustrates the value of such fidelity and the tangible results of advertising, as the newspapers say.

In June, 1902, the national gathering of the Ancient Order of United Workmen met in Portland. After its adjournment the delegates made a trip to Astoria, whose people treated them to a huge salmon bake. After the repast was over one of the leading men of the party related this circumstance:

"Oregon is a great country—great far beyond our most exaggerated anticipations. Here we are at the mouth of the Columbia River and I am going to tell you how it all happened.

"I was a visitor to the Omaha Exposition in 1898, and while passing through the Oregon exhibit there saw on a plate what purported to be three cherries. They were so very large, so far beyond anything in the cherry line that I had ever dreamed of, that I said to my companion, 'That is a pretty good representation of a cherry, isn't it?' and he agreed with me.

"There was a young man behind the table, in charge of things, and I said to him: 'Big cherries, aren't they?' 'Yes,' he said, 'fairly good size.' He said it so unaffectedly that I admired him for his coolness in trying to fool a visitor more than I did the excellent art which had produced such a faithful representation of a cherry. In a moment, however, when his back was turned, I picked up one of them, disregarding the sign 'Hands Off," and I must confess to you that I was never more surprised in my life than to discover that it was a real, red-blooded cherry. I replaced it on the plate and went my way, wondering what sort of a country Oregon was, anyway.

"Last year while our National Convention was in session I was engaged in some committee work one day when I had occasion to pass through the Convention hall. The delegates were considering the always interesting and more or less exciting question as to where they would next meet, when I heard a delegate call the name of Portland, Oregon. At once I recalled that cherry at Omaha, and it occurred to me that I would like to see the country that could produce such a wonderful specimen of luscious fruit as that was. I always go to these great gatherings, so I stopped right there and then, got into the fray, rustled around among my friends, inducing them to vote for Portland and, by a very small margin, we won out.

"So, here we are, friends, eight hundred of us, coming from every part of these United States, all of us boosters, and when we go to our respective homes in all the States, we will have endless good things to say to an almost endless number of people about this great country—and it all comes about on account of that phenomenally big cherry you had on exhibition at Omaha in 1898."

CHAPTER LXI

At the last minute of the last night of the session of the Legislature in 1901 John H. Mitchell was elected to the United States Senate for his fourth and last term. The term of George W. McBride was about to expire, and though he was a candidate for re-election and had the support of Mitchell, he could not secure a sufficient number of votes to insure his success at any time. A number of Republicans warmly supported Mitchell who would not vote for McBride, and it was freely and publicly said during the entire contest that the ultimate purpose was to prevent McBride's election, though ostensibly favoring him, until the last moment, when the "game" was to bring Mitchell into the race and force his election under the guise of a necessity to avoid a vacancy in the Senate.

H. W. Corbett was an active candidate against both McBride and Mitchell and remained in the field until the very last minute, but he could never muster the required number of votes. Therefore, "as a last resort," and "according to program," as many said, the name of Mitchell was sprung just before adjournment and, amid one of the most exciting experiences ever seen or felt in a Senatorial election, he was chosen by receiving the necessary forty-six votes fully fifteen minutes after the hour fixed for adjournment had arrived.

A ballot had been taken five minutes before midnight, the last to be had—which was realized,—and Mitchell, after the result had been canvassed, still lacked one vote. There were at least twenty of his faithful adherents on the floor of the House working "like beavers" among such members as they considered doubtful supporters of Corbett, urging them personally, "for God's sake," to change to Mitchell and not "disgrace the State and themselves by adjourning without electing a Senator."

Mitchell was not chosen on the first ballot after his name had been presented, and this sort of personal soliciting had been prosecuted vigilantly for an hour.

When it was known, however, that the last ballot was taken, and there still lacked one vote, there was such skirmishing and rushing about among the members as one would scarcely believe would be tolerated in a legislative body. When that scene is recalled, with a faithful picture of all its sidelights, one can scarcely wonder at the tenacity with which the people cling to and support what is known as the present "Oregon System" of Senatorial elections.

The result of the last vote had been counted by Charles W. Fulton; but he knew, as did every man in the vast audience of spectators, that there was lacking one vote and that there was no election. Fulton saw there were a score of men on the floor darting here and there among the members, working like mad trying to induce some one man to change his vote—any man,—and for this reason did not "see" the clerk, who himself had delayed the matter until he could not invent another reason for not presenting the tally to the presiding officer. But with the skill of a trained politician, and with that fidelity to Mitchell which he had always displayed, Fulton continued to watch the efforts of those who were begging members to change their votes "to save the good name of the State," and "overlooked" the clerk, who held the tally sheet as high as he could reach.

Finally, three men surrounded Mattoon, of Douglas County, who had supported Corbett loyally through the entire contest, and, with tears in their voices, if not in their eyes, urged him "for the love of the State and for his own good name to be the one man who would subordinate his personal desires to the public welfare and change to Mitchell." Literally, they lifted him to his feet and, as he stood, he addressed the presiding officer. This was the signal for a possible change, and at once the tremendous din which filled the house ceased, as it was realized that something was to happen.

I was standing by the side of Mitchell in the large committee room which joins the Representative Hall on the northeast, from the connecting door of which we could see the proceedings. When Mattoon rose to his feet and remained "put" after his "assailants" had taken their hands off him, I said to Mitchell:

"Senator, there is your forty-sixth vote."

"No," he said, and his face was not more barren of color when I saw him in his coffin a few years later, "that's Mattoon, and he is merely going to give his reason for not changing his vote."

But Mattoon said:

"Mr. President, as is well known, my choice for United States Senator has been, and is at this moment, Hon. H. W. Corbett, but it is now plain to be seen that he cannot be elected; therefore, in order that we may not adjourn without the election of a Senator I change my vote to Hon. John H. Mit———,"

At that moment such a yell arose in that hall as seemed to jar the very foundations of the Capitol itself, and as it has recently been claimed that it is not really safe, and that cracks are to be seen in its walls, my opinion is that the damage was begun at that time.

It was not generally known that Mitchell was a spectator of the dramatic scene; but of course a few knew where he was, and when the vote was finally declared, he was called for by thousands of voices and, almost carried on the shoulders of a score of friends, was taken to the President's platform where he made a very felicitous address, thanking the legislators for their "partiality" and expressing his gratitude for their "continued confidence," etc.

And that was John H. Mitchell's last election to the United States Senate. Before that term expired he was in his grave, safe from further political or personal attack, sent hither prematurely, it is generally admitted, by reason of his prosecution for complicity in land frauds against the Government.

The election of Mitchell in 1901 was marked by a surprise to the people of Oregon in that it was accepted with good grace by Harvey W. Scott, the veteran editor of the *Oregonian,* his political and personal enemy during a bitter warfare of thirty years' duration. Asked for an explanation of his abandonment of the "fight against Mitchell" by those who had been his warmest supporters in that ugly crusade, and who were not disposed to permit any cessation of it merely because he had been successful again, Mr. Scott said, in substance: "What's the use? Shall it be continued until the end? And for what? The people of Oregon appear to like Mitchell, and nothing appeals to them as against Mitchell's personality. I'm done. If anybody wants to keep up the fight, well and good, but I am getting along in years and do not propose to follow further the fight against Mitchell."

And he did not. Even during Mitchell's last days—days of sorrow, adversity and of disgrace—Mr. Scott avoided any personal spleen in the discussion of the affair and they were, at least on the surface, good friends. On Mitchell's return to Portland, after his election in 1901, his friends gave a little supper in his honor, and my recollection is that Mr. Scott was present and extended his congratulations. Afterward they frequently met in public and private, and gave every evidence of a disposition to forget the bitterness of the past and to recognize that they were both gray-haired men who had reached that time of life when charity is a better personal characteristic than malevolence and persecution.

For thirty years the "fight between Scott and Mitchell" was the dominating factor in Oregon political life. All the difficulties of the Republican party, and they have been legion, have been directly traceable to the break between these two really strong men when they were both young, and such successes as the Democratic party has had in this State can be as directly followed to that source.

Mitchell and Scott were as unlike in temperament and method as it is possible for two men to be. Scott was able, irascible, unrelenting in his pursuit of an antagonist, and during the fifty years of his active life had at his disposal a newspaper of wide circulation, which last leverage he did not fail to use to its fullest power. And it was great. He was a very positive man, courageous, without question, and a master in the use of incisive English. He was a born fighter and critic. It was usually only the man whom he thought wrong that he discussed in the *Oregonian*. His opinion was, evidently, that to do right is to be expected of a man, and as long as that was his course, he was not worth a mention; but the moment he espoused a cause or expressed an opinion that Scott thought wrong, or incorrect, his vitriolic pen was brought into service with a vigor that compelled one's admiration—provided it was the other fellow who was under consideration!

Some men have been thought to have a "double," but Harvey Scott had none. For forty years he had at his command the only paper in Oregon which had any considerable circulation; the *Oregonian* was of such character that it "printed all the news" and was read by the general public of all parties. Whatever Mr. Scott said was known and commented upon everywhere, and his opinions were not successfully combated for the reason that there was no way of disseminating an opposite opinion. He could belittle a cause, or a man, before thousands of people, and the other side was powerless to retaliate because there was no possible way of reaching the public ear.

It was the reason, I think, that Mr. Scott developed in the course of his lifetime an overbearing disposition. He had little patience with opposition. He could batter down by the sheer force of his powerful pen, aided by the unopposed circulation of the *Oregonian*, any man or cause which incurred his displeasure and, quite naturally, in the course of forty years of such experience, to dominate became his second nature.

Mr. Scott was a man of moods. A visit to his sanctum was always the occasion of speculation on the part of the caller as to the kind of reception he would receive. Sometimes he would be the very personification of affability and his greeting would be effusive to a degree, but on other occasions he would look like a cloud-bank portending a Texas cyclone. But it may at least be said in his defense that he was not hypocritical.

I remember that I once called upon him, while in Portland, during the days when I lived on the farm, and found him decidedly in what might be called the "dumps." He was in his familiar coatless costume and hard at work at his desk. After the usual greetings, I said:

"Well, how are you getting along, Mr. Scott?"

"Oh, poorly enough!" was his reply. "Working myself to death and getting little for it. If there's nothing in life but ceaseless hard work, what is it all worth?"

"But," I said, "you have built up a great newspaper here, and at least have made a name for yourself that is well and favorably known all over the United States."

"There's nothing in a so-called great name," he replied. "You are missed and mourned for a day after you are gone, and that is the last of a 'great name'?"

"But, even if that were so," I continued, endeavoring to lead him into a more cheerful train of thought, "here is the *Oregonian*, which is admired and quoted everywhere for its ability and enterprise. It is something to have been identified with it as its editor for thirty years and more."

As we were talking, we were standing by one of the windows in Mr. Scott's editorial rooms. From that great elevation we could clearly see Mt. Hood, fifty miles away, presenting one of the most magnificent pictures which Nature's brush has painted anywhere on the face of the earth. Mr. Scott resumed:

"But the *Oregonian* can never have a big circulation. If I had cast my lot in New York or Chicago I might have something to show for my endless toil; but as it is, we have only a narrow strip up the valley and eastern

Oregon on which to draw for support—and what does that amount to—what does it promise? Now, look at that mountain out there"—pointing to Mt. Hood—"how far do you suppose it is through it at its base?"

"Oh, about twenty miles, perhaps," I answered, not seeing the drift of the conversation.

"Well," he continued, "then it covers in the neighborhood of four hundred square miles, a huge pile of rocks that we call beautiful—and it does well enough to look at. But suppose it was a prairie country, like Illinois—there would be thousands of readers of the *Oregonian* where now there is not one!"

And, of course, there was no fitting answer to *that*.

Another phase of Mr. Scott's moods was shown when I called upon him, in answer to his request, just before the Astoria Convention in 1898. There were two Republican conventions in Multnomah County that year, the "Mitchell" and the "Simon," each electing a full delegation to the State convention, and the situation promised much trouble there. I had already carried Marion County in the contest for the nomination for Governor, which virtually settled the matter in my favor, but I was not the real choice of either faction in Multnomah County, though they seemed to have acquiesced in the sentiment which prevailed in the State at large.

I had gone to Portland to see Mr. Scott on the day these two conventions met, though I did not know the date of the approaching events. I was talking to a friend in the old "Multopor" Club rooms when somebody 'phoned the news that the Mitchell convention had passed resolutions warmly endorsing me for Governor. This was a surprise, since I had not expected it and did not know the convention was in session, and, furthermore, I had not yet seen Mr. Scott, and was fearful lest such action would incense him and, possibly, turn his support from me, since he had been an active advocate of Governor Lord's renomination.

It was for this reason that I went to the *Oregonian* office, dreading that I should find Mr. Scott in a great rage. But when I entered his office he was in the best of humor, which led me to surmise that, since he did not mention the fact, he had not yet heard the news of the action of the Mitchell convention. This made the siuation more disagreeable than ever, as it now devolved upon me to break the news to him, and to be a witness of the explosion which was sure to follow. After a few minutes I said:

"Have you heard what the Mitchell convention has done, Mr. Scott?"

"No," he said, looking up with an expression of inquiry, "what has it done now?"

"Why, it passed resolutions endorsing my candidacy," I said, expecting the worst.

"Well," he said, with the utmost calmness, "you want all the support you can get—anybody does, always." It was one of Mr. Scott's good days.

Mr. Scott was a very vigorous man physically, as well as mentally, and was in robust health until an unexpected complication appeared in the early part of 1910. In August of that year, accompanied by his family, he went to Baltimore for a consultation with an eminent specialist, but was unable to rally from the effects of an operation and died on Sunday afternoon, August 7. In his honor memorial services were held at Pacific University, Forest Grove, on September 29. In closing my estimate of this truly great man I cannot do better than to incorporate here the following address, delivered by me on that occasion:

> At the close of Mr. Scott's life it could have been truly said that he had filled a larger place in the history of the State of Oregon than had any other man—and this is in itself a wonderful tribute when it is remembered that Oregon has had its full share of men who have won their way to an eminent place in the annals of the nation. But Mr. Scott's life-work was in an entirely different channel from that of his contemporaries, and comparisons of relative merit or intellectual powers are, therefore, impossible. It has been

well said by some one that he graduated from this institution in a class by himself and remained in that class during his entire career.

In approaching the duty of saying a few words as to Mr. Scott's work and his characteristics, temperamentally, I find myself confronted by the impression that he was a man most difficult to analyze, though this is made much easier when it is accompanied by the reflection that his work was of such nature that it in large measure prevented his association with his fellows. The performance of the stupendous ends he accomplished week in and week out, not only for a decade but for nearly fifty years, never permitted any loitering or other waste of time. And beyond this was the necessary preparation which supplied the foundation for the intellectual battles he waged all this time in a manner which, whatever else may have been said by his adversaries, never failed for want of dynamic force nor revealed any lack of familiarity with the essential facts. And this concession was always made by his opponents.

To those who take the time fairly to study Mr. Scott's life-work, therefore, the reason for his apparent moroseness or lack of affability is easily understood. The wonder is that he could find sufficient time during his waking hours to qualify himself for the duties he undertook and which he performed with such marked ability. He was never unprepared, and his preparedness meant not only a familiarity with the literature of the day—newspaper, magazine, periodical and book—but a sustained knowledge of ancient history in all its bearings upon modern questions, political, religious, social and economic. In this connection I feel disposed to say that I believe Mr. Scott was widely conversant with more subjects than any other man who has taken part in the public affairs of Oregon, and this will probably be universally conceded. Indeed, the boundaries of Oregon might be extended to include the nation itself without bringing to light a very great number of serious competitors in this respect.

And all this is not to be wrought by the idler or the man who is prone to build up a reputation as a "hail fellow well met." To the man who has had to do with a daily newspaper, even of the more unpretentious sort, the value of time down to hours and minutes is understood to be a matter of vital importance, and there are many times each day when the editor has not a moment to spare, even with his best friend, from the duties which call for immediate attention. At such a time, if a man with an idle hour on his hands drops in for a chat with the editor, he is likely to meet with a reception strikingly lacking in that effusive cordiality which he thoughtlessly and fondly expected.

In other words, the busy editor of a great daily newspaper is necessarily a man who lives much to himself and gradually becomes the companion more of books and exchanges than of his personal friends and acquaintances.

I belong to the "Constant Reader" class of the *Oregonian,* having relied upon its news columns for information as to the world's doings and been a student of its editorial department for more than forty-five years. I remember quite well when Mr. Scott became connected with the paper and the marked improvement in its tone which people generally said was noticeable. Since the spring of 1869, now forty-one years ago, I have been a subscriber in my own name to the *Oregonian,* though at that time I was but eighteen years of age.

Aside from his family and his immediate associates and co-workers, I knew Mr. Scott as well, perhaps, as did almost any other man, and I desire to bear this testimony to the undoubted fact that he was in great measure misunderstood by the body of the people of Oregon, to whose welfare, material, moral and social, he devoted the best years of his life. He never traveled over the State, seldom visited the State Fair, for instance; rarely, if ever, paid a visit to the smaller towns; was an entire stranger to most of its interesting localities off the main line of its railroads—and for these reasons was not well known personally to many of its people. And yet, for all this, he was in close communication with a greater number of the citizens of Oregon every day in the year for half a century, and upon a greater variety of subjects in which they were vitally interested, than any other twenty-five men whom the State has produced during that time.

Mr. Scott's aggressiveness was proverbial, for he was in no wise a "mollycoddle." Upon all questions of general concern his opinions were firm and his expression of them was always outspoken. During the many bitter contests that have been waged in this State during the past forty years Mr. Scott was always on the firing line, and the files of the *Oregonian* during that time bear eloquent witness to his magnificent fighting qualities, and usually to his superior generalship. On the greater questions of national import he was able, by reason of his comprehension of underlying principles, as established by the experience of mankind, to take the right side and his greater claim to fame rests upon the fact that he was a deep thinker and a ripe scholar. He was not to be moved from safe ground, as proven by the experience and experiments of other people, by the clamor of the hour or the mouthings of the demagogue. Here is where Mr. Scott stood as a mighty sentinel for the people's good, and though for a time he might stand alone, he never swerved from an unquestioned loyalty to his convictions. This marked him as a great man among his compeers and both created and sustained his reputation—wide as the nation—as one of the few great editors of his generation.

In this connection it should be said that in the successful career which Mr. Scott made for himself during fifty years of persistent endeavor he was very fortunate in his environments, for at the time of his graduation, and when he was in search of a vocation, Portland, then in its infancy, was just beginning to attract attention as the coming chief city of the Northwest, and the *Oregonian* was taking its place as probably the leading newspaper of the new country. To this should be added the other favorable circumstance that the paper was directed then and ever since by a business man of unusual sagacity; it lacked only a man well qualified as an able and vigorous editorial writer. A great emergency, if it may be properly termed such, was calling for a man fully prepared to accomplish great things and Mr. Scott, who was but little past his majority and not yet fully settled, appeared as the right man at the right place at the right time. Twenty years later, or ten, or at any time since this would not have been possible, but it must be said of Mr. Scott that he fully met the requirements of the situation then and signally filled the succeeding demands of a great business as it reached out into every section of the Northwest.

From personal conversations with him I know that at times Mr. Scott felt, that, in a sense, his would have been a greater fame had his lot been cast in one of the larger Eastern cities, since he realized through the restricted opportunities presented in a sparsely populated section of the country his efforts through a half-century of persistent application would have been better appreciated had his field included millions of the people instead of thousands. Nevertheless, his attachment to the "Oregon Country" was deep as its lovely rivers, high as its majestic mountains and broad as its fertile plains. He was distinctly loyal to its every interest, had an abiding faith in its great future and felt an unbounded admiration for the pioneer men and women who wrested it from the savages and who did so much toward transforming it into the magnificent commonwealth which it is to-day.

Considering the great work he was doing for the material and moral uplift of the people of the Northwest, and that he had at his disposal one of the best newspapers of the United States as a vehicle for reaching them every day, Mr. Scott's death may be regarded as the deepest affliction which the King of Shadows has wrought upon them, as a whole, since the days of the intrepid Whitman and the generous McLoughlin. In the very nature of things no one man will ever take his place, for the position he filled in Oregon journalism will never be open to another. There are thousands of native Oregonians of my age, or near it, who cannot remember anything of importance relating to the history of the state in which Harvey W. Scott was not an active character on the public stage and an influential moulder of public opinion. To us, especially, his death leaves a void which seems ever present, as the removal of a principal figure in a cherished landscape materially alters and apparently dwarfs every other feature which has hitherto seemed of transcendent beauty.

The name of Harvey W. Scott is writ large in the history of the State he did so much to exploit, and after life's fitful fever he has passed on to the land of the Great Unknown. He came from the common people, was the product of early self-denial and persistent industry, was an exponent of the simple life, which he illustrated in his daily methods of living, hated cant and mere pretense, was a great student, was a most genial companion when the demands of duty would permit it, conducted a great newspaper which was kept comparatively free from those things which should not be read in the home, and, better than these, he was a kind father and a devoted husband. More than this can rarely be said of any man.

In many respects the career of John H. Mitchell has not been duplicated by that of any other public man in the history of the United States. He was a candidate for the United States Senate in 1866 and was defeated by the narrowest margin; was again a candidate in 1872, and elected; was retired at the end of his term in 1878; was again a candidate in 1882, but defeated; was again elected in 1885 by the aid of Democratic votes; was reelected in 1891 without opposition in his party—for the first time; was defeated in 1897 by his enemies who prevented the organization of the Legislature with that end in view; was again elected in 1901 and in the middle of his term was indicted in the Federal courts for complicity in land frauds against the Government, was tried, convicted and sentenced to pay a heavy fine and to a term of imprisonment, the latter of which he escaped only by the interposition of the King of Shadows.

Yet, there is no doubt that, if the matter could have been left to a popular vote of the people of Oregon after the verdict had been rendered, they would have given him an overwhelming endorsement and a ringing exoneration from all blame, for there is a general belief among the people he served so long and faithfully that he was literally "hounded to his grave" on the thinnest of technicalities.

Kind hearted to a fault, he had at all times left nothing undone for his constituents that was within his power to accomplish and, especially, was due to him, more than to any other dozen men, the National aid to the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland in 1905, the result of which, as a means of advertising the great resources of Oregon, has been worth more in the material advancement of the State than all that had preceded it since the first settlement of the Northwest. Concerning this latter public service, Harvey W. Scott, his lifelong political enemy, wrote him the following letter on November 28, 1903, Mr. Scott being the President of the Board of Directors of the Centennial Exposition:

> *Hon. John H. Mitchell, United States Senate, Washington, D. C.*
>
> My Dear Sir: On behalf of the Board of Directors of the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition I desire to extend to you our thanks for the earnest and efficient service you are rendering in bringing the claims of this Exposition forward for National recognition. It is impossible to imagine better work than you are doing in securing for this great undertaking the considerate attention of Congress and of the country.
>
> Such service, moreover, is appreciated by the whole people of Oregon and of the entire Northwest. Wishing for you continued health and success in all your work, I am,
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> H. W. Scott.

A short time after the death of Senator Mitchell the State Bar Association held a meeting in Portland in honor of his memory, at which the principal speaker was Hon. George H. Williams, Oregon's "grand old man," during the course of which he gave this estimate of the dead Senator's work and characteristics:

Ie represented every locality, every interest and every
r in the State. Whenever a citizen of the State
e him a letter he was sure of an answer, and when-
an Oregonian went to Washington while he was
e he was sure of kindness and civilities from the Sen-
He deserves to be remembered particularly for his
ts in behalf of the Lewis and Clark Centennial. He
r how to do things in Washington. He gave a
uet to which he invited a number of influential con-
smen and there, between the sherry and the cham-
e, he had them pledged to vote for an appropriation
he Fair. I was talking with a lady the other day
said the Senator had visited her house and, while
ersing about public affairs, referred to his work for
Lewis and Clark Fair. 'And now,' said he, 'my
to visit the grounds is hardly recognized,' and his
filled with tears as he made the remark. I have been
ed as a Mitchell man in the foolish differences in the
blican party, and will say here that I have been
rable to his election because, in my judgment, with
nfluence, experience and standing in the Senate he
l do more for Oregon than any other man who could
lected."

f the charge upon which Mitchell was tried and con-
d, General Williams said:

What I want to say is that there was no moral turpi-
in what he did. He injured no one, he wronged no
His employer willingly paid him for his labor.
. Everybody who knew Senator Mitchell knows
in thousands of cases he has rendered similar or
ter services for individuals in the departments with-
any compensation therefor. Such was his common
tice. In this particular instance he appears to have
ved fees, but there is little doubt that he would have
ered the same service upon request if no fees had
paid. . . . Senator Mitchell had a right to go
e departments to urge the issuing of patents for any
r lawful purpose, and, so far as his influence with the
rtments was concerned, it made no difference

whether he rendered his services gratuitously or not. He committed an error and not a crime.

"Senator Mitchell is now beyond the praise of friends or the malice of enemies. When the winter comes the flowers of summer fade, the leaves fall to the ground, the storm-clouds gather and there is gloom instead of sunshine, and so with Senator Mitchell; he has passed into the winter of life. All the summer flowers of his career had faded—the joyous fruits of his labor had perished—a storm-cloud gathered over his head and in its shadow he laid down and peacefully passed to where winter and storm can never disturb the serenity of God's eternal years. Senator Mitchell sleeps in the bosom of the State in which he lived so long and served so well, and if I were to erect a tombstone at the head of his grave, I would have no inscription on it but the name, 'John H. Mitchell,' and, underneath, in large and lasting letters, that beautiful, comforting and consoling word, 'Rest.'"

Senator Mitchell died on the 9th of December, 1905, five days before which event he had written a letter to his daughter, Mrs. J. P. Fawcett, in Canton, Ohio, in the course of which he said:

"My health is far from robust, the terrible strain through which I have passed during the last year is fast telling upon me, and I feel that I cannot stand it much longer. Oh, God! how I have wished many and many a time that I might have died before this disgrace came upon me, my children and my *State*. I have this one consolation, that notwithstanding the verdict of the jury, I am absolutely an innocent man."

At the meeting of the Bar Association, Judge William D. Fenton said:

"Had Senator Mitchell remained at the bar and devoted the time to himself and his family that he did to the people of Oregon and to his country in general, he would have been worth a million instead of a paltry estate of $3,000, against which are debts amounting to $10,000. This man sacrificed his life in the service of the State. He measured up to the standard of public usefulness."

The feeling at the time of Senator Mitchell's trial was that he was more sinned against than sinning, that through the promptings of a generous heart he merely did that for pay in a few instances which he did thousands of times without thought of remuneration, and that a useful public servant was sacrificed on the rising but ephemeral tide of "Muckrakism." If living to-day, in the face of all that was proven, though, indeed, he committed some errors, and did some foolish things as his troubles were approaching which operated against him during his trial, it would doubtless be a safe wager that few men, if any, could poll a higher popular vote for United States Senator than Hon. John H. Mitchell.

During the last days of Senator Mitchell's life he had no more devoted friend than Col. David M. Dunne, United States Collector of Internal Revenue, who, within a few weeks will begin a campaign for dollar subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a ten thousand dollar monument to the memory of Oregon's Senator who for a full generation stood so close to the hearts of the common people.

After thirty years of acrimonious warfare, Harvey W. Scott and John H. Mitchell, intellectual giants, are resting beneath the sod in Riverside Cemetery which overlooks the beautiful city of Portland, free from that strife that was theirs almost unceasingly for almost a full half-century.

CHAPTER LXII

There had been so many miscarriages and "hold-ups" in the various Senatorial elections in Oregon that one may not wonder at the conception and adoption of the "Oregon System,"—"Statement No. 1," as it is popularly called—by which members of the Legislature are required to pledge themselves to vote for that man who has previously been selected by the people as their choice for United States Senator,—irrespective of the political complexion of the candidate or the Legislature.

In 1882 Dolph was elected at the very end of the session, though Mitchell had been the caucus nominee and voted for from the beginning. In 1885 Hirsch was the caucus nominee, but the opposition was strong enough to defeat him and there was an adjournment without any election. In the fall of the year Governor Moody called a special session for the one purpose of choosing a Senator. In 1889 Dolph was re-elected on the first ballot, as was Mitchell two years later. But in 1895 there was a struggle which lasted until the last minute of the session, when McBride was elected, and in 1897 there was no organization of the House at all, in order to prevent the re-election of Mitchell.

Governor Lord appointed H. W. Corbett to fill the vacancy thus made, but after considering the matter for several months the Senate decided that, since the Legislature had been in session and had failed to elect a Senator, it was not within the power of the Governor to fill such a vacancy. As a result of that decision the Governor called a special session in October, 1898, at which time Joseph Simon was elected.

The deadlock in 1901 has just been described and its counterpart was had two years later. Thus, out of seven elections of United States Senators, five of them required the entire time of the session—two of these resulting in no election at all, and one of them in no organization of the House, with no legislation on any subject whatever.

It is a disgraceful record and furnishes abundant justification for the change which the people of the State have forced until such time as the Federal Constitution may be amended providing for the popular election of United States Senators.

The contest for United States Senator in the session of 1903 was different in one important respect from its predecessors in the line of deadlocks. At the preceding session there had been passed a law providing for a popular vote on Senators. It was known as the Mays law, for the reason that it had been introduced by Senator Pierce Mays and was fathered by those known as Mitchell Republicans for the purpose of forcing Senator Simon, whose term was just expiring, to a popular vote, the assumption being that on account of the charge against him of being a political "boss" he would not fare well in a popular vote and that his defeat would be more nearly assured than if it were left to the management of a Legislature—where he was as nearly "at home" as any man in Oregon. Simon had been a member of the State Senate for nearly twenty years and had been its president five times, occupying that position when elected to the United States Senate in 1898.

But at the end of Simon's term conditions were such that he was not a candidate before the Legislature for re-election and the authors of the Mays law had no use for it. In the meantime, I had been defeated for re-nomination for Governor through a series of combinations by the friends of the Mays law and decided to become a candidate for United States Senator under its provisions. Frankly, I had two purposes in this political move—first, to become a United States Senator, if I could secure the popular vote, and, secondly, to show, if I could, that my defeat for a re-nomination was not endorsed by the people and was utterly contrary to their wishes. At any rate this was my purpose, and I was willing to put the matter to a popular test.

The result of this move proved that I had not misunderstood the feeling of the people, but that I was mistaken as to the sincerity of the men who had passed the Mays law. Many of them were still in the Legislature, but they paid no attention to the popular vote whatever, though I had complied with every legal requirement. I had received thirteen thousand more votes than my Democratic opponent, C. E. S. Wood, who himself had received a larger popular vote than many of his Democratic colleagues on the State ticket.

When the Legislature met in January, 1903, and began voting for United States Senator, Charles W. Fulton was the leading candidate and ultimately won the election. It was known that he would be a candidate early in the year, and as he was a supporter of the Mays law when it was enacted, it was my purpose to force him to submit the question to a popular vote, but this he declined to do, preferring to trust to his chance of controlling the Legislature in the old way.

The Mays law was discredited in the house of its friends—it was emasculated before it produced any results. It was held to be a mere joke. I had taken no part in the preceding State campaign, preferring to allow the popular vote to be cast without using any personal solicitation for support, in order that no man might say I was unusually active, or, indeed, active at all, in my own behalf. My name was at the head of the official ballot, but I remained at home and made no speeches, wrote no letters—asked no help in any direction.

This utter indifference to the popular vote for United States Senator laid the foundation for the direct primary law, the direct vote for Senators after the method known as Statement No. 1, and, indeed, the entire "Oregon System," and it would be as difficult to stem successfully the tides of the ocean as to secure a return to the old system in Oregon. To be sure, it has its imperfections which are patent to every observer, but so disgusted are the people with the old methods that they look with suspicion upon even a reasonable proposition for improving the new order of things.

Upon the last day of the balloting the name of H. W. Scott was presented, with the expectation on the part of some of my supporters that he would draw a sufficient number of votes from Fulton to win the election; but this was soon found to be impossible, and just as the hour for adjournment had arrived a stampede for Fulton was effected, as had been the time-honored custom in Oregon, "to save the good name of the State" and that "you may not go home to your constituents without having elected a Senator." The old plan worked once again—but for the last time.

Charles W. Fulton, the successful candidate for Senator, was born in Ohio in 1853, but moved to Iowa when a youngster, afterward to Nebraska, was admitted to the bar in that State and came to Oregon in 1876 to grow up with the country. He came at once to Portland and applied for a position in a lawyer's office. Having failed in his first attempt, he went to another, but with the same result. He then went, in turn, to every lawyer's office in the city and found them all "full." As he arrived in Portland with but ten dollars in his pocket, he began at this juncture to take a serious view of the situation. Finally concluding that, as he had been reared on a farm, he could handle horses as well as anybody, he tried to get employment in a livery stable, but the stables were all supplied with an abundance of help. There was not a vacancy anywhere.

At this point he walked up the river one morning past the old "White House," with no definite purpose in view other than to find something to do—anything. Just out of town he came across three men cutting cord wood on the bank of the river, and he thought that if the worst came to the worst—and it had about arrived at that point that morning—he would try his hand at the end of a maul, with a wedge attachment. Here he remembered, however, that when at home with his four brothers the one thing he disliked above all others was chopping wood. He had often traded with the boys at chore time and agreed to do everything else if they would "get in" the wood. So he "passed up" that prospect.

Upon returning to town he met a lawyer who told him that George R. Helm, of Albany, was a young man of great promise, a popular politician and had no partner—perhaps he could get a foothold with him. This looked and sounded good to Fulton, but that morning he had but twenty cents in his pocket and couldn't well get to Albany or anywhere else. But he decided that he must see Helm, so he sold an old silver watch his father had given him years before for three dollars and seventy-five cents and went by boat to Albany.

There was a "rate war" on at the time between the Willamette River boats and the fare was but fifty cents to Albany, so Fulton went there in search of his fortune; but Helm was in ill health and did not want any partner or even an assistant. He then called upon J. K. Weatherford who had just been elected superintendent of county schools, and Weatherford did not want any help in his office—he was an attorney, also—but he said the directors of the Waterloo district, up on the Santiam, wanted a teacher and that if he could teach school he might get the job.

Fulton replied that he had never taught school but that he thought he could get a third-grade certificate—in fact, *he'd have to.* Accordingly, he walked to the Waterloo district, twenty miles away in the foothills of the Cascades, saw the directors and secured the school. He walked back to Albany the next day, obtained his certificate, for which he paid two dollars and fifty cents, and returned to Waterloo—on foot. His salary was forty dollars a month and "found," that is, he boarded around with the pupils. At the end of the three months' term he was worth one hundred and twenty dollars in money.

With this capital he went to Astoria and opened a law office. Business, however, was slow in coming his way and the records in the county clerk's office will to-day show thousands of pages copied in Fulton's handwriting—work done in order that his income might cover his office rent and other "necessaries of life."

In conversation with Fulton this summer I asked him his reason for locating in Astoria instead of Portland, where he removed a year ago. His reply was that, in common with thousands of others at that time, he thought the coming city of the Northwest would, *of course*, eventually be at the mouth of the Columbia River, and he went there in order "to be on the ground floor and grow up with the city."

In 1878 Fulton was elected to the State Senate from Clatsop County and served for four years. He did not again appear in public life until his election to the Senate in 1890, when he served another four years. He was again elected in 1898 and a fourth time in 1902. He was a member of the State Senate at the time of his election to the United States Senate and was president of that body in the sessions of 1893 and 1901.

I first met Mr. Fulton in the session of 1880 when I was a member of the House and he of the Senate. Since that time we have always been warm personal friends, though often arrayed against each other in political warfare. He is a man of generous impulses, always loyal to his friends, and was for thirty years an unswerving disciple of John H. Mitchell, whose colleague he was at the time of the latter's death. Since his entrance into the State Senate in 1878 he has been an active force in Oregon politics, as the preceding résumé will show, but met his first decisive defeat when, upon the expiration of his term in the United States Senate, he ran afoul of the "Oregon System" and was retired.

Mr. Fulton was a candidate for the nomination for Governor in the Republican State Convention in 1894, but after a warmly contested campaign was defeated by Judge W. P. Lord. In the senatorial deadlock in 1895, when Dolph was defeated for re-election, Fulton was the candidate voted for several times by the opposition, but without success. Several of his earlier aspirations were frostbitten—as were some of mine—and he was consoled by those who failed to be impressed properly by his claims—as I was—by the assurance that he "was young yet"—that his time would come later. This sop after awhile ceased to heal, even partially, the wounds inflicted on our pride and to us became a very tiresome joke. After Fulton's defeat for the nomination for Governor, in 1894, I wrote him a letter of consolation—endeavored to cheer him up with the assurance that he "was young yet," and must not expect too much until everybody else who wanted good public positions had died of old age, etc.

To this letter he responded very kindly, saying that other people perhaps understood such things better than he did, but that he would feel a d— sight better if they would express themselves honestly and say in plain English that he was incompetent or dishonest or thoroughly undeserving. "But," he concluded, "here I have been in the State Senate for eight years, was president of that body one session, have stumped the State several times and am getting gray-haired, stoop-shouldered and wear glasses—and now to be regarded as a political evergreen at my time of life would make a man prematurely old where everything else would fail. However, there is a whole lot of satisfaction in knowing that you are as young as I am. May you remain so."

In talking over his early experiences in Oregon, Fulton said that when he hadn't a dollar in his pocket, couldn't get any kind of employment and didn't have an acquaintance on the Pacific Coast, even that morning when he saw the three men cutting cordwood along the river south of Portland, after he had been turned down by all the livery stables in town, he was not at any time especially anxious, as he remembers it now, for he was young and strong, in good health, and had no fear of starvation or even of want. "Such powerful assets," he said, "are youth and good health! I had worked all my boyhood on a farm and I guess I must have thought that no man has a surer grip on a living than a farm-hand—grub and clothes. Rockefeller doesn't get any more than that out of his millions, that I have ever heard of, does he? No, I have had a thousand times more real worry over some dirty campaign lie than I had then with no money, no friends and no job. You see, I was young then, and nothing can permanently down a young man with good health—not if he wants to stay up!"

CHAPTER LXIII

The death of Thomas H. Tongue in 1902, member of Congress from the First Oregon District, was a loss to the public service which was keenly felt at the time and is still recognized. He was born in England, but when a small boy came to Oregon with his parents and settled in Washington County. After arriving at the age of manhood he became a farmer, devoting his attention largely to the raising of blooded horses. He was also admitted to the bar and for many years before entering Congress was recognized as one of the leading lawyers of the State. He succeeded Binger Hermann in Congress in 1897, remaining there by successive elections without opposition until his death.

Mr. Tongue was one of the best public speakers in Oregon, aggressive, ready, forceful and witty. He was elected to the State Senate in 1888, serving in that body with distinction for four years. He was always a prominent figure at gatherings of Republicans and twice was president of the Republican State Convention.

Mr. Tongue was noted for his illegible handwriting, and it was a standing joke among his friends. He gave thanks to the man who first invented a typewriter and often remarked that his friends were more thankful than he was. I recall that, one year, he wrote a letter descriptive of Washington County for the New Year's edition of the *Oregonian*, to which his signature was attached in fac simile, as were those of the writers of articles descriptive of the other counties. My paper came to me during the holidays, while two Salem teachers in the public schools were visiting at the farm. Upon its receipt I discovered Tongue's letter, and his signature looked so much more like anything else one might imagine that I called the two teachers and asked them if they could decipher it. They, with my two daughters, looked over my shoulder, as I sat in my chair, and guessed almost every other name under the sun except that of Tongue.

The next day I wrote to Tongue the following letter:

MACLEAY, OREGON, Jan. 2.

HON. THOS. H. TONGUE,
Hillsboro, Or.

My Dear Tongue:

The New Year's *Oregonian*, just received, contains an article descriptive of the resources of Washington County, which is so very admirable that I should like to know the name of its author. His name is attached to it, to be sure, but it is printed in facsimile and I cannot make it out. In fact, there are two school-ma'ams visiting at my home this week, and as I sat in my chair they came, and, looking over my shoulder, failed utterly to decipher the signature.

Knowing that you are well acquainted in Washington County, it occurred to me to write you and make an effort to ascertain the author of the very excellent article, for I should like to compliment him on his splendid and thorough treatment of his subject.

Yours sincerely, etc.

Within a week I received the following letter, to appreciate which it is necessary to say that my own handwriting was little, if any, better than Tongue's, and that in order to retain the respect of my friends I purchased one of the first typewriters that came from the factory:

HILLSBORO, OR., Jan. 10.

HON. T. T. GEER,
Macleay, Or.

Friend Geer:

I am after information. I received a letter a day or two ago written in such a wretched hand that I cannot make out who it is from, and I write to you, for the reason that the envelope has the postmark "Macleay" on it and, so far as I recall, you are the only person living there whom I know. I wish you would make some inquiry about the matter, for the poor devil may want to know something of importance that I can tell him. The only thing I am sure about is that the letter came from Macleay and that its author was sitting between two school-ma'ams when he wrote it.

Very truly yours,
THOS. H. TONGUE.

In the month of August, 1902, Mr. Tongue joined a party of about twenty-five people who visited Crater Lake, in Klamath County—which, by the way, is one of the greatest natural wonders on the globe, being a sunken body of water on the very summit of the Cascade Mountains, six miles across, the surface of the water two thousand feet below the surrounding country. Teams and automobiles are driven to the verge of these bluffs, from which point one of the grandest scenes afforded in all the handiwork of Nature is presented to the beholder. These tremendous walls are almost perpendicular and the water's edge is accessible in one place only in all their vast extent.

Official soundings have been made by the government to ascertain the depth of this body of water, and it was found that the average is about fifteen hundred feet, though several measurements showed a depth of two thousand feet. On one side of this lake is a cone-shaped island composed of burnt shell lava whose summit is eight hundred feet above the surface of the water—all of which gives an abundant field for speculation as to its origin. Undoubtedly, however, there once stood where this lake now lies a huge mountain, probably similar to Mt. Hood, which was blown to atoms in some convulsion of Nature in distant ages, leaving its summit to settle into the vast chasm thus created. This afterward filled with water, at least to within two thousand feet of the surface, and, finding some subterranean outlet, remained at that stage—for Crater Lake has neither an inlet nor outlet that is visible.

One of the most singular and beautiful features of

Crater Lake is that its water is as blue as the darkest indigo, looked at from a distance or while riding on its bosom in a skiff, but if dipped into a cup it is as clear as the purest mountain stream. This coloring is supposed to be caused by the atmospheric effect, in conjunction with the reflection of the sky into such an enormous cavity in the earth's surface. Taken as a whole, there is nothing in the world which will rival any of its remarkable features, and it is destined to become a most popular resort for those who are investigating the causes and effects of Nature's mysterious ways.

Mr. Tongue joined our party on this outing, not only for the reason that he had never seen Crater Lake, but in the hope that his health, which had not been good for a year, would improve. The trip was made under the auspices of Will G. Steel, the veteran boomer of Crater Lake. We camped the first night out from Medford at Eagle Point, a delightful typical country village in a splendid agricultural section. The people in the neighborhood came to our camp after dark, and by huge bonfires several speeches were made, Mr. Tongue being especially happy in his remarks. But it was frequently remarked by different members of the party that he was in an enfeebled physical condition. When we made our camp on the banks of the picturesque Rogue River and most of us began fishing for the delicious mountain trout with which that stream abounds, Tongue spread his blankets down and rested, explaining to me that his condition was worse, he feared, than most people supposed.

The next day the teams all stopped when we came to a small stream which flowed across the road. Tongue sat down for a rest on an old rail fence which had not been repaired for a generation, it seemed. I suggested to him that Steel get his kodak and take his picture, to be printed in the *Oregonian* and under it the words: "Congressman Tongue in his favorite attitude."

At that moment I was picking up a rail from the ground with which to make myself a seat, and Tongue quickly retorted:

"All right, I've no objection, but let him take one of you also, with the explanation: 'Governor Geer still mending his fences.'"

The day following our arrival at the lake the entire party descended the precipitous path which leads to the water's edge, took a couple of treacherous skiffs that were there, and rowed across to "Wizard Island." It was a very foolhardy thing to do, considering the sort of boats we used, but we arrived safely and made the very difficult, because exhausting, ascent of the island, every step sinking a foot into the loose lava (I mean sinking a foot a foot deep into it). In descending, one would often slide ten feet at a time after taking one step, moving a rod square of loose rocks in the operation.

The climb out of the lake was a most fatiguing undertaking and we scattered out in the ascent as each one felt able to proceed. We had all reached camp far ahead of Tongue, and were discussing the advisability of sending some one after him when he appeared at the top of the cliff not far away. Everybody remarked the awful pallor of his countenance and his lips were of such a deep purple color that general alarm was felt. He sank down on a near-by bunk, completely exhausted, and was unable to talk for several minutes. He soon recovered, however, and seemed once more himself; but when his death was announced some four months later as having occurred suddenly at Washington, it was not at all surprising to those who were his companions during his last vacation.

CROSSING CRATER LAKE TO "WIZARD ISLAND" IN AUGUST, 1902

Facing Page 488

CHAPTER LXIV

Taken all in all, Oregon, considering that it is situated on the western verge of the continent, has had a most interesting, almost romantic, history. The very difficulty by which it was reached in the early days made it doubly attractive to the adventuresome spirit which dominated the men who took possession of it sixty and seventy years ago. As I approach the point where this work must be drawn to a close, I realize what an abundance of material there is relating to many prominent men who wrought here in those days which I have not touched upon at all. It is a "far cry" from the present "Oregon System" of choosing public officers to the manner of controlling a Legislature in the "days of '49," when the first territorial lawmaking body met at Oregon City, then the capital. Nothing has been said of Jacob Conser, Samuel Parker, John Grim, H. N. V. Holmes, "Bob" Kinney, A. J. Hembree, Wesley Shannon, Nathaniel Ford—all members of that body—or of Fred Waymire, James McBride, Ralph Wilcox, Ben Simpson and others who were members of the next Legislature, all men of force, character and patriotic impulses, the salt of the earth.

One of the prominent men in Oregon for many years in its formative period was Benjamin Simpson, who bears the distinction of being the only man in the history of the State who has served in the Legislature from four different counties. He was a member of the House in 1850 from Clackamas County, from Marion County in 1851, and again in 1852; in 1853 he was a member of the council from Marion County, and served a single term. In 1862 he had located in Polk County, and apparently from force of habit went to the Legislature from that subdivision of the State. In 1872 he was elected from Benton County, thus establishing a record that stands alone in this State. A few months before his death, which occurred in Portland in the summer of 1910 at the advanced age of ninety-two years, he told me a number of incidents of his early experience in Oregon public life. As to his election to the Legislature from Benton County in 1872, he said:

"One of the most amusing incidents connected with my public life happened in the election in June, 1872. I had been living for a number of years in Salem, but in that year was engaged in building a schooner over at Yaquina Bay. I had taken a twenty-two thousand dollar contract and was employing a large number of men. I was there myself practically all the time and when the campaign opened I conceived the idea of going to the Legislature. I had no trouble in getting the nomination, but at once the Democrats got busy in an effort to defeat me on the ground that I was a carpet-bagger, an importation, etc. From the day of my nomination the campaign was red-hot and it kept myself and friends busy explaining that under the laws of Oregon I was, under the circumstances, a citizen of Benton County and that, further, I was there engaged in developing its maritime resources and that, in my judgment, Yaquina Bay was destined to become one of the greatest seaports on the Pacific Coast, etc.

"But this argument had no effect toward lessening the bitterness of the Democratic campaign, and I found myself in the midst of the fight of my life. I voted at Yaquina and the next day went over the mountains to Corvallis, where the results of the election were being received. I arrived there late in the afternoon and saw a large crowd of men standing in front of the courthouse. When I had reached a point two blocks away I was recognized, and one of my most enthusiastic supporters and workers started toward me and shouted at the very top of his voice: 'Hurrah, Ben; hurry up. You're elected by sixty majority, and if you had really been a resident of the county you would have beat 'em by at least four hundred.'

"Of course the joke was on me, but I had won the election all right and it was only one of the incidents in the game of politics.

"In 1849 I took an active part in bringing out Samuel R. Thurston for Congress. I wanted to beat Jim Nesmith, who concluded that he would like to represent the new territory at Washington, and Thurston was the best timber we had to do it with, I thought. He was nominated and elected and on the morning he was going to start away a crowd of us had gathered on the bank of the Willamette at Oregon City. Thurston lived just across the river in Linn City, which at that early day was a serious rival of both Oregon City and Portland. I had a store and sawmill at Clackamas, another ambitious and promising town on the Willamette at the mouth of the Clackamas River. The day before Thurston had been down to my store and bought a bottle of vinegar. I furnished the bottle and he promised to return it the next morning as he started to Washington. We had not stood long on the bank of the river watching for him when he appeared and went down toward the bank to take the ferry-boat. There was a woman there also, with an umbrella in her hand, and when Thurston started to board the boat we could see that the two began a vigorous conversation, attended by a series of gestures which indicated a decided difference of opinion. The argument didn't last long, however, for the woman began to hunt for Thurston's solar plexus with the point of her umbrella, and a broadside sent his hat to grass, while the Congressman-elect grabbed her wrists and held her until her ire subsided and he was allowed to depart in peace.

"The mêlée furnished our party a deal of fun and when he arrived on our side of the river Thurston explained that he and his antagonist had had some differences (I have now forgotten what the trouble was about), and he added, 'Ben, in the scuffle I dropped your bottle and it broke in a thousand pieces.' He offered to pay for it, bottles of any kind in those days being worth money, but I told him to let it go as the fun was worth the price of a full-sized demijohn."

Samuel R. Thurston, of whom Simpson speaks in the foregoing incident, was a prominent figure in the early territorial days, being the first delegate to Congress after the establishment of the territorial government. He was born in Maine, in 1816, was a graduate of Bowdoin College, and came to Oregon from Iowa across the plains in 1847. After his election to Congress, in 1849, he went to Washington, served one term and on his way home died at sea between Panama and Acapulco. His remains were buried at the latter place at the time, but a few years afterward, the territorial Legislature having appropriated money for the purpose, they were exhumed and reinterred in the Odd Fellow's Cemetery at Salem. The State has since erected a monument over his grave, on which are these words:

> "Here rests Oregon's first delegate; a man of genius and learning, a lawyer and statesman; his Christian virtues equaled by his wide philanthropy. His public acts were his best eulogium."

Thurston was a very popular man, proof of which permeates the early records of Oregon history; but not the least conclusive is the fact that nearly every boy born in the territory in 1850 or 1851 has Thurston for either his front or middle name; among the latter the writer of these lines is duly registered.

One of the best known of the early pioneers was Samuel K. Barlow, who crossed the plains in 1845. Arriving at The Dalles and finding that those who had preceded him had made the remainder of the journey to the Willamette valley by rafting their belongings down the Columbia River, he decided it was time somebody built a wagon road across the Cascades. The result was the making of what was for fifty years known as the Barlow road, over which, late in the season, he and his companions reached their destination.

Barlow settled on a beautiful small prairie just south of Oregon City which to this day is known as "Barlow's Prairie." He came from Indiana and after a few years began to yearn for the walnut trees with which he had been familiar in that State. Walnut trees do not grow indigenously in Oregon, but when transplanted thrive fully as well as in the Mississippi Valley. To gratify his longing for walnut trees in his new home he arranged with Thurston, before his departure for Washington, to bring back with him a bushel of walnuts which he would write his people in Indiana to send to the national capital before his return. This was done and they were aboard the vessel when Thurston died. This event unsettled the ordinary course of things and Barlow's walnuts were not heard of—or from—in fact, he had no assurance that Thurston had started with them. After a couple of months, however, he received word from an agent in Portland that there was a bag of something there which apparently belonged to him and that there was a charge of fifty dollars on it—for freight.

Barlow at once wrote the agent that he would never pay such an outrageous price for the walnuts and that he could keep them for his debt—that if he was going to be robbed, he wanted it to be a first-class job! But, in describing the circumstance afterward, he said the more he thought the matter over the more unreconciled he was to the fact that only fifty miles away there was a bushel of real old Indiana walnuts—right from his old home—and after a week of unrest he went to Portland, paid the fifty dollars freight bill on his bushel of walnuts and went home, happy, he said, notwithstanding the robbery!

But it proved a good financial investment, after all, for he planted the nuts the following fall, nearly all of them grew, and they did so remarkably well that within two years he had sold fully a hundred of them at one dollar each and had enough left to line the roadway leading from his handsome residence to the public highway. To-day the beautiful archway formed by the intertwining branches of those walnut trees, now sixty-five years old, is admired by passengers on the Southern Pacific Railroad as the train stops at the "Barlow" station; but not many of the thousands of people, even Oregonians, who have commented on their beauty, are aware of their Indiana origin or the part Samuel R. Thurston had in the original transfer.

Several of the beautiful walnuts to be seen on the streets of Salem, and in other parts of the State, were obtained sixty years ago from the Barlow importation from Hoosierdom.

CHAPTER LXV

Of course it would be impossible to carry on a civil government without a sufficient number of office holders to insure the proper administration of its laws, and, equally of course, civilization would not survive without civil governments—and yet it would be difficult to find a man who has spent the better part of his days in the public service who will not freely declare that he made a great mistake and that he would have pursued a much wiser course had he followed some business pursuit and "left politics alone." No doubt that, from a financial standpoint, the average man would have fared better had he avoided the political whirlpool and remained in private life, thus disappointing the "muckraker" and contributing to the peace and comfort of his own mind as well as to the mental tranquillity of his family.

I know that most of the men who have "passed the chairs" look backward, after an active interest and participation in the turmoil of political warfare—"warfare" is the proper word—and wonder why it had any attraction for them, why so many have striven to follow the same pathway, usually strewn with an appalling amount of wreckage.

I have often seen a much greater scramble in a convention over the nomination for county commissioner or assessor than for that of sheriff or clerk,—the fact being an evidence that there is a charm about mere office-holding, regardless of the real value of the position, that is irresistible to the ordinary man. To analyze the basis of it leads one to the conclusion that it is founded largely on vanity—and yet all of us, or most of us, must plead guilty to the weakness and it is practically incurable.

Perhaps, however, it is providential, for the reason already indicated—that it would be impossible to sustain a government unless men made such sacrifices as are necessary to administer its laws. The average American is a home-builder, a home-lover, a home-defender, and the safety of the home depends altogether upon a stable and just government.

We have seen that the first American settlers in the Oregon Country did not wait long in the wilderness to which they had come before making provision for a government, though they came from all walks of life and most of them, naturally, were without experience in legislative matters.

But the raw material for the construction of a creditable Legislature was here, and when the necessity for action arrived it found them ready to grapple with the situation. When a Legislature was authorized its members served for one dollar and fifty cents a day, "adjourned till after harvest," reassembled, after their wheat had been garnered, "in the old Methodist church" and did honest service, clad in buckskin trousers and often coatless.

An amusing instance of the difficulties under which the Oregon pioneers discharged their Legislative duties was given a few years ago by ex-Senator James W. Nesmith in an address before the Oregon Pioneer Association.

> As an illustration of the honest and simple directness which pervaded our Legislative proceedings of that day, I will mention that in 1847 I had the honor of a seat in the Legislature of the provisional government. It was my first step on the slippery rungs of the political ladder. The Legislature then consisted of but one House and we sat in the old Methodist church at the Falls. Close by the church Barton Lee had constructed a ten-pin alley to which some of my fellow members were in the habit of resorting to seek relaxation and *refreshment* after their Legislative toils. I had aspired to the Speakership and had supposed myself sure of the position, but the same uncertainty existed in political matters that I have seen so much of since. Some of my friends "threw off" on me

and elected a better man in the person of Dr. Robert Newell—God bless his soul! In the small collection of books at the Falls, known as the Multnomah Library, I found what I had never heard of before—a copy of "Jefferson's Manual"—and after giving it an evening's perusal by the light of an armful of pitch knots, I found there was such a thing in parliamentary usage as "the previous question."

I had a bill then pending to cut off the southern end of Yamhill and to establish the county of Polk, which measure had violent opposition in the body. One morning, while most of the opponents of my bill were amusing themselves at "horse billiards" in Lee's ten-pin alley, I called up my bill, and, after making the best argument I could in its favor, I concluded with, "And now, Mr. Speaker, upon this bill I move the previous question." Newell looked confused, and I was satisfied he had no conception of what I meant; but he rallied, and, looking wise and severe (I have since seen presiding officers at Washington do the same thing), said: "Sit down, sir! Resume your seat! Do you intend to trifle with the Chair, when you know that we passed the previous question two weeks ago? *It was the first thing we done!*"

I got a vote, however, before the "horse billiard" players returned, and Polk County has a legal existence to-day, notwithstanding the adverse ruling upon a question of parliamentary usage.

Genial, kind-hearted Newell! How many of you recollect his good qualities, and how heartily have you laughed around the camp-fire at his favorite song, "Love and Sassingers." I can hear the lugubrious refrain describing how his dulcinea was captured by the butcher's boy.

"And there sat faithless she
A-frying sassingers for he."

He has folded his robe about him and lain down to rest among the mountains he loved so well and which have so often echoed the merry tones of his voice.

The following extract from an address delivered by Mrs. Sarelia Griffith Miller before the annual gathering of the Oregon Native Sons and Daughters a few years ago narrates an incident, which, aside from its ludicrousness, illustrates how our people lived under pioneer conditions:

> A dear, sweet old lady, Mrs. Buck, of Oregon City, told me the following incident in her own life: "We were living," said she, "not far from where Portland now stands; our home was as good and as well furnished as any of the homes in those times. It happened that two officers from an English vessel just arrived from Fort Vancouver had been hunting, and night overtook them near our house. They came and asked for a night's lodging. We told them that we were not prepared to make them comfortable, but would make a bed on the floor if they could accept that. They thanked us and said that they were glad to find a house to sleep in and not be obliged to stay in the woods all night.
>
> "Well, we had supper, and we sat around the big, bright fire talking until quite late, for both the gentlemen were cultured Englishmen and splendid conversationalists and we enjoyed the talk. Finally, we all retired for the night, they to their pallet on the floor, and husband and I to a little room which opened off this room where our visitors were. Our houses did not have doubled plastered walls and partitions in those days, but very thin boards with quite wide cracks between. One could easily hear from one room to the other every word spoken—in fact, it was most impossible not to hear. About the time they were getting into bed, I heard one of them say, 'I wish I had a night-cap.' I thought I had better get up and give him one of mine, or, perhaps, both gentlemen would like to have night-caps. But my caps were so plain, and these were such aristocratic looking gentlemen, that I did not like to offer them. He said nothing more, and I concluded he had gone to sleep. By and by, it seemed to me about half an hour afterwards, I heard him say, 'Rae, are you awake?' and the answer, 'Yes.' Then the first voice again, 'I can never go to

sleep without a night-cap.' And the reply, 'Neither can I.'

"I waited no longer," said the dear old lady; "I took two of my night-caps, made of white muslin with strings to tie under the chin, and going to the door put my hand through and said, 'Gentlemen, here are two night-caps; they are plain and rather small, but perhaps you can use them.' I heard a faint sound of suppressed laughter, then in an instant the house resounded with the hearty laughing of those gentlemen, who finally managed to tell me that my night-caps were not the kind they wanted."

Among the men who participated prominently in the affairs of Oregon in the early days and who was an intimate and personal friend of Robert Newell—he who decided that the previous question "had been passed two weeks ago"—was J. J. Murphy, who during the last fifteen years of his life was clerk of the State Supreme Court. Murphy was very influential with the people of French Prairie, where his home had been when a young man, and had served the people of Marion County as sheriff, clerk, and for a term or two in the Legislature. He had also been Mayor of Salem. He was well past seventy years of age when death claimed him, but he will be remembered by his host of friends as a boy to the last in buoyancy and cheerfulness and keen humor. Advancing age impaired his health, though he "died in the harness," but after a chat with him one always felt the better for it.

While the Legislature was in session in January, 1901, Judge Wolverton, of the Supreme Court, gave a little dinner to a few invited guests at his home. During the progress of the meal we were discussing some of the bills which had been introduced in the Legislature, and among them one which proposed to levy a pretty stiff tax on dogs, from the consideration of which we drifted into a general argument as to the dog.

"I have always had a warm spot in my heart for dogs," said Murphy, who, with his wife, was among the guests, "but Mrs. Murphy will have nothing to do with them. I remember that on the day we were married, after the ceremony had been concluded and we were left alone, I suggested to her that, inasmuch as I would be compelled on account of my business to be away from home much of the time, I had better get a dog to keep her company. I had not before discussed dogs with her, there always being other subjects at hand that occupied my attention, so I was naturally surprised to hear her say she disliked dogs very much and that she would prefer no company at all to that of a dog.

"Of course I wanted to be agreeable, especially then, so I dropped the subject. But the next day I ventured it again, doing so by degrees and diplomatically, but her answer was the same—she could get along very well without any company at all, if necessary, at such times as I could not be at home, so again I let the matter drop.

"The next day I thought I would see if, under the benign influence of married life, she had not conquered her antipathy to dogs, but I had not proceeded nearly so far as the day before, when she said:

" 'Now, it's no use to speak of getting a dog any more, for I positively will not have one around the house—not under any circumstances.' So, finding her mind unchanged, I dropped the question permanently and we finally compromised the matter and didn't get a dog at all!"

CHAPTER LXVI

While reviewing the political successes, disappointments and occasional upheavals which have overtaken all of us who have been actively connected with public affairs in Oregon during the past thirty years, I am often reminded of a remark made to me once by President McKinley. It was while in Chicago in October, 1899, when he was there to officiate at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Federal Building. He had invited such Governors as had responded to his invitation to be present on that occasion to lunch with him at the Union League Club rooms and while we happened to be alone for a few moments, he said:

"You didn't expect to be Governor of Oregon when you called at my home that time on your way to Washington with the electoral vote of your State, did you?"

"No," I replied, "at that time I hoped to be the next collector of customs at Portland."

This reference to that contest in which our delegation had "turned-down" my aspirations brought a smile to his face, and he said:

"Well, Governor, these defeats are often victories in disguise—it was so in your case and it was in mine once. You, no doubt, remember that I was a candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives at the time Tom Reed was elected. I am sure I have never so intensely desired to succeed in my life as I did then and the defeat about destroyed my ambition to continue longer in public life—in fact, I thought it had closed my public career.

"That disappointment was followed, you remember, by my defeat for a re-election to Congress through the gerrymandering of my district by the opposition; but the growing popularity of what was known as the 'McKinley Tariff Bill' came to my relief and election to the Governorship of Ohio followed, and then the Presidency.

"It is altogether likely that if I had been elected Speaker of the House I would have remained a member of that body until now, for on account of my defeat I was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and by reason of that position was instrumental in framing the tariff law which bore my name. This measure became very popular and had more to do with my election to the Presidency than any other one thing.

"So, as I said, we never know in advance the real value of a defeat—we usually think it will kill at the time, but it is frequently the best kind of medicine. In your case, if you had been appointed collector of customs when you wanted that position the probability is that you would never have been Governor of Oregon. We poor mortals are not well qualified to read the future or to judge correctly from the appearance of things."

That last observation by President McKinley to the effect that we should not be too fast in forming our conclusions, recalls an experience I once had while traveling through Missouri. It was in October, 1887, the year in which the question of prohibition was submitted to the people of Oregon as a separate proposition at a special election held in November. About the first of October I made a visit to the Eastern States, but before going had made a few addresses in favor of the proposed amendment.

Among other places I wanted to visit on this trip was the birthplace of my Grandfather Eoff, in Kentucky, from which he had been gone more than fifty years. He was then, of course, an old man and as I started away he asked me to get a bottle of the real Kentucky applejack, such as they made when he was a boy, and to get it, if possible, at the old homestead.

In the course of my wanderings I arrived at the old place down in Pulaski County and found that it was owned by a distant relative who remembered my grandfather well. I slept that night in a room in the hickory log house, nearly a hundred years old, and next day told John Green Eoff of the particular request of my grandfather. "All right," he said, "we will go right by an old still where we can get just what he wants."

We walked through the woods, across country, to the station, two miles distant, and on the way came to a small stream on which was a rickety building called a distillery. A bottle holding a pint was procured. It was filled with Kentucky applejack and I put it in an inside pocket of my overcoat.

I stopped in an Illinois town afterward with a cousin who was a pronounced prohibitionist and in discussing the question he gave me a paper containing an article on the subject. As I had not the time then to read it I put the paper in my overcoat pocket.

After I had become settled in my seat, upon leaving St. Louis for home, I became acquainted with a minister from South Carolina who was going to Astoria. After awhile, drifting into a discussion of some religious questions, I discovered that he was a strong believer in future endless punishment, to which I objected. Our friendly argument lasted an hour, much to the interest of the passengers, who were attentive listeners.

The next morning after everybody had been to breakfast some reckless passenger suggested that "to while the time away" the preacher and I engage in another "debate." Something was said by somebody that brought up the question of prohibition, when it transpired that the minister was opposed to prohibition by law, taking the high ground that any kind of abstinence that is the result of force and not of "moral suasion" is chaff—utterly worthless.

This opened the way to a somewhat heated controversy, in the course of which he made a statement that recalled a point strongly made in the paper which was in my overcoat pocket. So I said:

"My friend, if you will wait a moment I will get a paper from my other coat which plainly shows the fallacy of your proposition."

The coat was in a vacant seat at the farther end of the car and all the passengers, together with the minister, watched me as I hurried down the aisle to get my paper. Arriving at the seat, I picked up the coat, by the tail of course, being a man, and that measly bottle of Kentucky applejack dropped to the floor in plain sight of everybody, and instead of sliding at once under the seat, found its place in the very center of the aisle and rolled fully ten feet before it disappeared!

To say that all the passengers roared, fell over their seats, slapped each other on the back and performed like a pack of idiots generally, is but to recount what I would have done had I been a spectator of such a ludicrous happening.

Of course I was greatly embarrassed, being an entire stranger to everybody, but joined in the general laughter, though I am quite sure my effort in the matter had a rather sickly complexion. After the fun had subsided somewhat I began to explain how it was, when the preacher, wiping his eyes on his handkerchief, said:

"Oh, that's all right; it is usually the case, when you find one of these prohibition cranks, that he has a bottle about his clothes somewhere!" And that ended the discussion.

On another occasion I was returning home from Chicago, when, at a small station in Dakota, the train stopped for a few minutes and all the passengers but myself went out on the platform for a little exercise. I was reading a book and kept my seat. When the passengers re-entered the car as the train started, I observed a young woman who had a seat across from mine turning her hand-satchel wrong side out, rapidly looking under and around her other belongings and appearing to be very much excited. Pretty soon a neighboring woman asked her if she had lost anything. She replied that her purse was missing, containing her ticket from Portland to San Francisco, and fifty dollars in bills. Then others became interested in her misfortune, took the cushions out of both seats, found a porter and had him search under the seats—all without avail.

She explained that just before going out on the platform she had put her purse on the seat by the side of her hat, and that when she returned it was gone. At this point the conductor asked her if anybody remained in the car while she was out, and she said, pointing to me:

"Yes, that man was here all the time, I think."

At this the conductor turned to me and, with a look that plainly said, "You must be the man," inquired if I had seen anybody in the car while the passengers were out. I told him I had not, that I had been busily engaged reading a book, and that, of course, some one might have come in without being seen by me. While this was taking place all the passengers were looking directly at me, quite sure, doubtless, that I had "swiped" the lady's purse; and I realized that I was the very picture of guilt. Thus cornered, with all appearances dead against me, I felt like jumping out of the window, which was raised, but concluded to wait a little longer before doing anything so rash.

A little sceptical of the woman's story, the conductor again asked her if she was sure she had left the purse on the seat. She repeated her asseveration that she had done so. At this the crowd again turned their accusing looks toward me and I was just ready to give myself up when a brakeman entered the car, carrying a purse in his hand, and asked if anybody had lost it, explaining that he saw it drop from a woman's hand, or belt, as the train was about to start from the last station and had picked it up.

This timely entrance of the brakeman saved my life, covered the face of the young woman with blushes, brought from her an oft-repeated apology and made her the butt of many a joke between there and Portland.

She and I became quite chatty after that, but I still felt somewhat hurt over the affair until, just as we were entering the Portland city limits, she confidentially told me that she was not going to the Philippines to teach school, as she had informed all of us several times, but that she was going to meet her sweetheart who had been over there a year—they were both from Illinois—and that they were to be married immediately after her arrival.

After that confession I of course fully understood the cause of her rattled state of mind and looked upon her with the utmost pity, knowing that her complete recovery was but a matter of a few days—and miles.

During four years of the last ten I was interested in a daily newspaper, serving in that more or less hazardous capacity of editor, and as everybody knows there is no calling followed by man more full of annoyances, especially when the literary and the business ends of the establishment are combined, and more especially if it is a paper which permits its country subscribers to pay when they get ready.

The incident I am about to relate occurred when I had charge of the Pendleton *Daily Tribune*. When I entered upon this work the paper had delinquent subscribers not only all over Umatilla County but in all parts of eastern Oregon, many of them being in arrears for five years. One of the first things to do, I decided, was to send out notices to these individuals informing them of the state of affairs—that printers had to live, that the cost of living was high, that white paper had to be paid for, that "it cost money to run a daily paper," and that, in short, something must be done, and that as the *Tribune* had been sent to them for five years without any pay, it was not asking too much to request a remittance—sell a calf or a peck of potatoes—anything—but pay up, if you please!

Everybody who knows anything about the newspaper business, that is, the kind of newspaper business of which I am speaking, understands that the subscriber who becomes delinquent for one and two years always feels that he has been personally insulted if he is asked to settle the bill. The exceptions to this are so rare as to be unworthy of mention.

About a month after I had sent out these polite reminders, a rough-looking old customer came in the office and without vouchsafing a greeting to anybody, said: "Here, I want to pay up and stop my *Weekly Tribune.*"

I looked around, and there stood a man with as forbidding a countenance as one would seldom see outside a jail. His face was smoky, his hair evidently had not been combed for a month (and then slighted), his whiskers long, tangled and one-sided, collar unfastened, and his general appearance that of a Bad Man from the Head of the Creek! His manner of addressing me made me angry, for that had been a hard day anyway. There had not been one response out of every ten sent out to the delinquents, and four out of five of those who paid up ordered the paper stopped. There had been two dozen phone calls that morning asking why the paper had not been delivered—if it happened again they would have it stopped and take the sheet down the street instead; a linotypist had given notice that he intended to quit, and there was no other in town, and the bookkeeper was sick that day—the result of which was that I was in no humor to coddle the freak who stood at the counter wanting to pay up and stop his paper.

So I said: "All right, sir."

The fact was I was almost glad he was going to stop it. I felt that I didn't want to have such an unprepossessing old duffer taking so good a paper as the *Tribune,* and I wasn't going to bandy words with him. I found his account, told him how much it was and he paid it. I could see he was eyeing me very closely, but I knew he was doing so hoping to pick a quarrel—wanted to shoot me, doubtless—and I would not thus humor such a dastardly galoot. Patience had ceased to be a virtue and I would assert myself.

As the man folded up the receipt, he said:

"Wouldn't you like to know why I stopped my paper?"

This was just the chance I wanted, so I hotly said:

"No, sir, I would not give a whoop in the great hereafter to know why you stopped it. I don't care."

"Well, then, I'll tell you anyhow. A neighbor of mine takes your daily, which I see once in a while, and I like it so well that I thought I'd stop the weekly and take the daily. I want to pay for it a year in advance—if you'll let me!'

Honesty compels me to admit that I felt so very mean and contemptible over the manner in which I had treated the old fellow that I could not bring myself to apologize for it, for to have suddenly changed my demeanor would not have looked well; so I let it go at that, preferring he should think me so deeply immersed in thought connected with my editorial duties that it was a case of pure absent-mindedness. I became better acquainted with him after that and found he was a really fine man who lived on a splendid ranch up about Cabbage Hill somewhere.

Oh, yes, President McKinley was right in his remark that it is not always safe to judge from outward appearances.

CHAPTER LXVII

The scenery of Oregon in its grandeur and beauty is unsurpassed in America, and therefore in the world. This is true largely because of the gigantic scale upon which Nature had done its work here. A waterfall with a descent of ten feet cannot compare in beauty with the one in the same stream two miles further down, which drops a sheer hundred feet without a break. This is a country of magnificent distances and the Almighty has spread with lavish hand the materials for glorious Nature pictures which elsewhere are found to be but suggestions of what "might have been." To be permitted to spend a lifetime in Oregon is in itself a generous dispensation of Providence for which the favored one should give thanks through all eternity.

The majestic rivers, the snow-capped mountains, the magnificent forests, the adjacent Pacific, the fertile soil, the wonderfully pleasant climate, the pure water—all these combine to account for, if not to justify, the remark of an old Yamhill County farmer who, somewhat skeptically inclined, said to me a year ago, apropos of the hereafter:

"At any rate, rather than take any chances, if I had my choice, I would be perfectly willing to live always and pay taxes in Yamhill County."

I would not be guilty of extravagance in describing anything in Oregon, but it must be said that Portland is the most beautifully situated city in the United States. None other compares with it. It occupies the center of a picture which has Mt. Hood in the foreground, its perpetually snow-covered peak towering to the clouds; the inspiring Cascade Range, mantled with its unbroken wealth of pine and Douglas fir, to the south; the "beautiful Willamette" at its feet and the lordly Columbia, bearing its tremendous volume of clear waters gathered from all the historic Northwestern Territory, sweeping by on its way to the waiting sea—these combined constitute a wealth of beauty which all the gold of all the world, if so applied, could not create for any other city.

And yet kind Nature, with prodigal hand, performed this act of unparalleled generosity thousands of years before the coming of the white man, countless ages, for aught we know, before the son of Pharaoh's daughter was discovered hidden in the mazes of the kindly bulrushes!

For instance, Portland has a park on the Heights within the municipal limits, which contains all the wild and romantic scenery one could find in a two-days' journey into the heart of the Cascade Mountains. In this park are preserved all the native trees, shrubs and flowers which abound here in such profusion—all at an elevation of a thousand feet above the city proper. The wealth of the earth, if devoted to the purpose, could not reproduce this for Chicago, New York or Baltimore, for instance.

And there stands Mt. Hood, one of the grandest peaks in the world, but fifty miles away, to which tourists from Portland now go and return in automobiles in a day, and to climb to the summit of which is a treat so great that no American can afford to die without enjoying it. And shall I describe what it means to compass this great feat?

The summer of 1900 was passing along rapidly, as summers have a way of doing, especially as you get older, and a bunch of us had not yet decided where we would spend our vacation. For several years we had formed a company each summer and shared the expenses and joys of an outing, first going to the seaside, then to the mountains, until we were quite familiar with most of the resorts which make Oregon famous for grand scenery, bracing air and the purest of water.

One day Colonel S. C. Spencer, Judge Advocate General on my staff, suggested that there seemed nothing the matter with joining the Mazamas and climbing Mt. Hood. And it proved a popular suggestion, since upon inquiry it was discovered that none of us had ever made that wonderful ascent, though all had been talking of it for years. Glowing accounts of what such a trip involved in the way of difficulties and hair-breadth 'scapes were familiar to us, for daring men and women had been accomplishing this marvelous feat for years and arousing a feeling of envy among their less fortunate and courageous friends by recounting their experiences, their hearers plainly revealing more or less skepticism as the narrative proceeded.

In fact, for several years those who had ascended Mt. Hood had been regarded as lineal descendants of Ananias, the evidence of which appeared in cumulative proportions as their accounts of what they saw and did were given with increasing enthusiasm and fluency.

So we started with Mt. Hood and the summit thereof as our destination, accompanied by expectations unbounded and a fund of grit which knew no limit. If you have never climbed a snow-capped extinct volcano, towering twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and "viewed the landscape o'er," you have never yet taken a vacation worth telling about or remembering five minutes after it was over.

We left Portland, under the leadership of Colonel Hawkins, who had already made the climb several times, on the morning of the first of August. We made an even dozen, four of the party being women. These ladies insisted that, being the wives of four of the men, they had the right not only to test their powers of endurance, but to prove the veracity of some of their acquaintances who had preceded them in this wonderful climb to dizzy heights far above the clouds.

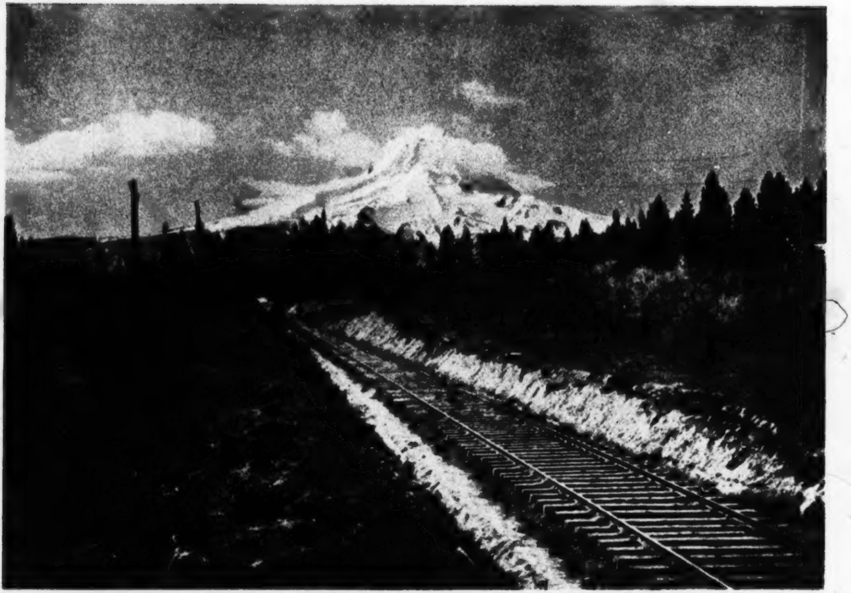
Leading to Mt. Hood from Portland is a good road winding through the beautiful foothills of the Cascade Mountains, the ridges covered by a dense growth of towering firs two hundred feet high, while far below, like silver threads, wind the Zigzag and the Bull Run, both fresh from the melting snows.

Several of our party rode bicycles to within six miles of the point where the first approach to Mt. Hood takes on a more rapid ascent, but the team easily reached Government Camp on the evening of the second day.

After a day's rest, clad in bloomers—that is, some of us—nailed shoes, sunbonnets and alpine stocks, we started for the summit on the morning of August 4 at three-thirty o'clock. After a climb of two miles, laborious in the extreme on account of the lightness of the atmosphere, we emerged from the timber and encountered the first snow. But counteracting this was the indescribable sensation of exhilaration experienced on finding one's self away above all the surrounding country. At the snow line we were probably six thousand feet above sea level, with another six thousand feet, much of it almost perpendicular, frowning upon us like a monster which was at once alluring and beautiful. The snow was just yielding enough to take the imprint of our feet and in single file the toiling company followed the guide. Not more than two dozen yards was it possible to climb without resting for breath, but with a perseverance that was as necessary as muscle the ascent was steadily pursued.

Half-way to the summit we came to "Crater Rock," a half-acre on which the snow never lies because of the heat. On this we took our luncheon, but found it impossible to sit at all, or to stand long in one place. From a yawning gulf near by sulphuric fumes were constantly issuing, rendering the sandwiches and pickles more or less suggestive of experiences which might follow on account of possible stomach disturbances—but they were good and appreciated.

From Crater Rock the climb was "fierce." Steeper and steeper became the ridges of drifts, resembling huge house tops with but a width of two feet upon which to walk, while below us the precipitous sides seemed to offer a fascination for a toboggan slide which would



SCENE IN HOOD RIVER VALLEY. MT. HOOD TWENTY MILES AWAY

Facing Page 512

have carried us to certain death. And these narrow, snowy ridges were themselves almost on end, thus adding to the extreme danger attending every move.

At last, when within a thousand feet of the summit, we came to the great Crevasse, which runs along the side of Old Hood for a half-mile and which can be plainly seen a hundred miles away. It looked like some huge scar which might have been inflicted during the awful upheaval which attended its creation in the distant ages past.

At this point we were compelled to creep westward a quarter of a mile until we found a narrow place where we could cross in safety, after which we proceeded to make the last ascent, which was little less than perpendicular. With a hatchet our guide cut footholds in the icy front, and with our alpenstocks we then rose cautiously from step to step, the while holding to the side of the mountain—for in this perilous situation it was impossible to stand upright, so appalling was it to look off from the mountain into distant space. Instinctively one clings to the mountainside in a leaning attitude—all the time wondering why such a trip was undertaken anyway.

At last we reached the summit and were standing on the highest square foot of the most beautiful snow-capped peak in America. No word-painter can adequately describe the grandeur of the scene which greets the eye of the beholder from this point—literally standing in the skies and on solid ground. No mere listener or reader will ever understand what it means to stand on the summit of Mt. Hood. It was of such a sight as this that Moses doubtless dreamed, but which he never saw.

In full view were Mts. Adams, St. Helens, Ranier, Jefferson, The Three Sisters and two or three others farther south which we were unable to name. A heavy sea of clouds had settled over all the country to the west and partly to the north, through which beautiful Helens had succeeded in thrusting the very tip of her shining peak, reflecting the glory of the declining sun;

it seemed but a stone's throw away, but it was far below us. Adams was more successful, as farther to the north the clouds seemed less dense, and its proud contour stood out unobstructed against the clearing skies.

To the south and west the view was beautiful beyond description. The sea of fog extended well to the Pacific Ocean, and in its undulating silvery whiteness, tinged delicately with color, one could easily see in imagination the veritable ocean, frozen to solidity by the sudden gripping of King Winter.

The sensation resulting from standing on the summit of one of these giant peaks is difficult of description, for it puts one out of all touch with the natural. Nature has not provided for this sort of thing. It was never intended that one should not see at least some object on a level with himself and not far away; but here one looks straight ahead and the first obstruction is Mt. Jefferson, fifty miles to the south. The effect on the mind and nerves as you stand in such an uncanny place is to destroy the law of harmony, or of proportion, by which we are surrounded every day. We never see trees, for instance, that are a thousand feet high and four inches in diameter, nor any a foot high and ten feet in diameter. All things are in proportion. But as you stand at an altitude of twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, with everything save a few rods square on which you stand dropping away from you at an angle of forty-five degrees (and much of it faster), and, as you look straight ahead of you on a level, the nearest object, save one or two, is beyond the sight of mortal man, you will get your first conception of the mystery of creation—of time and eternity!

CHAPTER LXVIII

Although we made the ascent of Mt. Hood on August 4 and arrived there in the middle of the afternoon, it was so cold that within five minutes after reaching the top icicles had formed on the mustaches of several of the men.

But the descent of the mountain was a continuous round of fun. After the perilous climb down to the Crevasse, more dangerous by far than the ascent, the successive snow-fields were descended by a decidedly novel process. The distance it required nine hours to climb was descended easily in three. Here is where the primitive toboggan slide is found most useful. Every well-regulated Mazama provides himself, or herself, as the case may be, with a gunny-sack, or piece of carpet, or oil-cloth, or any other article supposed to be waterproof (but which the event proves is never so), and seated on the aforesaid article, the alpenstock gripped under one arm, with one end in the snow, to be used both as a rudder and a brake, the start is made and the bottom of that particular slope is reached in ten seconds, no matter how far it may be.

This is possible for the reason that in the afternoon the snow is so soft that your tracks are from two to four inches deep, and you cannot be possibly injured, no matter how swiftly you go nor in what position you find yourself at the end of the slide. You always start in a sitting posture, with your feet in front, of course, but no man with a reputation as a prophet would risk it by guaranteeing the position in which he would arrive at the terminus of the slide.

These fields vary from two to five hundred feet in length, but, no matter what the distance, you get to the bottom in ten seconds—not necessarily "right side up with care," but you will "arrive" amid the shouts of your companions as you lie buried in a snowdrift, always unhurt. The first slider breaks a path about four inches deep and as wide as that part of the body used for that purpose, and the next one, of course, taking the same route, makes the trip in much less time than his—or her—predecessor, the result of which is frequently a mix up or a collision which adds to the gaiety of the occasion.

Two years after this, in July, 1902, my wife and I joined the Mazamas in the climb of Mt. Adams, fifty miles north of the Columbia River in Washington. Adams is said to be two thousand feet higher than Hood, but the ascent is much easier, being mainly a matter of physical endurance. Falling behind the other members of the party, who appeared to be bent on making speed records, my wife and I happened to fall in with C. E. Rusk, who was spending his summer on and around that mountain, and he kindly offered to guide us to the summit. Mr. Rusk afterward headed a party that visited Mt. McKinley—in 1910—and fully exploded the claim of Dr. Cook that he had planted an American flag on the summit of that great northern peak by his graphic description in the *Pacific Monthly*.

Upon reaching the very top of this magnificent mountain, our guide led the way to the edge of a snowbank from which there is a sheer perpendicular fall of five thousand feet. From this point we looked, one at a time, into the awful depths below to the celebrated Klickitat glacier. The guide told us that in the month of August it is common for large sections of this snow to "let go," and as it rushes through space with terrific velocity it can be heard through the surrounding country, causing reverberations resembling a thunder-storm. For this reason the Indians call Adams "Thunder Mountain." When these sections, weighing hundreds of tons each, strike the rocks below, snow spray is thrown into the air for hundreds of feet in every direction.

As we stood on this precipice listening to the description of the playful antics in which it sometimes indulges, we remembered that August was not far away and concluded that it was much safer to admire Mt. Hood, in the opposite direction.

One of the interesting discoveries I made as I stood on the summit of Mt. Adams was that a straight line drawn from there to Mt. Jefferson, two hundred and fifty miles away, would strike the eastern slopes of Hood half-way to its summit, so nearly do these three monarchs of the Cascade Range stand in line with one another.

As we were behind the main party of the climbers, it was well toward sundown when we began the descent. When half-way down the mountain Rusk proposed that he leave us and go toward his own camp. As we could see our own far below in the timber line, my wife and I agreed that he had done his full duty by us and he went his way. We would not have risked this, except that our party had "left their mark" as they descended and we thought it an easy matter to follow that; but it was much farther than it looked and it began to get dark while we were yet far up the mountain. We took the toboggan method, of course, on all the slopes, but upon reaching the head of one of them we had our first real "blown-in-the-bottle" scare. The top of this incline was so steep that we could not see the landing-place. Our party had plainly gone down, but as its face was oval and the bottom was out of view, we had no proof that they had not all been killed. We were really staggered at the situation. There was no time to hunt another route, which besides would have been dangerous with our inexperience. Then, too, it was getting dusk and we were obliged to proceed. Finally I said, "Well, here goes," and, seating myself in the "chute" left by the sliders who had gone down, I told my wife not to wait too long before following me. Then I let go.

Now, I have often read about the expression "flying through space," but this was my first experience. Fifty others had preceded me in that narrow track, each making the surface harder and smoother. By the time we arrived the air was below the freezing point and it was like going down an inclined icicle. It was, perhaps, three hundred feet to the bottom, and if I had been racing against greased lightning my competitor would have been shut out by fully half that distance. At the bottom of the slope was a level bench, as there is at the bottom of all of them, and into a bank of snow I went feet first to a distance of at least five yards. I had been a second and a half in transit and, finding myself entirely unhurt and the sensation so genuinely delightful, being devoid of danger, I lay there shouting at the top of my voice to my wife that it was safe—that she should "come on."

I had made no effort to extricate myself, so great was my enjoyment of the discovery that I was not hurt, when suddenly I heard a voice above me in the greatest imaginable excitement calling to me:

"Get out of the way! Get out of the way!"

At once I knew what was coming—it was one hundred and ninety pounds of wife traveling in my unvacated orbit and due to arrive at once—which it did—and the concussion was sufficient to have sensibly jarred any object less firmly attached to the earth than Mt. Adams itself. This impact sent me ten feet farther into the snowbank, but as it was very soft, and as it was a family affair anyway, an immediate reconciliation took place. It was several minutes, however, before either of us tried to come to the surface. My wife afterwards explained her sudden descent by saying she was too terrified to remain alone even a minute.

It was dark when we reached camp and we found the party much alarmed for our safety, but as "all's well that ends well" we counted it one of our most interesting experiences.

As we reached the first summit in our climb, which is eight hundred feet below the highest point, we met the main party returning. A photographer, who was a member of the party, requested that my wife and I "sit" for a picture, which we did. A reproduction of the photo-

THE AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE ON THE SUMMIT OF MT. ADAMS, JULY 26, 1902, 13,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

Facing Page 188

graph, with Mr. Rusk near by, will be found in these pages. We were provided with sunbonnets which afford the best of protection against the intense rays of the sun which, reflected on the dazzling whiteness of the snow, cause painful sunburn.

Does it pay to climb to the summit of one of our snow-capped mountains? It does. To live above the clouds, if but for a moment, is worth all the effort it requires. While we were admiring the lofty summit of Hood, directly south of us one hundred miles, the clouds slowly moved to the eastward and completely obscured the sunshine from the Trout Lake valley, fifteen miles away. We were several hundred feet above the clouds, and since they remained some distance off the mountain, we were able to see under as well as over them. The effect of this sudden transformation was beautiful beyond the power of words to describe. It seemed like one continuous cloud to the western horizon, and one could well fancy the ocean, while in one of its half-turbulent moods, frozen into a sea of ice, its undulating surface reflecting the rays of the declining sun in all the gorgeous colors of an ultra-developed rainbow. And, looking under this mid-afternoon interloper, every hamlet in the Trout Lake valley could be plainly seen, with the lake to the west—all with the appearance of moonlight shadows, so exceedingly dark did they appear by contrast with the unusual brightness surrounding the entranced beholder.

Such visions as these, with the inspiration they afford, never gladden the eye of the languid citizen who believes that the effort of mountain climbing is greater than the returns justify. Truly, a trip to the summit of one of our grand, snow-covered mountain peaks in the Northwest furnishes an experience well worth the trouble and hardships it involves. The sum total is a combination of sport, exercise and information, a quicker and stronger circulation, an added appreciation of the blessings of life and increased love for and devotion to the Creator whose miracles do continually hedge us about.

CHAPTER LXIX

But Oregon is so full of interesting places that one finds a pleasant summer resort at almost every turn. Not only to the snowy peaks and to the beaches do its people go for recreation in the vacation season, but to the heart of its mountain ranges, along its rivers, and to many points in the interior where an elevation of from three to five thousand feet affords a change that is delightful. Even in the Willamette valley, in the midst of a rich and thickly settled agricultural section, are hundreds of groves of native firs and oaks where the heat is never excessive, splendid water abounds and all the pleasures of the mountains and the coast are abundantly supplied by nature.

Indeed, one of the most attractive spots on the Pacific Coast of this character is Gladstone Park, within a mile of Oregon City and ten miles of Portland. It is near the Willamette River and is reached by the main line of the Southern Pacific and by the electric cars from Portland. Here eminent men of the United States, men prominent on the platform in all the professions, lecture annually, and the intellectual treat afforded, together with the pleasures and benefits of an outing, supply all the wants of a large part of the population of that section of Oregon with the minimum of effort and the least sacrifice of the comforts of home life.

I recall a most delightful ten days spent at Gladstone a few years ago when Robert J. Burdette, of Los Angeles, was one of the speakers. His wife and mine were prominently engaged in different lines of work there and the four of us were much together. I had intended to go to Portland some day that week, and my wife suggested to me one morning that I go on that particular day, since she and Mrs. Burdette intended to entertain a score of their lady friends at luncheon. So I went.

When I returned in the afternoon, Burdette said:

"Well, young man, you don't know what you missed by being away to-day. I dined with twenty women, and not another man was present."

After my wife had explained that Burdette and I were invited to join the company, but that she had not so understood the arrangement, I said to him:

"Well, how did you make it with so many women on your hands and no male assistance?"

"Oh," he replied, "I was like the fellow who was engaged to the Harrison girl. He met a friend one day and said to him, 'You want to congratulate me—I am engaged to Ellen Harrison.' 'What,' said his friend, 'one of those twins? Why, nobody on earth can tell those girls apart—nobody ever did. When you call to see Ellen, how do you manage to tell 'em apart?' 'Why, I don't try,' replied the self-satisfied prospective Benedict."

One afternoon Burdette and I were sitting in front of our tent discussing men and things when we drifted into the pleasant pastime of repeating such quotations as we could recall, humorous and otherwise, in the course of which I said:

"I once read in one of the after-dinner speeches in Tom Reed's 'Modern Eloquence'—I forget who made the speech—this verse, which I thought was particularly good:

> A famous American preacher
> Said "the hen is a beautiful creature,"
> And the hen just for that
> Laid an egg in his hat
> And thus did the Henry Ward Beecher.

At this recitation we both laughed in appreciation of a really good thing. I thought, however, Burdette was a little lame in his manifestation of mirth over the humor of the verse, but I merely said:

"That is a very clever thing. I wonder who is the author of it."

"Well," said he, with a perceptible degree of embarrassment, "the fact is, I wrote that when I was editor of the *Burlington Hawkeye* some twenty years ago. Do you like it?"

And Gladstone Park is only one of many resorts. Ashland, in Jackson County, near the California line, has its annual Chatauqua exercises in one of the finest natural groves on the Pacific Coast, on the slopes of the Siskiyou Mountains, which overlook the famous Rogue River valley, famous for its peaches, pears and grapes; Grant's Pass, cozily situated in the heart of a beautiful chain of mountains on the Rogue River, is a famous resort within itself; Roseburg, located on the historic Umpqua River, has a climate which is unsurpassed anywhere and its people are prosperous and comfortable; Eugene, the seat of the University of Oregon, has its Coast connections at Siuslaw and its famous, health-giving Mackenzie River resorts back toward Crater Lake; Corvallis, with its popular Agricultural College, a little city which boasts of having "the biggest college and the smallest jail in Oregon," the "college always being full and the jail empty," is on the road to Newport on the Yaquina Bay, one of the most popular beach resorts in the State; Albany, with its own Chatauqua and the Calipooia Mountains not far away, full of ozone in the heated season; Salem, the State capital, the most beautiful "home city" to be found anywhere, is within easy reach of Silver Creek Falls, Mehama and other mountain resorts that have been liberally patronized for forty years; Oregon City, the oldest town in Oregon, aside from Astoria, has the famous Willamette River Falls, beautiful, and harnessed to contribute to the comfort of mankind; Portland, known over all America as the City of Roses, destined to become in the near future the largest on the Pacific Coast and itself a summer resort; La Grande, situated in that most attractive gem, the

Grand Ronde valley, with its adjacent Blue Mountains and the near-by Hot Lake; Baker City, with its elevation of three thousand five hundred feet, located at the point where Powder River enters the splendid valley of the same name, within a few miles of the Auburn Mountains on the west and those of Eagle Creek on the east—always covered with snow; Medical Springs, owned for forty-five years by that prince of pioneers and good fellows, Dunham Wright, where the water boils out of the ground hot enough to cook an egg in four minutes; Pendleton, that inland city noted for the hustle and rustle of its business men, the capital of Umatilla County, which every year produces one per cent of all the wheat raised in the entire United States, namely, five million bushels, which has its Meachem, Wenaha Springs and other delightful mountain resorts such as only the Blue Mountains can boast—all these, gentle reader, and hundreds more, are to be found in Oregon.

And, then, there is Astoria, at the mouth of the majestic Columbia, six miles wide at this point affording a full view out to the sea, with nothing to interfere with one's looking directly into the heart of the Flowery Kingdom save the limitations of one's visual powers—Astoria, where the most extensive fisheries on the Pacific Coast are located and where each year more than one million dollars' worth of the famous Chinook salmon is caught, packed and shipped to the waiting markets of every civilized country on earth. And Seaside, Gearhart, Ocean Park, Tillamook, the last a most prosperous section of the State where everybody is a dairyman—or woman—and where hard times have never been known; Coos Bay, a delightful, and also most promising and enterprising, section of the State, rich in resources and as yet in the infancy of its development; Klamath Falls, Lakeview, Burns, Ontario, Prineville and all the new towns of central Oregon, which is just now beginning its industrial life through the impetus of two new lines of railroads projected into it—these afford an attraction and opportunity to hundreds of thousands of people who, for the lack of them, are leading sordid and discontented lives elsewhere.

In all this vast section I have named—and I have frequently visited every portion of it—there are no extremes of climate, either of heat or cold. In all my life I have seen neither a cyclone nor a thunder-storm such as Eastern people have described to me. I have never known a case of sunstroke nor seen a person with the ague.

For forty years "Uncle Charley" Benson was one of the best known farmers in Marion County. He was a typical pioneer, a famous hunter, and nobody ever saw him wearing a coat or vest. After having lived in Oregon for thirty years he visited one summer his sister in Iowa, whom he had not seen since she was a small girl. Upon his arrival at her home, when bedtime arrived, explaining that they were liable at any time to be visited by a cyclone, she showed him the "cyclone cellar"—a dug-out affair near by. She also told him that, if he heard them calling in the night, to understand at once what was the matter and make a "bee line" for the cellar.

He said upon his return home that, after sweltering, totally devoid of any clothing, until one o'clock in the morning on account of the almost unbearably oppressive heat, he had fallen asleep when a loud shouting down-stairs awoke him. Frightened out of his wits, he went down three steps at a time, intending to go to the cellar. It was very dark, however, and being a stranger, he lost his way and landed in a cistern, made by scooping out the surface of the ground for a few yards square, in which rain-water was caught and saved for domestic uses. By this time the storm had broken in all its fury and "Uncle Charley," being afraid to change his location, remained in the water up to his chin, squatted down like a bullfrog, with his head only protruding.

It was all over in twenty minutes, and the family, discovering that "Uncle Charley" was not in the cellar, decided he had not awakened. They were not much alarmed, since it proved to be merely an ordinary "blow." When the family reunion occurred at the close of the disturbance, and "Uncle Charley," tapping at the front door, had related his experience and explained his mistake—his sister in the meantime bringing his clothing to him—he said he had had enough; that he was more than delighted to have seen his folks again, that they had talked over all the matters of interest, he guessed, and that he would start back to Oregon the next day. And he did!

Oregon has an area of ninety-five thousand square miles, with a population of less than three-quarters of a million. If it had as many people as Massachusetts, according to landed area, its population would be at least thirty million—and there is no comparison between the two States in the matters of natural, agricultural and other resources. Our greatest need is people—of the right sort. These we are getting, by degrees, and never so rapidly as now, as conditions here are becoming better known in the Eastern States, and even in foreign countries. We have depended upon private enterprise altogether for the dissemination of the attractions which Oregon presents to the home-seeker, the State never having engaged in advertising its own advantages to the home-builder or the capitalist.

The Legislature did, indeed, a few years ago authorize the appointment by the Governor of a Board of Immigration, but as it appropriated no money with which to prosecute its duties, it fell by the wayside. I recall that in selecting its five members I afterward discovered that they were all Republicans. This, of course, was unintentional, and as the appointees had not yet been announced, I wrote to William M. Colvig, of Jacksonville, that I was desirous of appointing him on the new Board of Immigration, principally because I was hunting for a good Democrat who would not shirk the responsibilities of the position. Colvig, besides being a very able lawyer, is a born wag, and in his reply of acceptance said:

"With pleasure I will accept your appointment and will so far try to fulfill your expectations of me that within two years I hope to secure the immigration of five thousand Missouri Democrats, not only because they would make splendid citizens, but, if possible, I want to change the political complexion of this black Republican State."

The joke was finally on Colvig, however, for the stand the Democratic party soon afterward took on the question of expansion caused him to become a Republican on national questions, and his threatened inroad on the Missouri Democracy was never carried into effect.

CHAPTER LXX

On these closing lines my pen lingers. Leaning back in my chair, with hands clasped behind my head, I look backward over a busy life of fifty years, and in rapid succession there passes before my memory's vision a long line of men and women whom I have known, and who during that time have joined the caravan that moves on to the Great Beyond. Many of them were actively engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life, near neighbors in the different portions of dear old Oregon in which I have lived, pursuing their daily vocations in an unpretentious way, but contributing to the upbuilding of their communities and to the betterment of mankind. I have spent forty-five years of my life in my native county of Marion, ten in Union, two in Umatilla, and three in Multnomah. In each of these I have made a host of acquaintances—and friends, I trust; beside which I have campaigned in every county in the State, in most of them several times—all of which has given me a personal acquaintanceship throughout the State equaled, perhaps, by no other man. After all these years of striving, meeting with successes and disappointments, starting when a child without friends or assistance, save such as I could win by personal effort, and finally reaching a position of trust and honor bestowed by the people upon eleven men only in more than fifty years of Statehood, I am passing toward the downward slope of life, along with my fellows, with no regret and without malice toward a single individual on earth. A few have done me great injustice, but that rests between them and their Maker. I cannot afford to spoil a single moment of my life by the retention of malice or a spirit of hatred.

I could wish, if to do so were not idle, that I had been born yesterday and had a life of eighty years of health vouchsafed me in which to be a witness of the marvelous development of this country. From the tallow candle era to that of electric lights is a "far cry," and yet I have seen the change. I remember the first mower ever brought to the Willamette valley—imported by William J. Herren of Salem. I recall the first self-rake reaper, and, after that, the Marsh harvester, which carried two men who did the binding. Afterward came the self-binders, using wire, which were burned in the fields in many States by men who claimed they were the work of the devil, intended to deprive workingmen of that employment upon which they depended for the support of their families! Then came the telephone, enabling men to transact a thousand times more business each day than was previously possible. The Oregon pioneers were six months crossing the plains with their ox teams; now it is a common report that some man has "flown" from France to England, and the trip to Chicago from New York is patterned after the manner of the birds of the air—it is made "as the crow flies." The Oregon pioneers have lived through this era of rapid development until to-day the State enjoys all the advantages to be found in Ohio or Vermont.

And what shall be the future of this Oregon of ours? What development shall it see? The character of its soil and climate is so varied that the seeker after a new home can surely be satisfied with some section of it. If he wishes to enter the ranks of the stock-raiser, he can find what he wants on the plains of eastern or southeastern Oregon and in the foothills adjoining; if his inclination be towards fruit raising, there is splendid land adapted to that purpose in practically every part of the State, east, west, north or south; if he is looking for a country where he can gratify his wish to become a dairyman, he can be accommodated anywhere in western Oregon or along the Coast counties from the Washington line to the northern boundary of California,—not to speak of opportunities equally good in many parts of eastern Oregon; if he be a fisherman, he can locate almost anywhere along the Pacific Coast and find what he is seeking; if he be a miner, there are several counties where millions of gold yet remain to be unearthed; if a lumberman, here he will find the best body of standing timber, and the largest in area at this time remaining untouched, in the United States; and if he be a retired capitalist, desiring to spend his remaining days in the enjoyment of an equable climate the year round, here he will find ideal conditions arranged by thoughtful nature.

The first word of this book was written March 12 and I am closing this chapter on August 8. With other duties demanding my attention much of the time, it has been a summer pleasantly employed. The composition of the book has naturally recalled many experiences which I had partly forgotten, and I have, in a certain sense, re-lived my life—in memory. Pleasures and sorrows have alternately flitted by with kaleidoscopic rapidity, but I have dwelt lightly upon the latter, since a busy world cares little for the personal troubles of any man. The narrative would be imperfect, however, if I did not record the death of my first wife, the mother of my children, October 13, 1898. It occurred in Omaha, where we were attending the Exposition, our objective point being a visit to her old home in Missouri, which she had not seen since leaving it in 1864. She had been an invalid for ten years, but it was thought she was strong enough to make the journey. An asthmatic attack, however, together with the change of climate, was more than her weakened condition could withstand and, two thousand miles from the children she loved so devotedly, and with no blood relative present save a sister, her spirit was called away to that fairer land whose existence she never doubted.

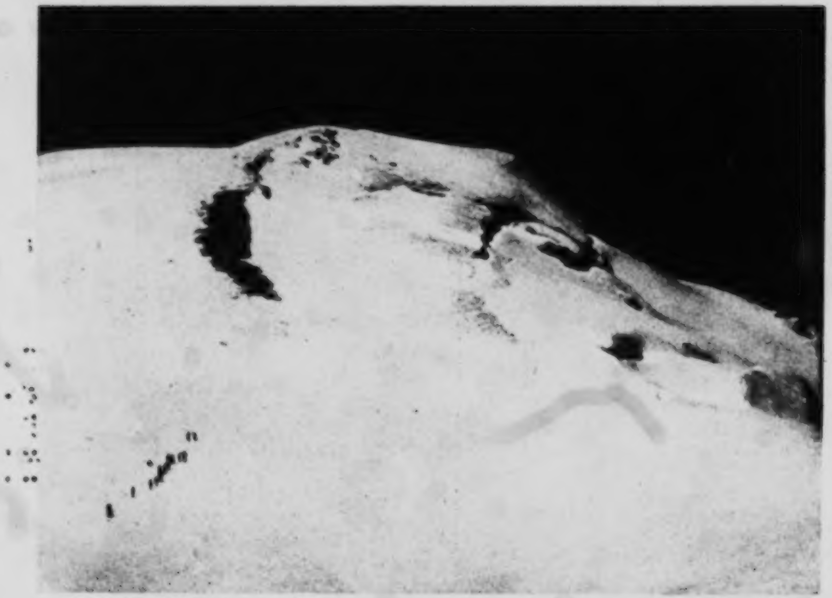
In May, 1907, my second great sorrow came in the death of my oldest daughter, after a brief illness. She was a lovely woman who had everything to live for—a devoted husband, a legion of friends, a beautiful home.

To this affliction I cannot become reconciled by any sort of reasoning that places the responsibility on a "visitation of Divine Providence." This daughter was the child who corresponded with me regularly, and for fifteen years we had written to each other giving the day upon which we heard the first mourning dove, in whose doleful call we felt a strange mutual pleasure.

On a bright May morning, as the rising sun gave new life and promise to the bountiful earth, while smiling and talking to those she loved so well, and while I held her hand, her spirit took its flight. In an instant she was a comforting memory only.

Her lifeless remains were taken back to the home of her early childhood and young womanhood—to the beautiful Waldo Hills; and while the birds were singing their songs in the glad sunlight, and the doves were cooing their mournful refrains in the nearby trees under which she had played during so many hours of her happy childhood, her mortal remains were laid away until the resurrection morn. The world has since, in a measure, seemed a lonely place, but the severance of such a tie—and countless millions have experienced it—illustrates how little, after all, we understand the miracle of Life or the mystery of Death.

Believing that it is not good for man to live alone, on June 14, 1900, I was married to Miss Isabelle Trullinger, of Astoria, the daughter of an Oregon pioneer of 1848. Her father, John C. Trullinger, was one of the first men to engage extensively in the manufacture of lumber in Astoria—in 1875—and was a member of the Legislature in 1893 from Clatsop County; mention of him has already been made in these pages. He was a very enterprising man, establishing the first electric light plant in that city and afterward purchasing the gas plant. His father, Daniel Trullinger, was a minister in the Christian Church, was a neighbor of my Grandfather Eoff in Iowa, and arrived in Oregon in October, 1848, just in time to perform the marriage ceremony for my father and mother.



ASCENDING MT. ADAMS

Facing Page 530

The eleven years succeeding June 14, 1900, have constituted a continuous season of domestic bliss—a honeymoon which shows no sign of termination. Every moment of our married life has been ideal, largely because the other member of this firm has measured up to every qualification of an ideal wife; and, since she does not know I am paying her this deserved tribute, I will dare to say that, she being fully six feet in height, I often declare my appreciation of her many good qualities by saying that an experience of eleven years of married life has shown her to be "all wool and two yards long." And may I prove to be worthy of her while life lasts!

In reviewing my fifty years in Oregon—fifty years of strenuous activity—I often wonder, after the manner of most men who have reached sixty years, if I could have spent them to better advantage. Looking backward, I think I could, and yet—again like most other men—at each turn in my affairs I did what seemed best at the time and, realizing that regrets are useless, I cast them aside and look hopefully to the future.

There are few men who do not frankly regret they did not follow some other calling than that which they chose. At this moment I recall a passage in a splendid address delivered by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of New York in the "Hall of Congress" at the St. Louis Exposition. The substance of it was as follows:

A boy who had lived on a farm all his life was taken to a city for the first time by his father when he was ten years old. While there he saw a messenger boy dressed in a uniform, and when he went home he was miserable because he envied that city boy and thought he would give anything to exchange places with him.

That night that messenger boy, after he went to bed, was very miserable because he wanted to be a clerk in a store, for he had a chum who had such a position, and he was filled with envy.

But that clerk was miserable as he closed his day's work, for he envied the merchant for whom he worked—he had a carriage and fine team and rode about the city a great deal.

And that night the merchant lost two hours' sleep worrying because he wanted to be a banker—one of his best friends was a banker and he had a mighty fine time every day.

And that very night the banker was in his office late at night trying to "keep tab" on his business and was miserable as he went home because he wanted to be a big trust magnate, whose wealth was so enormous that he was not obliged to look after details—he wanted to be a multi-millionaire.

But that night there was one of the largest steel manufacturers in the city, an intimate acquaintance of the banker, who was worth a dozen millions, and he was vainly endeavoring to get some sleep as he worried over "a thousand and one things" which demanded his attention and, satiated with all the pleasures that wealth could supply, he thought he would give it all, and ten times more, if he had it, to be a barefoot boy and back on the farm again!

It is quite common to hear a man who has reached the age of fifty years say, "How time flies! It seems but yesterday since I was a boy"; but, though the days and weeks appear to pass quickly, when I forget the intervening years, it seems that it might be a century since those days in the Waldo Hills when my sister and I played in the log cabin on the Donation Land Claim, and I rescued the family spoon from under the kitchen floor as a daily task.

As I approach the last few paragraphs of this book, the writing of which has occupied most of my time for five months, and during which my mind has largely dwelt upon the men I have known, the things I have done, the different places in which I have lived, my association with other people—all, of course, in the past—it is but natural at this moment that my entire life should rise before me as a composite picture. In the foreground and background stand out prominently the beloved Waldo Hills in Marion County, than which, as the beholder stands on one of the highest knolls on the Waldo homestead, no prettier panorama is presented in all the magnificent stretches in American scenery.

As before related, my father moved from his home in that section in 1855, and in all his changes in life, though he never lived elsewhere than in Oregon, he never saw the place again for nearly fifty years. In September, 1902, he was visiting me in Salem, and while talking over old times referred to this fact. Indeed, though I had always known where the farm was, having spent most of my life within five miles of it, I never knew precisely where our old house stood.

The result of this conversation was that L. B. Geer, a cousin, proposed that we drive out the next Sunday and, with the assistance of Abner Lewis, a farmer who had lived on an adjoining farm all these years, determine just how far my father's memory was in accordance with the fact.

This we did. After walking across Lewis's field, we came in sight of a broad creek bottom on the opposite side of which had once been my father's cabin—just at the beginning of the ascending slope. Here we all stopped. After studying the scene presented, my father said:

"Well, over there where that bunch of willows is growing there must be a spring, and there was a spring, and a mighty good one, a few yards from the house."

Lewis said he was right—that it was the identical spring—and we walked around to it—a half-mile.

Arriving there, Lewis asked my father to locate the exact spot where the house once stood. The land was all in cultivation to the very edge of the willows by the spring, and as the field was fallow that summer, a dense growth of fern covered the ground. My first effort was to find, if I could, a piece of broken dish, for there never was an abandoned building spot on earth where, even fifty years afterward, there could not be found pieces of broken dishes—always blue dishes, at that.

My search was rewarded by the discovery of three such souvenirs, which I sent afterward to my mother in California. In a letter received in return she expressed her joy at the present and easily recalled, as any woman could, the cups and saucers which my father had bought in Oregon City at the time of their wedding, in October, 1848!

While I was prowling around in the fern I was also looking for some broken bricks, for they are as sure to be found where an old residence has formerly stood as are broken dishes. Soon I found a brickbat, some three inches in diameter, and, with my foot covering it, I said:

"Father, did you have any brick in the old house?"

"No," he replied, very promptly, "no brick."

But after a moment he said:

"Oh, yes, we did, too. Yes, I remember that I borrowed a yoke of oxen and a wagon of Dan Waldo and drove to the King Hibbard place and got a hundred brick which I had helped make the year before—brick that he gave me because they were burnt too hard to sell well. Yes, come to think of it, I had a hundred brick."

He was standing by me at the time, and after he had recalled the incident I said, lifting my foot from the piece it covered:

"Does this look like one of them?"

Upon seeing it, he picked it up eagerly, and seemed as glad to see it and held it as fondly as if it had been a nugget from a gold mine.

Further search discovered about forty whole bricks in the briars that had grown around the willows, which had evidently been thrown there by the man who originally cleared the land. I brought one of them home with me and have it now as an invaluable keepsake—a reminder of the days of "auld lang syne."

We then went to the spring—one of the splendid sort that abounds in the Waldo Hills—and after all but my father had lain down, full length, on the ground and partaken of its sparkling water, I said:

"Now, father, it is your turn."

But he objected, saying he was too old to get in that position for a drink. We insisted upon it, however, finally taking him and laughingly forcing him to his knees, when he stretched out in the old-fashioned way and drank heartily. When he had risen, I asked him if it tasted natural, and he said:

"Yes, it does. That's mighty good water, but fifty years is a long time between drinks, isn't it?"

Many times since I have rejoiced that we made that trip to the old place, for within less than a year afterward my father passed away.

The pioneers of the Waldo Hills have organized an association which meets annually in June in a beautiful oak grove on the farm of John Hunt, where in reminiscent vein the old times are rehearsed and old associations renewed.

I attended their meeting a year or two ago, driving out from Salem with L. H. McMahon, a well-known attorney of the capital and a friend of long standing. Naturally, we were called upon for short talks and, to my misfortune, I was named first. In order to open the way well, I proceeded to apologize to the people, with all of whom we were well acquainted, for coming out with McMahon, explaining that there seemed no other way at hand, told a humorous story or two at the expense of the lawyers, and turned my attention to the memory of the Waldo Hills pioneers who had passed away, speaking briefly of their virtues and devotion to the new country they had found in the Great West. I mentioned several of them by name, and closed by paying a tribute to the memory of my uncle, Ralph C. Geer, as a man esteemed by all his acquaintances, noted for his enterprise and hospitality, etc.

McMahon followed with a running fire of humor, applied locally, which was generally appreciated, and then turned his batteries toward me in this wise:

"Mr. Geer has dwelt in an entertaining manner upon the character of many of our departed pioneers, all of whom you knew and all of whom I knew, as a boy and man. I especially appreciated what he said of Uncle Ralph Geer. He was a fine man, a great help to this section of the State and a man who initiated many valuable business enterprises. But do you know, when I recall his many good qualities, I am impressed with the notion that the Geer family is like a good hill of potatoes —the best part of it is under the ground!"

In my twenty years' public speaking in Oregon, upon all possible subjects and occasions, I have experienced a thousand instances of give-and-take repartee, sometimes holding my own and often getting the worst of it, but this retort of McMahon's was as good as I ever "met up" with.

As I lay down my pen, ready once more to turn my face to the future, I instinctively pause and listen for the voices of the departed pioneers, whose lives were given largely that the younger generation might have homes in peace and plenty in a land favored of God. Added and growing responsibilities are leaving their stooped forms and settling upon us who have followed in their footsteps. The magnitude of the gift in a measure lightens the burden and the performance of duty only is required to make our State a land, so far as a mere human habitation may ever become, where

Rocks and hills and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

JUL 9 1912